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William Holgate.

NCG
Hardinge

THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

OF

GEORGE HARDINGE, Esq.

M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A.

SENIOR JUSTICE OF THE COUNTIES OF BRECON,

GLAMORGAN, AND RADNOR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME III.

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ESSAYS ON SHAKESPEARE,

AND

ON THE ANDRIA OF TERENCE;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS

ADDRESSED TO FRANCIS DOUCE, ESQ.*

LETTER I.

On SHAKESPEARE'S Character of *the Fool*, in KING LEAR.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU have said of *Lear's Fool*†, that, with a considerable share "of cunning, he is a mere *Natural*, notwithstanding his *sarcastical* flashes of wit, for which we must give *the Poet* credit, and ascribe *them* in some degree to what is called '*stage effect*;' —that *Edgar* speaks of him as '*an Innocent*;' and that every one will immediately distinguish *him* from such a character as that of *Touchstone*," whom you describe elsewhere as the *artificial* or *dissembled Ideot*; or, in other words, *the licensed Wit*. The *Fool* of *Lear* is, in *your* judgement, that species of

* In one of his Letters to the Editor of these Volumes, Mr. *Hardinge* says, "I have argued, in a long and critical Essay, against the authority of Mr. *Douce*, that *Lear's Fool* was not silly by nature—but a counterfeit Fool—full not only of wit, but sense, and much taste."

† Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. II. p 169.

the Domestic Fool whom you have described as being (p. 303. vol. II.) "*silly by nature*; though *cunning* and *sarcastical*."

I confess it appears *to me*, though with my habitual deference to your enlightened judgement, that he is a very different personage; that he is a *Counterfeit*, who, under the *licence* and *shelter* of the *Fool's apparel, implement*, and *manners*, talks not only *wit*, but *shrewd sense*; to which I add, and lay stress upon it, MORALIZING SATIRE—a distinction between *him* and all the OTHER *Fools of art*, either in History, or in *Shakespeare* himself.

That his mere *apparel* is no evidence of *natural Ideocy*, *you* have explained (p. 321); where you represent *the petticoat* as transferred in the *costume* of the scene, from the *Ideot*, or *Natural*, to the *allowed Fool*, who is, in other words, *the licensed or privileged Wit*.

You observe upon the *apparel* of *Touchstone*, who is the *artificial Fool* (as you say of him yourself vol. I. p. 293), that *he* should wear a party-coloured garment; should have *ass's ears* to his hood; and should occasionally have *a bauble in his hand*; not, indeed, that *I* am aware of any allusion to either of the two last, though *you* exclude the *cock'scomb* from *his* head, because there is *no allusion* to it. That he *is*, however, the *Domestic Fool*, is evident enough (as you justly observe) on account of the allusion to the *motley* habit, and from the hint of the *rod* or *whip*.

But in the *Domestic Fool*, or *Clown*, as he is called, of *All's well that ends well*, whom you have described

as the counterpart of *Touchstone*, and consequently as *no Ideot by nature*, there is a direct allusion to *the bauble* by the Fool himself. This *implement*, upon which your details are so entertaining, is like the Doll of an Infant, and the most humiliating badge of the *Fool's* character.

It happens whimsically enough, in this view, that *Lear's Fool* makes his *cockscomb* (another badge of his calling as a domestic fool) the implement of *his* wit, and so as to run divisions upon it on his very first appearance upon the scene—all of them witty in the extreme, and pointed at the folly of Lear.

But, in truth, I cannot, for the soul of me, watching him from his *entrance* to his *exit*, discover in *him* "the *Natural Fool* or the *Ideot* and *silly by nature*," though (as you have qualified him) "*cunning and sarcastical*;" which indeed is, to *my* judgement at least, a character unaccredited in History or Nature; for I must know more of *Robin Rush*, to whom you refer as my *Welsh* neighbour upon the Circuit, before I *can* accept *him* as "an *Ideot by nature*, who *often* said *witty things*."

That *an Ideot* may be *mischievously cunning*, and that gross *imbecility* is often so accompanied (as well as *lunacy*), we know. But, if that *mischievous cunning* is prevalent as the *habit* of the character, he is *more knave than fool*.

"*Sarcasm*" is a very different impulse, and a very different power. It is the union of *sense* and *wit*, embittered by *satire*, whether of a *malicious* or (as I think it *is* in *Lear's Fool*) of a *moralizing* cast.

But, in *either* view, it is no *conceivable* part of an *ideot's* character; for it is not *mere cunning* (which I can suppose *him* to possess), but is more subtle and refined. The *sarcastic*, or as *Lear* calls him, "*the bitter Fool*," is *no Fool at all*, but a licensed and privileged *wit* and *satirist*, in the *garb*, and with counterfeit manners, of ideot-foolery, to give that *privilege* its full scope.

Shakespeare, in forming the character of *his Court-Fool* to *Lear*, would either make him, one should think, *such* a domestic Fool as he found *in Courts* of his own time, or in the history of him as *a Courtier*; or, as he conceived that such a character *might* have existed without prejudice to *nature*, which *he* knew so well, and had so deeply explored.

If he consulted his own time or history, he would, upon either stage, find the Court Fool *a wit*, as *Fuller* describes him, who seems to make *wit* indispensable to the character; and as *Cardinal Perron* intimates, when, speaking of *the Duke of Mantua's Fool*, he says of him, that he did not *understand his trade*, because he had *no wit*. If he looked into *nature*, he would find, I think, no such character there as *an Ideot, silly*, but *cunning* and *sarcastic*.

I agree with you, that even such a Poet might be tempted *sometimes*, for the sake of *stage effect* (which *has* occasionally betrayed and seduced *him* from nature), to give an ideot some of his own archness and wit. But if he gave to *that* Ideot an almost uninterrupted vein of shrewd and moralizing

satire (though with studiously affected passages of ideot behaviour and language), he would cease to be *the Poet of Nature* we know him to have been. It would be *the horse's neck* to the *human head*, which is *Horace's* admirable portrait of a character self-destroyed. *The Ideot* would be lost in *the wit*; yet, if I were to lay stress upon any one of this Poet's thousand beauties, I would say it was this, namely, that not *he*, but the *character*, *speaks* and *forms itself*.

To resume *Lear's Fool*, on his first appearance, and the offer of his *cockscomb* to Kent.

One should think if *Shakespeare* had contemplated the portrait of *an Ideot by nature*, but (occasionally) *cunning* and *sarcastical*, that he would not have made *the wit* so prominent a feature of the character on its *first* appearance—that he would rather have made the *début* that of an unqualified *Ideot*, and the *wit* escape from it afterwards, more as a *lusus naturæ*, than as any *habitual* part of *his* fool's deportment.

He has done (as it strikes me) emphatically the reverse. His *Fool* begins with shrewd and keen wit. This character, so commenced, proceeds to the end as the favourite object of his pencil. The *few* absurdities of *speech* are evidently *artificial*, dissembled, and counterfeited. His conduct and the turn of his wit are, in their principle, affectionate, moral, and philosophically just.

Kent had offered himself to *Lear* as a faithful servant. The King had begun to discover that he was to be insulted by the *dependants* of the daugh-

ters he had preferred; that it was become *the order of the day*. He knew that he had been self-disarmed by his munificence to *them*; and that (except as at *their* mercy) he was a beggar. He alludes to this in his answer to *Kent*: "If you," said he, "*are as poor for a subject as Lear is for a King, you are poor enough.*" This good creature having pleased his master by his frank though blunt manners, had been accepted. He had found an early occasion to mark the zeal and spirit of his attachment, by tripping up the Steward's heels (whom *Lear* had struck) and pushing him out. *Lear*, upon this earnest of the service, gives him earnest of the wages in a sum of money.

Just then comes in *the Fool.*

But *Lear* had eagerly asked, and had sent for him. He was not *then* disturbed in his mind; he had not *then* been even piqued by his daughters themselves, and at the fountain-head. He had asked for *the Fool* in terms of endearment, which are not very natural from a King to a *mere Ideot*, however *cunning*; but very natural from a King to a *licensed wit*, who had *playful simplicity of manners*, privilege to say *any* thing, and fidelity of attachment.

A circumstance here is introduced, with *Shakespeare's* accustomed address (in the anatomy of a character by hints of it) which is not only pathetic, but is decisive, to show that *Lear's* favourite and play-fellow had *sensibility*, as well as *moral principles* and *keen wit*.

"*Where's my Fool?*" says the King, "*I have not seen him this two days.*"

Knight. "*Since my young Lady's going into France, the Fool, Sir, hath much pin'd away.*"

Could those have been the feelings and the sufferings of *an Ideot*?—Had *cunning* any share in them? He takes at once the part of the *banished*, and of the *oppressed Cordelia.*—He *pines away*, and avoids for two days the society of the Master he loved, because he was piqued against him for his tyranny. But he comes to him again when *he* is beginning to be oppressed in his turn.

"*Now, my friendly Knave,*" says *Lear* to *Kent*, "*I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.*"

[giving *Kent* money.

Enter Fool.

Fool. "*Let me hire him too.—Here's my cockscomb.*"

[giving *Kent* his cap.

This gift of the Fool's cap, *unexplained*, might have passed as the whim of *an Ideot*.

But let us follow it up, and see what a fund of ridicule it covered.

Asked by *Kent why* he offered his cap *to him*, he tells him it is "*for taking one's part who is out of favour.*" He then *reasons* with him in a beautiful strain of *moralising irony*, though in playful terms,

"*An thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly.*"—

He pursues that vein of satire with a series of keen and stinging comments upon *Lear*—protected by the licence of ill manners (to a certain extent), and

by a kind of *perpetual Saturnalia*, which privileged the *Court-fool*.

For example, he calls *Lear* "*this fellow*," speaking of him in his presence; and, speaking *to* him, calls him "*Sirrah!*"—"*I'll teach thee a speech*," (he says to the King.)—"*Mark it, nuncle.*" He then delivers a parcel of rhymes.—But are *they* mere fooleries?—nothing like it? *Lear*, who is not *then* injured enough to feel the *point* of them, *says*, they are *nothing*.

One line of them would, at a period somewhat later, have cut him to the bone.—It is this:

"*Lend less than thou owest.*"

In other words, "*Do not lend all you have*," as it has been well interpreted.

Another line is equally keen,

"*Learn more than thou trowest.*"

which is also well explained as meaning "*Learn* more than you *believe*,"—another stricture upon *Lear's* blind credulity.

These two lines are incorporated with eight more, which are apparently inapplicable to *Lear*, though containing sound principles of morality and wisdom.

Passages like these are what *Sir Joshua Reynolds* admirably describes in a note, as the habits of *the licensed Fool, or Wit*; and *he* engrafts the description upon this very *Fool of Lear* in particular.

Page 33, *Malone's* Edition, vol. VII.

"*Shakespeare's* fools are certainly copied from the life. The originals whom he copied were, no doubt, men of *quick parts*, *lively* and *sarcastic*.—Though

they were licensed to say any thing, it was still necessary, to prevent giving offence, that every thing they said should have a *playful air*; we may suppose, therefore, they had a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech, by covering it hastily with the end of an old song, or any glib nonsense that came into the mind. I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakespeare often finishes the Fool's speeches."

This note is, I think, very acute, and very just; but I am rather surprized it had not struck the writer of it as an illustration of his remark, that in the very passage which precedes the immediate subject of his note (and which passage *is* an old song) is contained a satire most keen as well as pertinent.

Gonerill had menaced her Father in the *Fool's* presence with hostile measures against *him*, if it should appear that *he* countenanced the riot (as *she* calls it) of his followers.

Upon which menace, the *Fool*, as if continuing *her* speech, addresses the King thus:

"*For* you trow, uncle."

(And then comes the song,)

"The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckow so long
That it had its head bit off by its young."

A metaphorical description of *Lear's* credulity, and of its doom. What immediately follows, and gave birth to the note of *Sir Joshua Reynolds* above quoted, is in these words:

"*So out went the candle, and we were left darkling;*"
upon which line I have two or three words to say in the sequel.

Nor should it here be overlooked that when *Gonerill* had made her first appearance, the *Fool* had been present. He had, before she arrived, levelled much of his wit at *her*, and at her sister, as well as at the King *their* dupe—and so represented by him.

If proof could be wanted that in his *wit* (more or less equivocal) he had a *moral satire* upon the depravity of these execrable women in view, what followed soon after *she* first appeared would make it clear of doubt. It was no desultory attack upon *her*, but a connected and subtle comment upon *Lear's* words—at *her* cost.

Lear. "How now, daughter? what makes that *frontlet* on?
Methinks, you are too much of late i'the *frown*."

What says the *Fool?*

"*Fool. Thou* wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to *care* for *her frowning*.

"*Now* thou art an O without a figure; *I* am better than *thou* art, *now;*—I am a Fool;—*thou* art *nothing*.

"Yes, forsooth, *I will* hold my tongue, so your *face* bids me (to *Gonerill*), though you *say* nothing.

"Mum! Mum!

"*He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,*
Weary of all, shall want some.

That's a shell'd peascod."

What are these, but pointed and bitter invectives against *Gonerill?*

How are they *understood* and *felt* by *her?* Not as the casual impudence of a mere Ideot, but as the *wit* of a *licensed* and malevolent *Satirist*.

"*Gonerill.* Not *only*, Sir, this your ALL-LICENSED-FOOL,
But other of your *insolent* retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel."

She gives him here the very title which you withhold from him, that of the *licensed Fool*; and may surely be accredited as correct so far, though misrepresenting him as guilty of an outrage upon the licence or privilege of the character.

She would scarce have called him *Lear's* "ALL-LICENSED FOOL," or, in other words, *privileged buffoon* and *jester*, if he had no such *title* and *calling*, or a *capacity* for the abuse of it, as imputed by her. The charge would have been ludicrous, if he had been a *mere Natural*, who said witty things *flightily* and by a sort *of chance*. To do her justice in the charge, it cannot be denied that in his wit he is very impudent both to her and the King, whom he loved, but uniformly upon the same principle, that of a banter upon the fond simplicity of the Parent, and the depraved ingratitude of the Daughters whom he had preferred, because they had flattered him.

It is one of the delicate shades in *Shakespeare* as a painter of character (which come upon us every now and then by surprize at close quarters with him) that *Lear* makes no defence or apology for his *Fool;* though if he had known him to be *a mere ideot*, with occasional flashes of buffoonery or tricks of low cunning, the apology or protest against the charge was at hand.—But he knew his wit, he knew its licence, and at heart was not sorry to have such an implement of summary justice at his elbow. As to

those parts of the accusation which apply to his *unprivileged* retainers, when he hears it renewed by her, he answers,

"*Detested kite! thou liest.*"

A little before *Gonerill's* first appearance, the *Fool* had said, "Prithee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie"—

"If you lie, Sirrah, we'll have you whipt"

said *Lear*.

The *Fool's* wit is unsubdued, and still upon the alert: amongst other cuts upon the daughters on the convenience of lying to accommodate and court *them*, he says:

"I had rather be any thing than a Fool; yet I would not be thee, nuncle—*thou* hast par'd *thy* wit o' *both* sides, and left *nothing* in the *middle*—HERE COMES ONE OF THE PARINGS.

Enter GONERILL."

Is it possible to conceive more wit, and more subtle ingenuity of satirical metaphor? There is nothing in the bitter strokes of *Juvenal* more keen and piercing.

At a later period *Gonerill* says to the *Fool* after *Lear* had left her in a rage, "*You*, Sir, *more knave than fool*—after your master!"—This too would have been absurd and out of nature, if she had not *felt* herself rebuked by his *wit*, and by that high sense of honour which is what *she* calls "*knavery*."

He is always in character.—He answers with an old song, or like some of his other strokes with parts of an old song improved. For I suspect it was intended we should understand that he, the *Fool*,

was often the Poet as to part, adding a line or two of his own invention pieced in.—Indeed it would heighten the miracle of this natural Ideot's discernment, as well as memory, to suppose that he could recollect such a number of old songs pat for him, and with such marked allusions to *Lear's* fate.

The song in which he answers *Gonerill* is this—

> "A fox, when one had caught her,
> AND SUCH A DAUGHTER
> Should sure to the slaughter."

If this in part is an old song, it is demonstration that he has interpolated the second line, which has not the least analogy to the first, and produces *Gonerill* upon the scene, but artfully connecting her with his line upon the Fox. How wonderfully does this confirm the good sense, and the sound judgement of Sir *Joshua Reynolds's* note!

Apropos to the old Songs; it may be curious to observe the manner in which *Lear* takes notice of them, and which proves them no *habits* of this fool, till the occasion prompted them, for the evident and keen purpose of pointing, and yet, in part, sheltering his moral satire upon *him* and upon *his* children.

Lear. "When were you wont to be so *full of Songs*, Sirrah?"

His reply deserves your particular attention, as confirming the key to them prompted by *Reynolds*, and as proving that, under the colour of an old Song, he who made believe to sing it made it himself.

Fool. "I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mother, for thou gavest 'em the rod, and puttest down thine own breeches."

After this arch prelude, he sings as follows:

"Then they for sudden *joy* did *weep*,
And I for *sorrow sung*,
That *such a King* should play *bo-peep*,
And go—*the fools among*."

Who can doubt that at least the reference to the King is here added by the *Fool* himself; and where is the *ideocy* of this wit, or the mere *cunning* of its turn. Is it not *pathetic*, as well as *keen*? The second verse, if the *Fool* were acted, should, I think, unmask the character for the moment, as being uttered with a tone of sensibility, impressed upon us by the words themselves.

It is observable, that when *Lear* depreciates what the *Fool* calls his "*speech*," and says it's "*nothing*," his reply (after a bye-stroke upon *the Lawyer unfee'd)* puts this marked and shrewd question to the King:

"Can *you* make no use of *nothing*?"

an evident allusion to *Cordelia's* answer in that modest word.

Lear answers *him* just as he had previously answered *her* (and probably in the *Fool's* presence.)

"*Nothing* can be made out of *nothing*."

The *Fool* then replies, through *Kent*,

"Prithee, tell him, *so much* the rent of *his* land comes to; he will not believe a Fool.

The King *feels* this wit, and exclaims,

"*A bitter Fool!*"

Thus rebuked, the *Fool*, never at a loss for his *wit*, and, it must be owned, with little mercy to its victim, but never deserting his moral, distinguishes the *bitter* and *sweet Fool;* but, under the mask of an old Song, makes out *Lear* as coming under the description of *sweet Fool.*

Mark the words! and still with Sir *Joshua Reynolds* in your hand:

Fool. "Dost thou know the difference, *my boy*, (to the King) between a bitter Fool, and sweet Fool?

Lear. "No, lad, teach me.

Fool. "That Lord that counsel'd *thee*
To give away thy land,
Come, place him here by me,
Or do *thou for* him stand.
The *sweet* and *bitter Fool*
Will presently appear;
The one *in motley* here,
The other—found out there."

Is not the mask pulled off *here?* Is it not clear that he takes upon himself the *satirical Moralist* in a *Fool's coat*, and ridicules the fond credulity, or *sweet folly*, of the King? Is it not also *as* clear, that part of the alleged and pretended Song is verse off hand, struck out by himself?

The King says, "Dost thou call me *Fool*, boy?"

The answer is keen, though in coarse and very impudent language, according to the licence of his character and privilege.

" *All thy other titles thou hast given away.*
That, thou wast born with."

Kent says to *Lear,*

" This is not *altogether Fool,* my Lord."

A very bold speech, though a little softened by the word *altogether;* but we must not forget what *Kent* says of himself elsewhere, *that* " *his occupation is to be plain*"—though his goodnature and love to the King makes him in general tender and respectful to him in his calamities.

The *Fool* pursues the moral object of his wit and satire to the end, though with some intervals (but they are few) of ludicrous folly in expression, to which the key has been given us in the note above cited.

One may account for the endearment of this old King to his Playfellow, by the term *Boy,* which he gives to him in the passage last quoted, and seven times again (see pp. 40, 71, and 73, *Malone's* Edition.)—Once he calls him *good boy.* Surely these are no impressions of a cunning and sarcastical ideot —and by the way, his *youthful* age would make this morality of his judgement a miracle heightened by that circumstance, if he *could* be deemed an *Ideot by nature.* When *Lear* sees him first, he calls him *pretty Knave.* One may, therefore, suppose him *a beautiful boy.*

Instead of dwelling farther, one by one, upon the other and very numerous instances of the happiest and shrewdest wit and sense in this *Fool,* never destitute of good and sound morality; I beg your

attention to the following dialogue between *Kent* and him:

Kent. "How chance the King comes with so small a train?"

This he says to one of the King's Gentlemen; but the *Fool* officiously takes it up, and with *his* impunity of licence (yet never leaving his moral) he banters him thus:

"An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

"*Why, Fool?* says Kent."

He answers with an ironical recommendation of temporizing, and of deserting the unfortunate, which irony had also marked the first hint of his character, as I have before observed.

But in *this* irony before us, there is a benevolent caution thrown in, to guard against the conception that he *really means* what he *says* with a dissembled air of serious advice and of justifiable policy.

"*We'll* set *thee* to school to an *Ant* (he says to *Kent)* and to teach thee there's no lab'ring in the winter * * * Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it—but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine back again. I would have none but knaves follow it, since a Fool gives it."

Upon this passage there is a very sensible note, page 57.

"One cannot," says the Note-writer, "too much commend the caution which our moral poet uses on all

occasions to prevent his sentiments from being perversely taken.

"So here, having given an ironical precept in recommendation of perfidy, and base desertion of the unfortunate, he has precaution to add this corrective, and full of fine sense, for fear it should be understood seriously, though delivered by his BUFFOON, or JESTER."

Thus far the note.

But here it must not be overlooked, that it is the *Buffoon himself* who is the *Moralist*, and speaks to the *hearer*. It is not *the Poet* who addresses himself to *the Reader*; nor *can* I adopt, or (with unlimited extent) even *understand*, the *Poet's wit*, or the *Poet's morality* and *stage effect*, separated from the character he has drawn, by which he makes the portrait speak for itself.

By the way, in this passage, and in many others, the *Fool* of *Lear* is like the Humourist, who is anything *but* a *Fool*, in "*As you like it*"—the incomparable and well-drawn character of *Jaques*.

In *him* there is a *tirade* of *moral irony*, which is the counterpart of this.

——————————"Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him (the hunted stag)
And never stays to greet him. Ay, quoth *Jaques*—
Sweep on you fat and greasy Citizens,
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you *look*
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"

Apropos to this temporizing character, how ingeniously does the Poet mark the *Fool's* contempt for it, and his contrast of it in himself, by making *him*

assert his own fidelity, but still in character and playfully! He does it in rhime, half invented or half incorporated with lines which he found.

"That, Sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will *pack*—when it begins to *rain*,
And leave thee in the *storm*."

Thus far perhaps was an old song.

What I suppose him to have added, is in the following words,

"*But I will tarry;—the Fool will stay,*
And let the wise man fly:
The *Knave* turns *fool*, that runs away;
The fool, no knave perdy."

The last word uttered by the *Fool*, as well as the first, is pure and keen wit.

Lear in a mad fit says,

"We'll go to supper in the morning,"

"*And I'll go to bed at noon*," says the *Fool* manifestly, though metaphorically, alluding to the surrender of *Lear's* kingdom and power before it *was time for his bed.*

Lear, in the mock trial of *Gonerill*, says to the *Fool*—"*arraign her first*"—*'tis Gonerill.*

He does not answer incoherently; but, humouring the Lunatick, addresses the culprit as if present—"*Come hither, Mistress!—Is not your name Gonerill?*"

In this mad scene of the mock trial, as in every other, the *Fool* clings to his object, and, with some

few passages of counterfeited ideocy, perseveres in the Satire.

As for example:

"*He's a mad yeoman that sees his son a Gentleman before him. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf.*"

It is true that *Edgar, personating the madman,* says to the *Fool,* "*Pray! Innocent; and beware the foul Fiend!*" It is not *Edgar, in his own character,* who calls him "*an Innocent*"—as I had supposed the fact would appear from your statement of it.

But, first, I cannot lay stress upon any of *his* words in this wild and feigned character; and in the next place, the word *Innocent* may apply to him *as a Boy*—more helpless, and more likely to be tempted by the Fiend, upon account of his tender age.

He had expressed his fear at the sight of *Edgar,* in terms which have no foolery, and are natural to a *timid* child, but with all his *wits* about him.

I observe that *Lear's* words, a little before he dies, "*and my poor fool is hanged!*" are applied (and I think by *Malone*) to *Cordelia,* as terms of endearment, and as meaning *helpless innocence;* a *Fool* and an *Innocent* being, as he says, in old *English* convertible terms.

If *Shakespeare* means *Cordelia,* it must be admitted that he has used an unfortunate expression, because the terms of it are very equivocal at the best.

Yet I am thoroughly persuaded that he does mean *her,* because he knew that she had been hanged, and had recently said when looking at her,

"*I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee;*"

and, secondly, because from the moment that he brings her dead in his arms, he appears to be engrossed in *her* doom alone.

But I cannot think *Innocent* and *Fool* are convertible terms in old or any *English*.

It certainly appears rather strange, as an oversight of the Poet, that we hear no more of the *Fool* after he has helped *Kent* in carrying off *Lear* upon *Gloster's* information of the design upon his life; and I cannot agree to the remark, that no reason can be imagined why the *Fool* should have been hanged. It would have been, as it strikes me, a very natural malice for the two sister Fiends to indulge in robbing their Father of his favourite companion, his amusing playfellow, and faithful servant—besides that vindictive resentment of his wit, at their cost, may have stimulated them to his death.

As to the Poet's oversight, in dropping the *Fool*, a similar neglect is observable, and has been justly censured, in the affecting portrait of old *Adam* the servant, in "As you like it," who is dropped and buried at once, in a very interesting period of his attachment and of his peril.

One other trait of shrewdness in the *Fool*, appears in his prophetic sagacity upon the subject of both sisters, but particularly with a reference to *Regan*.

As to Gonerill, he had called her *one of the parings* in that admirable stroke of satire upon the King, before she had personally insulted him—or taken openly the part of her dependants.

He had prophetically described her and her sister as *holding the rod which the King had given them.*

But as to *Regan*, of whom *Lear* thought, as he said, that "*she was kind and comfortable*—that she, *with her nails, would flay her sister*;" what says the *Fool*? *She* had not then given a single mark of her ingratitude and cruelty. She was away from her sister, and at *Gloucester*, having no apparent or suspected intercourse with *her*. *Lear* had sent his faithful messenger *Kent* before him. The *Fool* banters him for his credulous hopes, and says, in effect, that he will find the taste of both crabs the same.

In another passage, and just after this, "*I can tell*," said he, "*why a snail has a house*"—"*Why*?" interrogates the King.—*Fool*, "Why to put *his* head in, not to give it away to his daughters—and leave his horns without a case."

If such instances of sense and moralizing wit had been *few*, if they had been *flighty*, *unconnected*, and *without an object*, *mere cunning* and *mere buffoonery*, one *might* attribute them to the *Natural Ideot* you have described. But the *description* is, I apprehend, inverted by the *fact*.

The passages of mere folly, or at least of apparent ideocy, are so few, as to be evidently counterfeited, and they are preceded or followed by such admirable wit, by such depth of sense, by such acuteness of discernment, that one cannot accuse him into the character of an ideot.

I will put all these passages of apparent ideocy together in a series, at least as they occur to me.

I.

"Take heed, Sirrah!—the whip;" says Lear.

But *why* does he say it? it is because the Fool had offended him by saying, "If I gave them (his two daughters) *all my livery*, I'd keep my *cockcombs* to myself—there's mine, beg another of thy daughters!"

This was keen, though impudent wit. The answer to this menace of the whip, appears incoherent and silly, at the first blush of it; but there is a vein of sense running through it, if it is a little closely analyzed.

"*Truth's a dog*, says the Fool, *that must to kennel,*
He must be whipped out."

He adds other and coarse expressions, not very intelligible. He then recites what he calls *his speech*, and which has been touched already. Half prose and half rhime, he follows it up with a passage, referring to the *inconvenience of truth*: "Prythee nuncle—keep a *schoolmaster* that can *teach thy Fool to lie.*"

Here again, his youth seems to be marked:

"If you lie, says Lear, we'll have you whipped."

He answers pertinently and archly,

"I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are. They 'll have me whipped for speaking true. Thou 'lt have me whipped for lying."

II.

The next foolish expression is that which is the subject of Sir *Joshua's* note:

"*So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.*"

This line has no analogy to those which he has quoted immediately before it upon the cuckoo's ingratitude.

But it is not inapplicable to the eclipse and gloom of *Lear's* fortune, when he had *put out his own candle*, and *left himself in the dark*.

III.

"*Whoop, Jug, I love thee*—"

What are the words preceding these?

"May not an Ass know when the cart draws the horses?"

This points at the servility of the Father to his Daughters, inverting the order of nature, and making himself the horse instead of the cart.

"*Whoop, Jug, I love thee!*" may be a ridicule upon their canting professions of love to the King, before he parted his kingdom between them.

IV.

Fool. "If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of *Kibes*?"

This he says just after *Kent* had gone with his master's letter to *Regan*.

"Ay, boy, says the King.

"Then I prithee be merry, says the Fool, *thy* wit shall not go slipshod.

[*Lear* laughs.]

Fool. "Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly."

This is bitter irony, and ridicules the message to *Regan*. Besides that here these "*brains in the heel*" are introductions to more of that ridicule in the sequel.

V.

Lear. "Be my *Horses* ready?

Fool. Thy *Asses* are gone about them."

Thus far it is very intelligible, but coarse banter. What follows, I do admit appears to be folly; yet mark how it ends:

Fool. "The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. "Because they are not *eight.*

Fool. "Yes, indeed, thou would'st make a *good fool.*"

What follows reinstates the wit, and proves this foolery a mere vehicle to it.

"If thou wert *my* fool, nuncle, I would have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. "How's that?

Fool. "Thou shouldst not have been *old* before thou wert wise."

VI.

The next passage of mere foolery is the laugh and banter upon *Kent* in the stocks. But this, to *his* feelings, became a very subordinate interest; and the moment *he* finds that Regan has taken part with *Gonerill*, as *he* had foretold, he returns to his wit.—He is the Satirist again.

"Winter is not gone yet" (said he), "if the wild geese fly that way."

"Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind,
"But Fathers that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind, &c."

VII.

In the scene of the tempest at night, all his wild speeches point at the daughters, except his prophecy, which is full of sense, though not applicable to them.

In the scene with *Edgar*, as a lunatick, when he sees *Lear* tear off his clothes, his address to him, though ludicrously worded, is at first pathetic, and afterwards in the vein of his accustomed wit.

" *Prythee, nuncle, be contented?*
This is a naughty night *to swim in.*"

" Now a little fire in a wild field were an old lecher's heart. A small spark, all the rest of his body cold.
" Look, here comes a walking fire."

An admirably expressed allusion to *Edgar's* madness.

A little further on, he takes up a song of *Tom the Lunatick*, and closes it. These are such evident counterfeits, preceded and followed as they are by wit and sense, that I cannot lay stress upon them as denoting an Ideot by nature.

I am surprized, that a passage alluding to this *Fool* as a Wit and Jester has not struck you. It is just at the opening of the tempest, in the Third Act, in a dialogue between *Kent* and a *Gentleman*.

Kent asking who is with the King; the Gentleman answers:

None but the *Fool*; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Ever yours, G. HARDINGE.

LETTER II.

ON

THE WINTER'S TALE.

My dear Sir,

When you call upon *me* to dissect the "*Winter's Tale*," as a kind of *pendant* to my feeble attempts on "*Measure for Measure**," you remind me of *Plutarch's* Parallels, which produce a mutilated similitude, where *parts* are *like*, and the *rest* in perfect *opposition* of *contrast*. It is *Fluellen's* comparison of *Macedon to Monmouth*, on account of the fact that *bridges are in both cities!* There is another difficulty in my way, described by *Terence*: "How govern by rules what leaps over them all?" as *he* says of Love; and as *you* are more likely to understand, than a Hermit whose days of chivalry are passed.

* In a Letter to Mr. *Mudford*, Jan. 9, 1813, Mr. *Hardinge* says, "I have written between sleep and wake, a Dissertation upon one of Shakespeare's Plays, 'Measure for Measure;' but I have no patience to copy it." See the Illustrations of Literary History, vol. III. p. 822.—That "Dissertation" has not been found among his MSS.

"*Measure for Measure*" is, I believe, the single play of Shakespeare that observes the *unities of place* and *of action*. It verges even on that silliest of all *perfections*, the *unity of time*. Not that I can agree with Dr. *Johnson* in *his* ridicule of *all* attention to *this* unity amongst the rest, or in his reasons for it, which is cold in heart, is false in fact, and has the vice that is a death's blow to *any* argument, that of proving *too much*. *He* says, "we *never*, at any *moment*, are parties in the scene, and fancy it *a real fact passing before us*."—Let a boy or a girl answer him! But suppose the assertion correct, and philosophically just, yet if the mimic stage is to be a mirrour of nature, and of the course in human events, the *rules* which make what are called the *unities* are not absurd, because they are founded in the accuracy of nature, which is to be resembled by art. If *Dr. Johnson's* ideas are correct, that it is nothing but a fiction before us, "*recited*, *enacted*, or *sung*," it would give a sanction to as many different plays in one, as there are scenes in it—or to a *Roman* story of the age in which *Tully* or *Virgil* flourished in one scene, not only followed, but connected, in the next, with persons and events at *Cheapside* in our day. I discriminate those *unities*, instead of reducing them *all* to the level of his absurd ridicule. I see no restraint upon genius, in the unities of *place and of action*. That of *time* alone *has* limits, which are imposed by common sense. It by no means follows, that because we endure, and scarce acknowledge, the extent of *time* in *Measure for Measure*,

as overleaping that of time in our pocket register of it, we are therefore to embrace with open arms the observation of *Camillo*, in the 4th act of the *Winter's Tale*, that he has been fifteen years in Bohemia, when he appeared in *Sicily* at the end of the first act; or that we have no colour for objection to the birth and marriage of *Perdita* within two or three hours. But in the *unity of time*, we forgive *little* difficulties, and scarce feel them. A short interval between the acts may pass for a day, and I really think *Measure for Measure* could be fairly compressed into four or five days at the most.

Another striking beauty of that play is, that it *acts* more than it *speaks*, making incident, plot, and character united, its *main* objects. But I never *can* agree with Dr. *Johnson*, that *Shakespeare* is not a *moral* dramatist. Let that play, amongst others, vindicate him. *Isabella's* virtue is nobly recompensed. The Duke is of a character almost adored, and is made as good as he is great—as happy as he is benevolent.

This reminds me of another unity, *that of character*. *Shakespeare's* turn for humour, descending even into puns, and much too often into obscenity, has tempted him *now and then* to make the character deviate from its nature. I can scarce recollect any one play in which he has not marked these occasional trips into *farce*, at the expence of his general object, which is to make the *character* preserve all its *leading* features. But in this personage of the Duke, there is not *one* escape. He is always

graceful, dignified, elevated, benevolent, and pure, not of guilt alone, but of levity. He never smiles but as an angel would—in doing good, and feeling it.

That I may resume the *unity of time*, it seems universally *given up*, even by those who are *advocates* for it—as it is impossible to conceive, that *all* the acts represented were accomplished in the duration of the five acts. To satisfy the demand of this chain, events are as absurdly compressed by torture into the limit assigned for them, as a battle into a scene, or a campaign into an act.

I have before me *Racine*, and I take up *Mithridate*. His betrothed wife and slave is at a sea-port.

A report has prevailed of the King's death, and is believed.

His two sons are enamoured of her, and profess their love to her.

She loves one, and hates the other, who has betrayed the King to the *Romans*.

The King *suddenly* returns *alive*. He detects them all three. A mutiny is excited, and the Romans are let in. A battle is fought. *Mithridates* is killed, and his dying words close the fifth act. He has breath enough to be long-winded in verse, and it is impossible to abstain from laughter at the last words, his own high sounding name, a rhime to the word *flatte*.

Love, and long speeches in rhime, are intended, I suppose, to make the time seem longer than it is—yet, within it, are packed up three confessions of love, and a gift of poison by the King to his Queen

elect—besides the battle. The old King has just returned from a voyage, and he says, naturally enough, that he wishes for sleep, which, however, this *unity* forbids. The battle in which the King is killed, occupies more than sixty lines in the description of it alone. The absurdity is, that more time is *implied* than is *confessed*, and absurdities are committed in hopes to *conceal* this *terrible* inaccuracy.

But now for the *Winter's Tale:*

Dryden justly ridicules it by name for the extravagance of its fictions, *or* its mean plot (for his words leave the charge a little indefinite), but makes me not a little angry by falling upon *Measure for Measure*, as one of those Plays either grounded upon impossibilities, or meanly written, without any comic or pathetic effect.

Upon the *Winter's Tale*, *Malone* has observed, that its metre is less easy and flowing, than many other Plays of the same Poet; has more involution of sentences, and harshness of diction, from which he draws an inference respecting its *date*. But I confess that I differ from that very popular Editor and Critick, in the opinion which is here advanced, for I see as much of *Shakespeare's* best poetry in this play, as any other gives to me, in which respect, as in many others, it widely differs from the other play; which, as I have before observed, has few striking passages of *poetical* effect, though of *dramatic* a thousand.

I can scarce recollect a more beautiful opening than he has given to the first appearance of the two

Kings together (and there is a peculiar beauty of *shade* which precedes their *lustre*—it is a dialogue *in prose*, between *Antigonus* and *Camillo*, two *Sicilian* Lords.) I assume that you know *the tale*.

Polyxenes,

"Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been
The Shepherd's note, since first we left our throne
Without a burden:—time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks,
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt; and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one '*we thank you*,' many thousands more
That go before it."

I shall quote many other such beauties. But amongst the *unities* not enumerated, we should not forget *the unity* of *place*, and of *time*, in a very different view; that is, the conformity of customs and manners to *the age* and *the scene*. Our Poet has, in this point, most egregiously failed. And amongst a thousand ludicrous passages, we have, in this play, the following palpable allusion to the Puritans of *James* the First:

"There is but one PURITAN amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes."

There is nothing so difficult as to write with your own modern pen, but with a correct observance of ancient manners. The very language betrays the writer, as it is made up of idioms, built upon modern allusions. The King admirably told me one day, that he *thought in German*, before he used that

language in his drawing-room. The writer of *Anacharsis*, and in our day two illustrious *English* Females, have encountered this difficulty with astonishing effect and grace, Miss *Hamilton* and Miss *Knight*. If it *could* be overcome, *they* would have obtained the victory; but I fear that it is not in human power to be perfect in this line of imitation, though it has produced, in *their* works, a beautiful picture of the times which they have explored. This difficulty extends itself to *versions* of ancient writers. *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Horace*, defy the interpreter. *Pope* is not *Homer*; nor is he, or *Dryden*, *Horace*. It would scarce obtain credit, if it was not ascertained, that in a version of *Horace*, professing to be correct, and in its general spirit, perhaps, inferior to not one of his works, *Dryden* makes *Horace* tell *Mæcenas* that he is deeply intent upon the office of *Lord Mayor*. *Pope*, in professing to modernize *Horace*, hits off a motley composition of his own, full of genius and wit. He first catches the general spirit of the original, and then puts it into *English idioms* of *thought* as well as expression. Indeed, of all Poets, *Horace* falls the best into those idioms; for there are passages in the best of his *measured prose*, the Epistles and the Satires, that we can scarce believe to have been written at *Rome* 1800 years ago—and some of his Odes, if literally followed up, have an excellent effect in our language.

Upon the *unity of time*, as violated (in its common sense), a Writer much too little read, *Sir*

Philip Sidney, has made a very admirable *critique*, and as if he had this Play before him, though his remark is prior to it: "But if it be so in *Gorboducke* (says he), how much more in all the rest, where you shall have *Asia* of the one side, and *Affricke* of the other; and so many other under kingdomes, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now of *Time*, they are much more liberal; for ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love; after many traverses she is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy; he at last groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and all this in two houres; which, how *absurd* it is in sence, even sence may imagine."

He was not, therefore, of Dr. *Johnson's* opinion, that *all* the unities alike may be equally despised without offence, and be the liberty ever so extravagant that is taken with them.

The general story of this Play is familiar to us all, and there is nothing more inaccurate than to represent, as *Johnson* does, that *Shakespeare* follows implicitly the original before him. He often deserts it; generally, as in *Measure for Measure*, with the happiest improvements, but sometimes for the worse.

It is, to be sure, not much to his honour as a geographer, that he should make *Bohemia* a maritime country, adopting that error from the novel; and one should think his audience equally ignorant. *Ben Jonson* ridicules him for it.

I am not possessed of *Shakespeare Illustrated*, by Mrs. *Lennox;* and I cannot, therefore, judge of the Poet's *winnowing* address, but I take the novel as I see it in *him*, and stripped of its dramatic apparel. It is this:

Two Kings are sworn friends. One visits the other, who suspects him falsely of too good an understanding with his wife; and solicits one of his Courtiers to murder him.

They baffle this design, and leave the country together.

The King imprisons the Queen. During her imprisonment, she is delivered of a girl.

The King orders another of his Courtiers to leave it in a desert place, believing it the child of the fugitive King.

With the child are two ornaments, denoting the birth, her mother's mantle, a jewel upon her neck, and some other tokens.

The Courtier obeys, leaves the child exposed, and is killed by a bear.

The Queen is tried, but whilst her trial proceeds, the Oracle acquits her.

As if to punish the Father, his only Son, a most promising youth, dies. The Queen herself is represented as having died, and the King believes it.

The child is exposed, and, as it happens, *on the sea-coast of Bohemia!* which is the kingdom of *Polyxenes*, where a Shepherd's son picks it up. His Father lays the farthel aside, which contains evidences of the birth; and educates the child as a

daughter of his own. This ends the IIId Act: and in the first scene of the IVth, sixteen years have passed. But we must hear the Poet's apology, which is put with at least a happy choice of the apologist, into the hands of *Time*, as a chorus, who can best account for his own irregularities:

> "I, that please some, try all; both joy and terror,
> Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,
> Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
> To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
> To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
> O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
> Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
> To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
> To plant and o'erwhelm custom," &c. &c.

He then, with irresistible good humour, tells them they are in *Bohemia*, and *Perdita* sixteen years of age.

This jump, or slide, as he calls it, reminds me of a peculiar and striking charm in the first Novel of a Lady whom I had once the honour to know as my personal friend, and of course to admire, Mrs. *Inchbald*. In that lively, natural, and pleasing work, she opens a volume, in which you expect the regular continuance of the historical chain in order of time. She opens it with a remark upon the effect which twenty years would produce in a village (left so long) upon the mind of its fugitive inhabitant, returning to the scene of his early habits and associates. He would find some dead whom he left in health, some in rags whom he left opulent, and

some depraved whom he left the models of purity. She then takes up *her* story, assuming that interval, and states the aweful changes which have taken place in the scene. They are of a melancholy cast, but she accounts for them naturally, and with a moral effect.

It appears in the opening scene of this delightfully interesting Act, the IVth, that *Florizel*, the son of *Polyxenes*, is enamoured of *Perdita* the Shepherd's daughter, and the King determines in disguise to watch them.

She soon appears with her lover; and if there ever existed loveliness in perfection, it is in her exquisite character.—The Poet has combined in it the native dignity of high birth, and the pastoral innocence of the peasant's life—the delicacy and simplicity of tenderness disciplined by virtue and reserve, but animated by love. After the love-scenes of *Shakespeare*, such as these, and those of *Miranda* in the *Tempest*, how tame and frippery are the enamoured of *Racine*; so elegant, so polished, and so gracefully genteel, that you consider it as an academy of compliments, or as the essense of pretty love-making in the best company.

Her address to the visitors at the Sheering-feast is quite enchanting, and marks her knowledge as a Florist; but the language off hand so airy, so eloquent, and so feminine, that one does not wonder at the charm of it, even in the mind of the King, enraged as he is at the *mésalliance* in train. The scene is admirably worked up, for the lover calls upon his

father to attest the contract, who then discovers himself, and with bitter language prohibits the intercourse, menacing the girl and the boy.

There is a touch a little after this calamity which is perfect *Shakespeare.* It marks a noble spirit of honest pride in the girl struggling with modesty and gentleness of nature—as we know who she is, it affects us the more.

Perdita—(the moment after the King had left them)

> "I was not *much* afeard—for *once* or *twice*
> I was *about* to speak, and tell him *plainly,*
> The self-same sun that shines upon his court
> Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
> Looks on alike.—*Wilt please you, Sir, be gone?*
> I told you what would come of this."

Camillo, Perdita, and *Florizel* escape; the two lovers offer themselves to *Leontes* with a lie, in which the young Prince (to do him justice) appears to feel no embarrassment, is a most promising adept, and is quite at home.

During the whole of that scene *Perdita* is mute—but she looks volumes—we may naturally suppose her like her mother.—But the King, admiring them both, exclaims:

> "What might I have been,
> Might I a son and *daughter* have looked on,
> Such *goodly things* as you."

Here let us part, my dear Friend, and with my best wishes that *you* may find as "*goodly a thing*" yourself, I defer the sequel of *my* Winter's Tale.—Adieu.

G. HARDINGE.

P. S. I must here take notice of an ADMIRABLE note by Malone, who was from *Ireland,* in which Island they dissyllabize our monosyllables habitually.

" *Here where we are,*" says *Florizel.*

Leontes. " *The blessed Gods*

Purge all infection from our air," &c.

You will scarce believe me when I give you the words of his note:

" Unless both the words *here* and *there* were employed in the preceding line as dissyllables, the metre is defective; — we *might* read, ' The *ever* blessed Gods:' but whether there was any omission is very *doubtful,* for the REASON ALREADY ASSIGNED," *viz.* that *here* and *there* might be dissyllables—but what an ear must this critic have, who deems it *possible* that Shakespeare made this line,

Hē—ĕr whā—ĕr wē ăre thĕ blēssĕd Gōds—

He has written fifty such notes! but I am here on tender ground. Many of his criticisms are ingenious and acute —

—— " Ubi plura nitent ..... non ego paucis
Offendar maculis."

G. H.

LETTER III.

DEAR FRIEND,

What a rhapsody was my last! very little upon the *Winter's Tale* of *Shakespeare!* very much upon *mine!* But *who 's afraid?*

We must return to *the Shepherd,* whose ruin is hurled at his grey head by the enraged Monarch, though a good and a good-natured man: but his object is to ensure the recovery of the son from this *degrading* passion; yet, which is perfectly natural, he takes at the impulse of momentary anger the worst course imaginable, — after bouncing to the son, and with some cruelty insulting the girl, *he leaves them together!* he leaves *Camillo* of the party, conceiving, perhaps, that *he* would be a kind of bail for the re-appearance of the lover at court in his proper element. We *now* see how artfully and how ably the Poet had made *Camillo* solicit his own departure for *Sicily,* from whence he has heard of the King's penitence, and of his impatience to see *him.* Again he loves him to his heart, and is a very noble-minded hero in his attachments, though he is again perfidious (on the surface) to the confidence reposed in him. But he is enamoured of *Perdita's* deportment, and, courtier as he is, takes part with *Florizel* against his new master at a risk as to himself: one leading spur to it, however, is collateral to it, — the impulse to his native soil, and his unhappy *Sicilian*

Monarch; which, indeed, he whispers to himself aside as a motive at least incorporated with all the rest.

But in the hurry of my first letter I had made an *erratum* in a very important fact, which you must here correct. *Camillo* does not *accompany the fugitives*, but remains behind, and resolves to *betray them*, so that here is a third act of *treachery*; but it is at once honourable and sagacious. He advises, and he enables them to marry by connivance at their flight. His next object in apprizing *Polyxenes* of their voyage to *Sicily* is, to accompany him. This operates no prejudice to the runaways; for he calculates that *Florizel* will *then* have married *Perdita*, and that between them the two Kings will forgive him. I do not quite approve the delay of the marriage; for whatever *Prospero* and *Ferdinand* can say to it, or the celebrated *Orlando* of the *Italian* Poet, *Shakespeare* has well said, though in a sonnet,

"*O opportunity, thy guilt is great!*"

And when *Ariosto* has informed us that *Angelica* had been long in *Orlando's* power, he adds, that he only tells what he has *heard*, but that he does not *force* the reader to *believe him*. His words are so arch, that he tempts me to open a new sheet with them, but I cannot find them for want of an index to *my Ariosto*.

Autolycus, a most *pleasant thief*, and one of the *wicked* whom *Shakespeare* has made by force of his charm a favourite of the audience, has changed clothes with *Florizel*. He meets *the Shepherd* and

the Son (characters both of them admirably delineated): they are going to *Polyxenes* with *Perdita's bundle*. They meet *Autolycus*, who in *Florizel's* habit personates a *courtier*, accepts their bribe, and promises to be their friend. He has overheard the concerted plan of *Camillo*, so that he is in that secret, and he determines to conceal it from the father, as being, he thinks, the *more knavish alternative!* They tell him of the bundle, and he carries them aboard the vessel. It appears afterwards they had been received in the voyage, and had lingered behind since the vessel arrived in *Sicily*. *Autolycus*, who had accompanied them, accounts for the inattention of the lover to the bundle, or the men, partly because he was *too much in love*, partly because he was *incommoded by sickness* arising from the turbulence of the weather. It appears by *narrative* that *Polyxenes* and *Camillo*, soon after the arrival of the loving couple, had themselves arrived, and were coming to *Leontes*, but having picked up the *Shepherd* and *Clown* in their way, he sends an express to *Leontes*, desiring him to arrest *Florizel*. At a later period the bundle is examined, and the full discovery is made, which reconciles every thing, and we only wish that *Hermione* could live again.—But she is dead!

Not a bit of it (says the Bard), and *Macheath's* respite has not a more potent wand in its favour.

Paulina, a most original character, of high spirit, fidelity, and virtue, has made the King believe her dead; nay, has presented her to him as in the

sleep of death; but she keeps her alive, and makes him *swear* that he will not marry, though told by the Oracle that he cannot have an heir till the lost is found.

She tells him, after all the discoveries, that she has a *statue* of *Hermione* performed by *Julio Romano*. Of all *Shakespeare's* ludicrous anachronisms this is the wildest—the *Delphic Oracle!* and *Julio Romano!* He means to describe the statue as painted, that is, *coloured* by *Julio*, which, indeed, has been proved the habit of the ancients.

They visit her:—the scene mocks all description; she descends, and is alive.

If you ask me why the King is to be thus made a widower of a living wife, and for fifteen or sixteen years, when he is thoroughly penitent, I cannot answer you. *Hermione* herself gives a lame account of it, by telling *Perdita* that she *lived* in hopes to see *her* again! not very gallant, by the way, to *Leontes*, nor compassionate, nor just, or natural; and the absurdity is heightened by the philosophical acquiescence of the husband in a wife *sixteen years older* than he had known her last, withheld from him for no earthly purpose. It could not be *fear* after the first report of the death; for penitence had made *Leontes* quiet as a lamb. In short, nothing *will* or *can* justify the absurdity of it.

I remember seeing (and it is now before me) the figure of Mrs. *Pritchard*, the most wonderful Player that I recollect, and more inferior to *Garrick* in expression of countenance alone than at any other

point. She had no *beauty* of person or face, but made both of them interesting, and full of expression. Her command of good sense was perfect; her action the essence of grace; her voice clear, and her emphasis, though without the least effort, never out of its place. Conceive her acting *Beatrice, Millamant, Doll Common, Lady Macbeth, Hamlet's Mother, Queen Catherine, Hermione, Estifania,*— as if born for each of these characters. It happened that she was of unsullied virtue in her private character; and it gave, perhaps, by a kind of superstition, a dignity in her performance of a character like that of *Hermione*, which baffles all conception. Her gestures before she descended, and her *benedictions*, were as if inspired or supernatural: — never could any *Pope* exhibit a more aweful picture than she displayed in uttering these words:

> "You Gods, look down,
> And from your sacred vials pour your graces
> Upon my daughter's head!"

Who could *think* of *absurdities* then!

The character of *Paulina* would fill a volume in its praise; but I cannot help touching here upon a very pathetic speech by *her* at the end, alluding to her own widowed state, and upon the amiable part which the King takes in repairing it. Here again is *contrast;* we recollect his *fury* to *her*, and *her's* to *him* (for a termagant she was, though in a righteous cause). After doing the honours of this miracle with a solemn and commanding effect, she addresses the party thus:

"Go together,
You precious winners all!—your exultation
Partake to every one: I, an old turtle,
Shall wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that 's *never to be* found again,
Lament till *I am lost*."

You recollect that *Antigonus*, the mouthful of the bear, was her husband.

Leontes. "O peace, *Paulina!*
Thou should'st a husband take with my consent,
As I by thine a wife."

He then recommends *Camillo;* and it is what the ladies would call "*quite a suitable match.*"

Before I leave this impressive scene, I *must* throw in a little dash of the comic, not by attempting wit of my own, but quoting, word for word, a note by Dr. *Johnson* upon the words

"You precious *winners* all!"

It is a peculiar feature of this Giant in literature, Dr. *Johnson*, that he explains, with an air of self-important sagacity, what *explains itself.* Take this for one specimen of that figure in *his* rhetorick:

"You precious *winners* all!"

You, who by this discovery have gained what you desired, may join in festivity, in which I, who have lost what never can be recovered, can bear no part!

Upon this note mine is, to say from *Hamlet:*

"*It requires no ghost of Denmark to tell us this.*"

Expletive as the Doctor is, yet, with all his attention to this context, he does not give the *full* effect of it, but which the reader *without him* will decypher to himself.

"Till *I* am *lost*."

There is evidently here a *turn* upon *lost* and *found*: that *I* may lament the mate *I* have *lost*, and cannot *find* again till *I* am *lost*, and *for ever*. Yet I should equally despise the Reader and myself before I could *write* such a note. *Horne Tooke* has admirably described these Editors in the character of *Dwarfs clipping down a Giant's form to their own size.*

To dissect the *separate* beauties of this Play, Act by Act, is no unpleasing task.

ACT THE FIRST.

There is infinite judgment in the opening scene. It gives a neat, short, and pleasing view of the two Kings, of the romantic love they entertain for one another, bred in their infancy, and kept up with assiduous culture between them since they were men, though Kings of different countries. "*Nothing* (says the *Bohemian)* can alter it." He then pays *Camillo* (the *Sicilian)* a compliment upon the *only* son of *Leontes*, calling him a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into *his* note.

I may as well take notice here, for he is full of it, what a peculiarity there is in *Shakespeare's* habit, which I am not aware of a single Author who has adopted but himself. I mean that of calling the Sovereign by the name of his *kingdom personified.*

Camillo says, for example,

"*Sicilia* cannot shew HIMSELF *over*kind to *Bohemia*, *They* were *train'd together* in *their childhood.*"

To *my* ear there is a dignity and charm in this usage very impressive. In his poetry it is more striking still. I remember, ages ago, being struck with a passage in *King John*:

"How now, *Chatillion*; what would *France* with *us*?"

To which the Ambassador adds:

"Thus, after greeting, speaks the KING OF FRANCE."

In which you observe how critically this master of all human science discriminates the *Courtier* from the *King*. The passage in poetry which affected me the most was the complaint of *Anthony* after his flight, addressing *Cleopatra*:

> "*Egypt!* thou know'st my heart
> Was to the rudder tied," &c.

Perhaps this habit of describing Kings, which, if I mistake not, is not universally adopted by him, would be some guide as to the date of his Plays.

This first Act is perfect in all the unities;—time, place, and action.

The scene between the two Kings, *Hermione*, the boy, and *Camillo*, is of matchless beauty and effect; but I do not think half its beauty has been felt or conceived by the Editors and Criticks (upon words and syllables), or by superficial readers. The very first word in it, the word *nine*, has genius in it; for it just enables *Polyxenes* to have been the father of *Perdita*: NINE *wat'ry stars* means a period of *nine months*.

The next remark which occurs to me as quite new, and yet perfectly obvious (to you or me), is,

that we are to read all the affection of *Leontes* here set forth as a *part acted*, and a counterfeit; *as a net* for the two delinquents *whom he had suspected before*. *Shakespeare's* wonderful art is apparent as much in what it conceals, as in what he puts into words. The *change*, if produced by the accident of *Hermione's galanteries* in that one scene, would be *against nature and character*. *Leontes* is not a fool, and *Shakespeare* knew what jealousy *was* or was *not*;—look at *Othello*,—as passionate and fiery as *Leontes*, but *gradual* in his flame, which is the *nature of it*.

"Trifles light as air
(It 's true) are to the *jealous confirmation* strong."

That is, addressing a mind *previously jaundiced*. they *confirm* the lemon hue of the cheek *already* generated there. With this clue the scene, as it strikes me, acquires a peculiar force, withheld from it in every other aspect. If you mark the *words*, you will find how infinitely more *quaint* and *forced* are the *Sicilian* ones, which is the nature and genius of all counterfeited affections. They overshoot the object of their aim, by determining not to be short of it. The sentences of *Leontes* are short, and are evidently constrained, — those of *Polyxenes* natural and flowing, easy and careless; the account *he* gives of their infancy and youthful intercourse is quite enchanting — *Hermoine* leads to it in the most feminine manner; the *contrast* (that passion of *Shakespeare*) between this picture and the intended murder is electricity:

"*Herm.* Come, I 'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then.
Polyx. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day.
Herm. Was not *my* lord the verier wag o' the two?
Polyx. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' th' sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The *doctrine of ill-doing*, no, nor dreamt
That any did," &c.

All this time *Leontes* (in Mr. *Kean's* hands) would have an *eagle's eye upon them.*

"*Leontes.* Is he won yet?
Herm. He 'll stay, my lord."

Leontes then says, and I think it should be aside,

"At *my* request he would not."

He then addresses *her* with forced and stiff compliments. She gives *Polyxenes* her hand.

"*Leontes. (aside) Too hot! too hot!*"

The act of giving the hand was in some degree *prompted* by himself, for he tells her *she opened her white hand to accept him.* She turns it prettily and gracefully to her curtesies with her husband's dearest friend and sworn brother in affection, offering to *him* the hand she had given to her husband.

Hermione had said:

"My *last* good deed was to entreat his stay —
What was my FIRST? It has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you. O would her name were *Grace!*

—— "When?
Nay let me have 't, I long."

Leontes had answered her with forced gallantry.

"Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy WHITE HAND,
And clap thyself my love."

She replies:

"It is grace indeed;
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose *twice*, —
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other, for some while a friend.
(giving her hand to Polyxenes.)"

With all that power of *hints* which discriminates our Bard from every other Dramatist, we can even here *guess* that he had suspected them *before*. After a forced apology for his apparent ill-humour, he dismisses them to the garden. He answers:

"To your own bents dispose you."

Then aside (it is ill marked in the editions), —

"You 'll be found
Be you beneath the sky.—I AM ANGLING NOW,
THOUGH YOU PERCEIVE ME NOT HOW I GIVE LINE."

There is another hint, a little further back:

—— "May 't be?
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre;
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with DREAMS."

Affection is well interpreted *fancy* by the Editors. *Dreams* are here either to be taken literally or metaphorically, or both, as he may have dreamt in

sleep of his waking dreams. But his first address to *Camillo* appears to me decisive, especially coupled with all its illustrations: they are striking, and most powerfully worked up in this magician's deepest resources of nature and character, as if they were all naked before him:—pray mark all the words!

Leontes. "Have not you SEEN, *Camillo*,
(But that 's past doubt: you HAVE; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn), or HEARD
(For to a vision so apparent RUMOUR
Cannot be mute), or THOUGHT (for COGITATION
Resides not in that man that DOES NOT THINK IT),
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt, confess;
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor EYES, nor EARS, nor THOUGHT): then say,
My wife 's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that *puts to*
Before her troth plight; say it, and justify!"

The coarseness of these invectives in a head so distempered with jealousy, is living nature; and our divine Poet, never deserting the mirrour *she* gave to him, is uniform in similar outrages of passion at the impulse of this goading flame.

"Give not *this rotten orange* to your friend,"

says *Claudio* at the altar, alluding to his bride elect,

"She knows *the heat* of a *luxurious bed*,
—— An *approved wanton*."

To the poor creature herself he says, —

"But you are more intemp'rate in your blood
Than *Venus*, or *those pamper'd animals*
That rage in savage sensuality."

" Never talk on 't!"

says *Posthumus* to his friend;

" She hath been *colted by him.*"

" Oh that I had her here to tear her limb-meal!"

to himself in soliloquy, after a picture the most enchanting ever drawn of modesty in a wife; and with his matchless pencil of contrast, he exclaims, —

" This yellow *Jachimo* in an hour, — was it not?
Or less—at first—perchance he spoke not—but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried oh! and mounted."

[Here I must, *en passant*, remark, that *Pope* and *Warburton* read, *churning on;* and their sophistication (as *Malone* terms it) has found its way into Doctor *Johnson's* Dictionary! — charming editors! careful writers of Dictionary!]

Othello, even after he had murdered his wife:

" She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore:
—— *Cassio* did *tup her.*"

" *Down, strumpet!*"

he says to her just before he kills her:—a little before he had said, —

" Strumpet! I come!
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted."

A little further back *Desdemona* had said, —

" I hope my noble Lord esteems me *honest!*"

Othello. O aye—*as summer flies are in the shambles,*
That quicken ev'n with blowing."

" Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to *write whore upon.*"

"Oh thou *public commoner!*
— — *Impudent strumpet!*"
"*What! not a whore?*
I took you for the cunning whore of *Venice*
That married with *Othello.*"

To resume *Leontes.* — Do not let the exquisite beauty of parenthesis here elude your admiring praise: there is no figure in which he is more above all competitors. I remember two instances which cannot enough be admired:

"*But two months dead,*" &c.

Here are fourteen lines made up of parenthesis.

"*In two months she married my uncle*"

is the main sentence, and it is divided by not fewer than ten dashes of parenthesis, all of them short and impassioned. In the *Tempest* is a similar beauty which, as it has been less remarked, I will present before you in all the picturesque of the original:

"MY BROTHER (and thy uncle, call'd *Antonio*)
(I pray thee mark me!) (that a brother should
Be so perfidious!) (he whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd!) (and to him put
The manage of my state) (as at that time
Through all the seignories it was the first)
(And *Prospero* the prime Duke) (being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal acts
Without a parallel) (those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger) (being transported
And rapt in secret studies) THY FALSE UNCLE
(Dost thou attend me?)

Miranda. Sir, *most heedfully.*

Prospero. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To *trash* for over-topping — NEW-CREATED
The creatures that were mine," &c.

Here are fourteen lines and upwards interposed between MY BROTHER and the first accusative case NEW-CREATED; yet they are so managed as to make no confusion, to give no superfluous words, and so as to heighten the interest.

To resume *Leontes.*—(After *my* parenthesis) *Camillo* with a noble spirit repels the charge, and the answer of *Leontes* confirms my remark. It is almost a masterpiece of eloquence, in describing an impassioned fever of the mind *gradually* generated:

" Is *whispering* nothing?
Is *leaning cheek to cheek?* is *meeting noses?*
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh (a note* infallible
Of breaking honesty!)? *horsing foot on foot?*
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift,
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs—theirs only—
That would unseen be wicked?—is this nothing?"

All these are circumstances, which he must have remarked in a distempered view upon other and many other occasions prior to this parting scene, in which not one of them occurs.

" *Who does infect her?*"

says *Camillo.*

* What an admirable picture!

"Why he that WEARS HER, like his *medal*, HANGING
About his neck."

He then says, "if he had good *servants*, as they *must* have *seen it*, they would kill *him*."

Camillo is again incredulous. Read and admire the answer; it *proves* an habitual ground for jealousy:

"Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation; sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o' the Prince my son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't?"

Camillo promises to poison *Polyxenes*: *Leontes leaves him*: *Camillo* in soliloquy determines to save *Polyxenes*, and with *him* to leave the Court. The interview between them is very affecting. It is delightful to see two such virtuous characters in unison: the very soul of innocence is in the simplicity of *Polyxenes*, and there is a most amiable trait of his character developed. He vindicates himself — he calls *Hermione a precious creature*; but, though he knows that *Leontes* intended murdering *him*, he accounts and *apologizes* for it in words that make one *adore him*:

"This *jealousy*
Is for *a precious creature*. As *she* 's rare,
Must it be *great*; and as his person 's mighty
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter."

All this charm of his benevolent character heightens the distress, for the more one loves the more one pities him.

The Act ends; and I can scarce imagine a more complete one at all points of dramatic eloquence, purity, and effect. Here, before I take my leave, I must remark how unlike their short dialogue is to those *elegant praters*, *Corneille* and *Racine*, who would have made volumes of declamation to the honour of the accused, and the conversion of the intended poisoner; but *Camillo*, instead of *preaching*, urges the *Bohemian* to despair of the *Sicilian* lunatic, and *run away*, undertaking to accompany him:

"Please your Highness
To take the urgent hour;—come, Sir, away!"

Ever yours, G. HARDINGE.

LETTER IV.

DEAR FRIEND,

The very title of the First Scene of the Third Act is death's blow to the unity of time—

"A *Street*, in SOME TOWN:"

and the Scene ends with

"*Go, fresh horses.*"

This, however, seems to be a superfluous defiance of the rule; for they might just as well be arrived in the *City* near the *Palace*, and the *Court of Justice* then sitting upon *Hermione*. The unity of action still is perfect, and the *time* is close; for in the

following scene is *Hermione's* trial interrupted by *the Oracle* first, then by news of *Mamillius's death*, and then by *Paulina's* report of *Hermione's* death. But in Scene 3, we are lost as *unitarians*, for we have *Antigonus* and the *child* in *Bohemia!* where the time by *the Bohemian clocks* is naturally filled in what follows; but we must here abandon the unities of *time*, of *place*, and of *action*. It is not easy for us to believe that *Antigonus* and *Miss* had got so far in the interval of time between the second Act and third, generally half an hour at the most. The *action* is, indeed, so far kept up, that *Antigonus* executes the command of *Leontes;* but the *unity of action* cannot be *perfect* in a jump from *London* to *Paris*, though *Robinson* delivered a message in the city last named which he had received in the former.

Let us now take the Act in all its detachments: It will pay us well, and we shall forgive the *invasion of Aristotle.*

The first Scene is very natural and pleasing: it is between the two Ambassadors to *Delphos.* [Here again, by the way, a little anachronism is to be forgiven, as we had no *Delphic Oracle* in those days, nor indeed was *Delphos* insular, but *continental.*] Their description, though short, is impressive, and like those masterly *hints* of this great Poet, where more is left behind unsaid than is delivered. They blame with a natural high spirit (as honourable men) the iniquity of *Leontes* in *proclaiming Hermione's guilt* before she has been *tried.* Here again too is the charm of that *good-will to Hermione*

which her popular and sacred character demands from all the world but her Tyrant;

"*And gracious be the issue*"

are the parting words between them. — *The Oracle* being *sealed* (which, I suppose, was the *Delphian étiquette)* they are ignorant of the contents.

But Scene the second is *Hermione's* trial, and it is full of stage effect.—*Leontes* opens the Court with dignity, and with temper; — but here, before we dissect him and his culprit, let us contemplate the horror of the Scene in a *general* view of it. The King is the only accuser, the only advocate, the only witness, the only judge, and the only executive government!

After he has opened it with a *counterfeit solemnity*, and restraint upon his fury (boiling in him all the time, prepossessed, and predetermined), he calls her into court:

"Leontes. *Read the indictment.*"

It is read: — it accuses her of high treason; — first, in committing adultery with *Polyxenes;* secondly, in conspiring with *Camillo* to *murder the King;* thirdly, in aiding and abetting their flight.

Here one's blood runs cold at the iniquity of the second charge, when the accuser himself had excited that very *Camillo* to *murder Polyxenes!*—The answer of *Hermione* has nothing superior to it in human eloquence of any scene or of any age.

In general, it has been truly said that *Shakespeare's diction* has a charm in it so peculiar to *him* as to confer a lustre of its own upon every subject;

that he elevates many sentiments, obvious, and rather tame in themselves, by the magic of his verse; that where he combines the most exquisite images, and the most poetical phrases or cadence, he is, by comparison at least, *shorn of his beams* if you put the same thoughts into any *different* words, or into those *differently arranged*. This gives *Foreigners* who are even ingenuous, but wish to depreciate him in honour to their own luminaries, a powerful advantage over his fame, at the same time that, by a new arrangement of any little word, the disingenuous, like *Voltaire*, can banter him with admirable effect, as this wicked wretch has done in cold blood with inconceivable malignity before the Academicians in *France*, who understood him *less*, but who accredited the fidelity of the version, as well as the accuracy and the taste of the *bon-mot*.

But in this defence of *Hermione* (and perhaps in the address of *Shylock* to the *Venetian* Magistrates) there is a mass and weight of eloquence which overcomes the competition of the Muse, whether in melody or in grace of language, though it must be confessed that it is an arduous conflict.

To *read* aloud this eloquence just as we find it, we should call up Mrs. *Pritchard* from the tomb, who, as I told you, never *did* or *could* lay a false emphasis, or speak a word out of tune. But I will venture to attempt the words *delivered as prose* (by here and there deranging the measure); you shall tell me what eloquence in prose can reach it. Even Madame *De Stael* (who is, I think, a wretched versionist of

poetry in her prose) would make it sublime in its *French* apparel. *True eloquence* is of all climates, and of all idioms. The celebrated *Lally Tolendal*, who was a very impertinent coxcomb, but a most eloquent man, delivered one day at my table in *French* a most admirable speech of Lord *Thurlow*, which I had heard in the House of Lords, and I was never more astonished than at the effect he gave to it in *French*.

"*Hermione*. Since what I am to say must only be that which contradicts the accusation, and the testimony on my part being only that which comes from myself, it will scarce avail me to say *Not Guilty*; such integrity as I can assert, being accounted a falsehood before-hand, will be so received after my assertion of it. But this I *will* say, if the divine powers attest our actions here, as they do, I have no doubt but that innocence will make *false accusation blush*, and will make *tyranny itself tremble at patience!*"

Let us pause here.—The *false Accuser* and the *Tyrant* are in her presence; but with astonishing address, and grace of satire, he is *touched*, but he is not *marked*. Her prejudication, described as baffling her plea, and the nature of her defence precluding all testimony, how solemn is her dignified appeal against that iniquity, though in temperate and measured language! But from this opening her transition to the King is the perfect sublimity of pathetic as well as impressive complaint:

"*You*, my Lord, best know (who will yet *seem* to know it the *least*) that my past life has been as con-

timent, as chaste, and as true, as I am now wretched —in sufferings which are more than history can pattern, though invented for stage-effect; — for look at me! a partner of a King's bed! who divide with him his throne! the daughter of a powerful sovereign! the mother to a hopeful prince! yet standing here to discourse and to *prate* for my *life*, and for my *honour*, before *all that chuse to hear me!*—As to my *life*, I value it as I do my sorrows, for I wish to part with 'em both: but for my *honour!* it is a patrimony that 's to descend upon my children; it 's *that* for which I stand. I appeal, Sir, to your own conscience, — before *Polyxenes* came to your court how I stood in your favour, and how far it was a debt of honour to me that I *should* be so favoured; since *he* came *you* shall tell me how I have swerved, that I am to be accused at a bar like this! If I have stirred one jot beyond the limits of delicacy and of honour, in act or in will, may the hearts of all that hear me be obdurate against me, and may the nearest in blood, when I am no more, cry *shame upon my tomb!*"

She makes three other addresses to him and the audience, not a feather inferior to this, and with an attention to the inflexible but calm dignity of her character that is above all praise.

His first reply is character too, but of the worst kind. He can stifle his inflamed pride and revenge no more; and before he has adduced a witness, or the hint of any thing like evidence, he calls her *impudent*, first in the *act*, then in the *denial* of it, which, he says (and he does not say it ill), are con-

genial features of the same *desperate and wicked courage.*

"*You will not own it,*"

he says to her. The reply is the noblest in the world: upon *him* it has no effect. He accuses her of *Camillo's flight* (whom she had proudly commended as a man of honour). She says that he must have *dreamt.* Mark the answer:

"Your *actions* are my *dreams* : —
— You had a *bastard* by *Polyxenes!*"

He then tells her that at the best he is *determined upon her death.* Her answer admits of no paraphrase or epitome. If I could see the cheek that refused a tear over it, recited with tolerable effect (and by a reader who *felt*), I would abjure all intercourse with such an infidel to the sacred feelings of the heart.— Think how a passage like this, delivered by Mrs. *Pritchard's Hermione,* would rend one's heart:

"Sir, spare your threats!
To *me* can life be no commodity;
The crown and comfort of my life, *your* favour,
I do give lost—for I do *feel it gone,*
But know not how it went. [*Here she made a pause.*]
My second joy,
The first-fruits of my body,—from *his* presence
I 'm barr'd like *one infectious.*"

Here I beg you to remark the beautiful negligence of these impassioned words (though I wish the description of her child had been more delicate). (A pause again; I see it before me as I saw it then.)

"My *third* comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily! is from *my* breast
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out—to murder!"

Leontes had apprized her of this event.

"*Myself on every post*
Proclaim'd a strumpet."

She touches upon her want of the child-bed privilege, and upon the hurried summons which brought her into the air just after she had been delivered. She then has these words. Read them, dear friend, over and over again,—blessed that you have a heart which can feel them, and so inspired a page to read:

"Now, my Liege,
Tell me what *blessings* I have here *alive,*
That I should fear to *die!* Therefore proceed!
But yet hear this! *mistake me not!—No! life,*
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I *would* free) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon *surmises;* all proof sleeping else,
But what *your jealousies awake;* I TELL YOU,
'TIS RIGOUR, AND NOT LAW! Your honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle!
Apollo be my judge!"

In this conclusion mark how she rises above her Tyrant, and with how noble an appeal she ends, with her invocation to the Gods, and the testimony of the Oracle. One of the Lords approves the appeal, and commands the messengers from *Delphos* into court.

She adds a few more lines, which, reminding her of her violated rank, prompt her to wish her father

could see her! and here again, to elevate the tender feelings of her nature, she adds —

"*yet with eyes*
Of PITY, *not* REVENGE!"

Then comes *the Oracle*, which, I think, should be delivered with more solemnity. The messengers had said it was *like thunder in the sound*, but inarticulate of course, or intelligible only to the initiated.

Here is a fine scene for *acting powers*, and for a *Raphael* to describe!—The interest of malice in the King, and the religious but firm hope of innocence, marked in the persecuted Queen, call for every talent that even *Garrick* and Mrs. *Pritchard* could exert. They were both great in this kind of *mute eloquence*.

The incident is aweful, and the moment critical. When the words have been read, we call for more acting powers! The King, stung with shame, first affects a doubt, which, I must own, is not removed in so dignified a manner as one could wish, for it is quite ludicrous:

Leontes. "Hast thou read truth?

Officer. Ay, my Lord! even so
As it is here set down."

Though he is a religious King, he is too frantic to regard the very test he had required.

Leontes. "There is *no truth* at all i' the *Oracle!*
The sessions shall proceed! this is *mere falsehood!*"

By which he means that it is not a *faithful copy* or *picture* of the Oracle, not that of the words of the God, that *he* is to be accused.

A part of the Oracle being that he is to die without *an heir*, and the last account of *Mamillius* being

that he was better, nor any peril of his life having been suspected, he naturally doubts the *integrity of this menace.*

When just at this very moment he is told the son is dead!—is dead of apprehension for his mother's life.—*Hermione* faints; and the King, suddenly penitent, like St. *Paul,* is *new made!* What can be more touching than all his words? You thought you could not hate him enough, but the change of his deportment makes you forgive all the past. Here *Garrick* was inspired.

Leontes. "*Apollo*'s angry! and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice!"

Here comes, just at the fit moment, that noble creature *Paulina,* who had been present all the time, but *mute,* that is, mute in *words;* but in the expression of countenance and gesture we are to suppose her most eloquent the whole time, charmed by the deportment of her mistress, disgusted by that of the King, and full of anxiety. I think it would have a good effect if, just as the Oracle is going to be read, she was, in a fit of religious passion, to fall down and invoke the Gods.

Paulina. "*This news is mortal to the Queen!*
Look down!"

This of course to *Leontes,* but it is not marked.

"*and see what Death is doing.*

Leontes. Take her hence!"

The tenderness of *Garrick* here was the very soul of nature, summoned by its best energies into virtue.

" Her heart is *but* o'ercharg'd ; she will recover.
I have too much believ'd my own suspicion !
'Beseech you ! tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life ! *Apollo*, pardon !
(Exit Hermione)."

Now for nature !—He publishes to all the world around him his own shame. Is not this enough? you say. No: terror and pity are not satiated yet. *Paulina* comes in, to report the death of *Hermione*. Her speech is full of scorpions. I should not think Mrs. *Siddons* dishonoured if she acted this part. Her passionate character is at the height: it was fool's play before. He bears it all, and one expects to see him die of it. She is rebuked for so ill-timed an invective. How sweet is her answer! how noble! how ingenuous!

Paulina. " I am sorry for it.
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I have shown too much
The rashness of a woman. He is touch'd
To the noble heart."

She then turns to him (pray love her for it, but you must not let the hurried breaks of the sentence ever escape you) —

" Now, good my Liege!
Sir ! Royal Sir ! forgive a foolish woman !
—The love I bore your Queen—lo, fool again !
—I 'll speak of her no more, nor of your children !
—I 'll not remember you of my own Lord,
Who is lost too ! Take your patience to you,
And I 'll say nothing."

How affecting is the reply which closes the Scene!

Leontes. "Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prythee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and Son:
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I 'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation. So long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows." *Exeunt.*

The third scene has in the first place a charm of *novelty*. We have a desert island, a tempest, *Antigonus*, the poor little child, and a mariner.

Here *Shakespeare*, who is great in every thing, calls forth his wand of the picturesque. *Antigonus* interrogates the mariner: he is told it is *Bohemia*. He makes a long soliloquy, and wishes to save the child, but is hampered by the superstition of his *oath*. He tells (which is finely imagined) his dream. *Hermione*, it seems, appeared before him; charged him to lay down the child, and call it *Perdita*; but punished him by telling him that he would *never see Paulina more!* His words are very pathetic, though from this dream he infers that *Hermione* is no more, and that *Perdita* is *her* child by *Polyxenes*. The tempest rages more and more: he is pursued by a bear: then a very short, but a very natural dialogue between a shepherd and his

looby of a son. The father has found the child, and is delighted with his treasure in so beautiful an infant.

I have remarked before what shades of contrast or of dissimilitude *Shakespeare* throws into all his characters. The *son* is half a rustic fool, and the other half a rustic wit. The father has a kind and friendly heart, good principles, and good affections; he has an amiable simplicity of character, which, homely and rustic as it is, yet is not *grotesque*, or without occasional dignity of sense and virtue, rising even into pathetic eloquence, — as we shall find:

"'Tis a lucky day, boy,"

says he to the son, —

"*and we 'll do good deeds on 't.*"

The moment he saw it he had compassion; *and before he had examined the bundle*, he describes with some humour the supposed illegitimacy of it. *I 'll take it up for pity*, are his first impressions; then he waits for his son, who examines the bundle, and discovers the gold! The father bids him carry it home, and *be secret*.

It appears from their conversation that the bear has killed *Antigonus*. They agree to bury him.

"That 's a good deed,"

says the old shepherd.

Here ends the Act, and your tiresome, but affectionate, G. HARDINGE.

LETTER V.

DEAR FRIEND,

I will not repeat here the remarks which I have made upon this leap of time; but I will add, that with *Shakespeare's* wonderful address he might have closed this Play with admirable effect, uninjured by such desperate liberties. The Fourth Act we could fill in the mind's eye with *Bohemian* incidents, commencing at the exposure of the child, and closing in the discovery of it by *Polyxenes* and *Camillo*, whom the very same tempest could have thrown upon that remote coast of *Bohemia*.—*Leontes*, tired of life, and ashamed of his conduct by *Polyxenes*, may have immediately followed, and the Act may have closed at the re-embarkation of the two Kings for *Sicily*.

The Fifth Act would still have its effect, but with less improbability, and with a better *dénouement* for the re-united parents.

Charming as *Perdita* is at sixteen, we do not want her to shoot up into so fine a girl in half an hour.

If I am not mistaken, *Garrick* has done a very judicious thing in making the *Winter's Tale* divide itself into a Play of three Acts, and an Entertainment in two. I saw it so acted; the Entertainment being called *Florizel and Perdita*.

The first of the Scenes in this beautiful Act, inferior to none of the rest, is an affectionate conference

between *Polyxenes* and *Camillo in prose.* Here the genius of the writer stands confessed. There is a charm in his prose, an eloquence, freedom, and grace in it, that make us wish him never to attempt any other strain; but when the Muse beckons him to her all is enchantment, and you cannot bear that he should ever leave that spell behind him. Let it here by the way be said, that his prose and verse are his own. Compare him with his contemporaries, and there is not the least analogy between them.

Nothing is more elegant than all the language of this dialogue. The sentiments are natural; and the allusion to the penitence of *Leontes* by the *Bohemian* Prince, like all the rest of *him*, captivating.

It is most ingeniously contrived that *Polyxenes*, after alluding to *Hermione's* loss of her children, should, in conference with *Camillo* his favourite, bring *Florizel* into the Scene. These links of the chain, which appear easy to the Poet because they have an air of Nature, form discriminating and powerful testimonies to genius.

"*Kings are no less unhappy* (the King observes), *their issue* not being gracious, than they are in losing them." On comparing notes, they suspect his love at the Shepherd's cottage; and here a circumstance transpires, which bears a little hard upon the Shepherd, and is never mentioned afterwards, though it may have been well imagined, in order to account for the Sheep-shearing feast. The King says, the Shepherd is grown *rich*; yet he lives in a cottage still; but we can suppose him to have bought

a little farm with some of the gold. We are never told how much it is, nor indeed is any gold mentioned as coin by *Antigonus*. I should rather collect that all the gold was the apparel and the little trinkets of the child, which the Shepherd carefully kept.

But here another key presents itself; and perhaps to this very key *Polyxenes* alludes. May not *Florizel*, who is quite at home with *Perdita* and with her parents, have ingratiated himself by his presents, and with mutual honour, as he never attempted the seduction of the girl?

They agree to visit the Shepherd in a disguise.

SCENE THE SECOND. *A Road near the Cottage.*

Autolycus and the Shepherd's son divert us; the former by his wit, and by the address of his theft.

Autolycus was admirably acted by Mrs. *Yates*, a comic performer, in scenes of this kind, who was never equalled. The lout who is robbed of the purse must have had one to lose, and he had many commissions. Here again is the art of the Poet; and this hint of *Polyxenes* is not thrown away upon us.

Then come the two Lovers, and there is no such love—one adores the abstinence and the delicacy of this youth, as well as the sacred honour and simplicity of his confidence; for he tells her who he is, but never marks it as a difficulty.

It appears that she is habited still as a Peasant-girl, but with some additional ornaments given to her by her Swain. He addresses her in terms of

passionate rapture and *worship*. Her answers to him are peculiar to herself. She has a language of her own. They are delicate, though endearing; and though respectful, they have a native dignity. Any *one* of her speeches to him (for they are uniformly touching and sweet) may characterize her *style*. The very first is inferior to none.

Florizel himself has taken the garb of a young Peasant, a fact upon which I shall have to remark hereafter.

Perdita. "Sir, my gracious Lord,
To chide at *your* extremes, it not becomes me;
O pardon that I name them: your *high self*,
The gracious *mark o' the land*, you have *obscur'd*
With a *swain's wearing*; and me, poor lowly Maid,
Most *Goddess-like prank'd up*."

What grace and poetry here!

"But that our feasts
In *every* mess have *folly*, and the feeders
Digest it with '*a custom*,' I should blush
To see you so attired."

He then blesses the day that made his hawk fly that way (which neatly tells how he came to know her).

She expresses her fears and her shame. He declares in the noblest language his *purity of heart*. He calls in aid the Gods, and amongst them *Apollo*, who became a Shepherd, as *he* has done—

"*Their* transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in *a way so chaste*."

She tells him (for she has much better sense than *he* has, though she is quite as much in love) that if his father should oppose, he *must* give her up, or *she* must give up her life.

Mark his reply!—

Nothing was ever more gallant—more in the heroism of Love, divested of all flourishes, and warm from the heart. *Romeo and Juliet* are too fanciful, and play too much upon *words*. I should think it for that reason an *earlier Play* than we have now before us, or *The Tempest*, in which *Ferdinand* (like *Florizel* here) is all that a Lover *should* be.

Read every word, and bless the Poet!

Florizel. "*Thou dearest* Perdita!
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I 'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my Father's: FOR I CANNOT BE
MINE OWN, NOR ANY THING TO ANY, *if*
I BE NOT THINE." ——

Pray mark that phrase!—how beautifully turned!

"To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming;
Lift up your countenance, as 't were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have *sworn* shall come." ——

The feast begins—*Polyxenes* and *Camillo*, disguised, are visitors.

The *Shepherd* opens it with a picture full of simplicity, and it appears evident that no peculiar change has taken place in his fortune; for he describes the habits of the feast *when his old Dame lived*, who did the honours of it. But who?—none but *Shakespeare*,—can do *Perdita* justice in her varied address

to the parties, beginning with *Polyxenes* and *Camillo*, the two strangers, and presenting flowers to each. From *them* she turns to her female companions; and after a short welcome to them, with adapted flowers of Spring, she turns to her swain, and with bewitching grace *makes love to him* in words that no *Frenchman* could appreciate, such a vein of enchanting Poetry animates them.

You must here observe, that his love to her has been *offered*, has been *accepted*, and is *approved* by the *Shepherd*.

" O *Proserpine!*
For the flowers *now* that, frighted, thou letst fall
From *Dis's* waggon!"

I cannot help stopping here, for two purposes: 1. To mark the consistency of these *Pagan* Mythologies, with a *Pagan story* and religion: 2. To express admiring astonishment at the number of *Classic allusions* which our Poet has gleaned with such art from *English* versions of the *Latin* Poets published in his day. This very image is in *Ovid:*

" Daffodils,
That come *before the swallow dares*, and *take*
The *winds of March* with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of *Juno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright *Phœbus* in his strength; —— bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Florizel. What! like a *corse?*

Perdita. No! like a bank, for love to lie and play on."

His reply is exquisitely beautiful. She calls him *Doricles*, and addresses him as a *Shepherd.* She accuses him of praising her too much, and with sweet address insinuates that if she did not *thoroughly know him* to be a *Shepherd unstained,* she would fear that his intention was to *seduce her.*

He takes her hand; the dance begins; *Polyxenes* interrogates the *Shepherd.* His answer is manly and open: he tells *all* that he knows, and admits that of *Doricles's* fortune or connexions he is ignorant, but marks in words not the less poetical for their simplicity the force of their love.

" He *says,* he *loves* my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves the other best."

Who writes like this? He then alludes in a *mysterious* way to her wealth, referring, of course, with simplicity again to her bundle and the jewels.

In this conference they are interrupted by *Autolycus,* habited as a pedlar, and full of his never-exhausted wit—then by a dance of rustics habited like Satyrs. But *Polyxenes* returns to his object, and addresses *Florizel.* Here a most affecting scene passes between them, full of stage effect.

Florizel, questioned *closely* by his father as *a perfect stranger,* glories in his love, and calls upon *him* as a witness to the *solemn contract* between them.

" But should not your father know this?
" No; I have *my reasons.*
" Tell him of it.
" *I will not! mark our contract!*"

Now for stage effect!

Polyxenes (discovered).

" MARK YOUR DIVORCE!"

I have touched upon what follows in a former note. It rends the heart. *Polyxenes* leaves them, having menaced them all.

I will only point your attention to *Perdita* and the *Shepherd*, who is, I think, a venerable character.

Perdita (to Florizel). " *Wilt please you, Sir, be gone?*
I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine!
Being now awake, I 'll *queen it* no inch *further.*

Shepherd. I cannot speak, nor *think,*
Nor dare to know that which I know. Oh, Sir!
(to Florizel.)
You have undone a man of fourscore-three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet;—yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud," &c. *Exit.*

This Act is of immeasurable length. The rest of it is occupied in the arrangements of *Camillo* for the immediate flight of the lovers. *Autolycus* meets the shepherd, and his lout of a son, going to *Polyxenes* with his bundle to relate all the facts. *Autolycus*, dressed in *Florizel's* habit, assumes the courtier, and the scene is exquisitely comic. He carries them on board the ship.

This Act has 46 pages, those before it little more than twenty; yet one cannot be offended, for how can we part with *Autolycus*? The concerted flight is rather too long, and there is an oversight here which has not been remarked by the Editors—I suppose, because it is *obvious* and *material*.

Autolycus takes *Florizel's dress*, and is made at once a *courtier* by it, as the *shepherd and clown infer*. His *garments* are *rich*, yet he wears them not handsomely, says the shepherd; yet *these* very garments are those of the *Shepherd-swain Doricles*, for he never had changed them, or had *left the scene*. Those garments, of course, the shepherd would not call RICH, and he would also remember them as those *which Florizel had worn*.

This could, perhaps, have been obviated by the King's demand that he should give up this habit, and appear in his own, which the shepherd's dress might have *covered*.

I have omitted a thousand beauties in *Florizel* and *Perdita*, whose characters are perfect of their kind; but I cannot better conclude than in words better than my own: "The character of *Perdita* will remain for ages unrivaled, for where shall the language be found *that is uttered by her*?"

It is true the Shepherd gives *Autolycus*, the personated courtier, *gold*; but if it was a nest-egg from the bundle, it would accredit his integrity the more, that he had kept it lying dormant so long.

There is such a vein of *humour* in *Autolycus*, and so like that of *Sir John Falstaff*, that I cannot for-

bear to give you the parting stroke of his wit at the end of this Act, for he makes no figure in the next. He is half reformed into dullness (but not without cunning) by the air of the Court, and by the hope of preferment. But *here* he is quite in his element, and perfect.

Autolycus. "If I had a *mind* to be honest, I see, Fortune would not suffer me. She drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold, and a means to do the Prince my master *(Florizel)* good, which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these *two moles*, these *blind ones*, aboard him: if he think it fit to *shore them* again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns *him (Florizel)* nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to it."

In the description of the doom in train for the Shepherd and his hopeful son, as given to them by him, the humour convulses the audience and the reader. But where is the Poet who is thus equally supreme in comic powers, and in the command of tears? *Ariosto* has a little of it; *Moliere* is never *pathetic; Racine* has not a vestige of *humour*.

Shepherd. "So 'tis said, Sir; about his Son that should have married a Shepherd's daughter.

Autolycus. If that Shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clown. Think you so, Sir?

Autolycus. Not *he* alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is *necessary*.—An old sheep-whistling rogue! a ram-tender! to offer to have *his* daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our *throne* into a *sheep-cote*? all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a son, Sir, do you hear; an't like you, Sir?

Autolycus. He *has* a son, who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a Southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death."

Ever yours, G. HARDINGE.

LETTER VI.

ON SHAKESPEARE'S ACCENTUATION.

My dear Friend,

You observe that *Shakespeare* gives the right accentuation of *Hecate* in *Henry VI.* Part III; from which fact you infer that he did not write the whole of that Play.

In *Macbeth*, if the text of *Malone* is accurate, *Shakespeare* was apprized of the correct accent, and varied it for the convenience of his rhythm in *Macbeth*, Act III. Scene V. as I observe it is written,

"Why how now, *Hecat*'."

If *Shakespeare* had intended to accent *Hecate* as a dissyllable, and sink the *e* final in the sound, he would have written it *Hecate*, and would have marked by the verse that *cate* was to be read as a monosyllable; but, by marking his elision of the final *e*, he appears to know that, if he had written all the letters, he would have made the word a trisyllable. He never names her in *his verse* but that once; yet in the description of the characters he gives her all the letters of the name.

But really *Shakespeare's* liberties with his *own* quantities, or accents of a name, preclude all argument from the mode which at any one time he may

adopt. He has Posthŭmus, and Posthūmus. It is a mistake that he has uniformly adopted the latter, though asserted in a note; when he is *first* named, he is evidently Posthŭmus:

—— The King, he takes the babe
Tŏ hĭs protēctiŏn; cālls hĭm *Pōsthŭmŭs.*

And, what is more curious, *Imogen* calls him both ways.

Act III. Scene 4:

"Where is | *Pŏsthŭm* | *ŭs?* what | is in thy mind?"

Act IV. Scene 2:

"Strŭck thĕ | măin tōp, | ŏ *Pōst* | *hŭmŭs;* | ălās!"

I have not the passage before me of *Hecat'*, or *Hecate*, in *Henry IV.;* but the name of *Glendower* is equally accommodating.

Westmoreland calls him Glen-dōw-er, Scene 1; *Henry* gives him the same accent, Scene 3; *Hotspur* the same: yet the King calls him *Glendower*, dissylabized:

"ās *Ow* | *ĕn Glēn* | *dowĕr* fōr | ăn ēn | ĕmy."

unless *Owen* is to be taken for a monosyllable.

In the same Scene *Glendower must be* read as a *dissyllable* in this line:

"I 'll steal | tŏ *Glēn* | *dowĕr* ānd | Lŏrd *Mōr* | *tĭmĕr.*"

In Act III. Scene 1, a new quantity is given:

"Lord *Mor* | *timer* | and couz | en *Glēn* | *dŏwĕr.*"

Act III. in the same Scene, he is a dissyllable again:

"My fā | thĕr *Glēn* | *dowĕr* ĭs | nŏt rēad | y yet."

So in Act IV. Scene 4:

"And what | with *O* | *wen Glen* | *dower's* ab | sence here."

unless (as before) *Owen* is a monosyllable.

Did I give you all my fooleries upon *Malone*? and have you kept or burnt them? If you have them not, I will send you one of the volumes, because a part of it bears upon one of your notes;—which, I again assure you, have delighted, and have in general convinced me that you are the best Critick *Shakespeare* has yet found. Your knowledge of Antiquarian learning is wonderful, and you are above them all who profess knowledge of the same kind, as much as you are above them in acuteness and liberality. I am, however, so gallant, that I am half angry with you for your want of gallantry to Mrs. *Lennox*, whose book I have not read for half a century, but which entertained me very much when I did read it, though I have no doubt that she was a dashing Critick, and a superficial Historian. But the idea was new, and the picture amusing.—*Apropòs*, if you have all *Capell's* notes and works, I could wish to borrow them at some future period.

A word upon *Malone*.—I have been most injuriously calumniated by a supposition that I had a personal, private, and malignant spleen against him. To you I will do more than plead not guilty: I will affirm upon my honour, and with my hand upon my heart, that I had none.

In 1800 I saw his Life of *Dryden*, bought it, and read it through. The *ridicule of it* laid hold of me, and I wrote *The Essence* almost off hand as fast as the words *could* be written, except the *minute enquiries* after the mode of spelling *Sedley's name* (an after-thought, and a very foolish one, which, however, I think, has been perfectly misunderstood as

to its object), and except the Postscript upon *Minutius Felix*. I wrote it for no object whatever but for my own amusement*. Shewing it one day accidentally to a very particular friend, and a person of taste, I found him partial to it, and was exhorted by him to publish it, as a banter—not upon *him*, but upon what I thought, and still think, *a vice of the age*, that of *minute history*.

Having by this accident alone become acquainted with *Malone* as an Historian, I peeped at him as an Editor and Critic; in which department a new fund of ridicule almost obtruded itself upon me, and has tempted me to banter him in two additional volumes.

I am, however, ready to admit, and especially since I have read your notes, that *some* of those which have been written by *Malone* are ingenious and sound. Whatever petulance, though in a comic vein, prompted my satire upon him, though as a public man he was fair game, yet I should much lament if it gave him serious pain. Perhaps I do myself too

* The following *jeu d'esprit* shews that Mr. *Hardinge* could laugh as heartily at himself as at others.

E. M. TO G. H. THE FOOL'S ADVOCATE IN LEAR.

No wonder *you* are partial to the Fool—
He was your twin, your playfellow at school,
And your old age *his* pranks can still enjoy
With all the antic spirits of a boy.
But you are modest in the choice of *him*
As the sole partner of your taste and whim.
What think you of *the King*†? and, by the way,
Tom ‡ is a character that you could play!

† *Lear.* ‡ *Mad Tom*, in the same Play.

much honour in supposing that it could inflict a wound upon his fame, or upon his feelings.

But I should wish never to laugh again if I could by laughing displease or offend a good scholar and a very ingenious man, though I cannot admire his judgment or his taste.

Ever yours, G. HARDINGE.

P. S. Pray lend me *Ellis* — the *Edinburgh Review* to which you alluded—and the "Polymetis," first edition—if you can spare them;—relying upon sacred and punctual care of them on my part, and a return of them at the period named by yourself.

G. H.

LETTER VII.

ON THE ANDRIA OF TERENCE.

I AM quite astonish'd in my old age at my indifference in youth to the *Andria* of *Terence*. There is not a more charming Play in the world; and the faults in it are so few, that one is almost ashamed of stating them. I will describe to you, as well as I can, first the Characters, and then what share the Poet ascribes to each of them in his plot. I will, in the last place, attempt a version, which may avoid the two extremes, that of being too close, or too lavish in departure from its original. It appears to me,

that it would act incomparably well as a new Play, with modern shades of difference, and a very few of them. The Characters are perfectly natural, and so are all the incidents.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Simo, an old man, the father of *Pamphilus*.—His character is very marked. He is provident, sagacious, and shrewd, a man of good principles, and a very affectionate father; but proud, and of an irritable temper, imperious in his notions of parental authority, and somewhat over-prudent in his calculations of *a good match*, without consulting the inclination of the parties concerned.

Chremes, another old man, the father of *Charinus*—very amiable, somewhat credulous, and rather weak; but honest, generous, and meaning whatever is just, with a command of temper, and of manners, which never deserts him.

Crito, the cousin of *Chrysis*—frank, a little rough, honest, and benevolent.

Pamphilus—one of the most charming characters ever drawn—at once the bigot of his filial duties, and a zealous lover; sensible, and of rather a serious turn.

Charinus—a silly, irresolute, and peevish youth; an attached, but a desponding lover.

Sosia—an old servant, who has obtained his freedom; well disposed, but a little too sententious and self-important.

Davus—a dextrous plotter, slave to the father, unemancipated, but attached exclusively to *Pamphilus*, and full of resources in cunning for his interest.

Mysis—a good-natured and sprightly *Abigail*; affectionate and faithful to her mistress *Glycerium*.

The Argument, as it is called, of this Play, is full of interest, though it is perfectly agreeable to Nature.

Chrysis, a handsome girl, born in the Isle of *Andros*, the first cousin of *Crito*, by nature of an excellent character, came to *Athens* in poverty, and virtuous; but after a time she had been seduced, and at length had become a fashionable woman of pleasure, but in the highest class of it. She was accompanied by an elegant and beautiful creature, whose name was *Glycerium*, and who was reputed her Sister. To her *Pamphilus* attached himself, and she to him. She became with child by him, and *Pamphilus* then promised he would marry her. *Chrysis* died, and recommended *Glycerium* (in terms which reflect the highest honour upon her) as a wife to *Pamphilus*. He had been then betrothed by his Father to *Philumena*, the daughter of *Chremes*, at the earnest instance of *Chremes* himself, built upon the character of *Pamphilus*, but who was unapprized of this contract made behind his back. She left him also, upon the faith of his promise to marry her friend, her personal effects. *Simo*, hearing that *Pamphilus* passed much of his time at the house of *Chrysis* when she was living, had at one time suspected him of intriguing with her—(it should seem

that *Glycerium* had preserved her character, and was little known abroad, for no suspicion fell upon her)—had discovered that *Pamphilus* accompanied other young men to the house of *Chrysis*, but was quite satisfied that he was not one of her gallants. Indeed he received compliments from all the world upon the singular felicity of possessing so good a son. At the funeral of *Chrysis*, which *Pamphilus* conducted, the Father accompanied the mourners, to sanction by his presence a conduct so amiable as that of the son in these attentions to the memory of his friend. *Glycerium*, naturally assisting, was endangered by her careless approach to the funeral pile; *Pamphilus* redeemed her, and she fell into his arms. It was thus made known to his Father, who had never dreamed of it before, that *Glycerium* was the passion of the Son. In the mean time, *Chremes*, having been told that *Pamphilus* had married *Glycerium*, broke off the match, though assured by the Father of *Pamphilus* that he had been misinformed.

Simo then, intent as ever upon the match, pursues the appearance of preparing for it, and lets only *Sosia*, a confidential servant, into the secret — that it is nothing but a mask; but that under it he means to obtain first, by gentle means, his Son's consent, and then to conciliate the Father-in-law; or, if the Son should refuse, to accuse him of this degrading act of partiality for *Glycerium*, and by his invectives terrify him into the match; at the same time he marks to *Sosia* his fear of *Davus*, and puts him

upon his guard against him. But of *Sosia* no more is heard, which appears to be an oversight; for the cunning and address of the other, coping with his fidelity and experience, would have produced an excellent effect. *Davus*, though warned, and a little scared by the old man, who had given him broad hints of scourging him to death, at first pretends ignorance of the attachment. *Glycerium* being near the time of her labour, *Mysis* goes for a midwife, and meets *Pamphilus*; and the scene between them has no competitor. She is half afraid that, like other fashionable men, he will desert her mistress, this being the very day on which he had promised he would marry her. He assures her of his fidelity, and relates the dying words of *Chrysis*. He had in soliloquy arraigned the unfeeling tyranny of his Father; but in terms of such respect for him, and of such gratitude, that he half determines to refuse him nothing. *Mysis* overheard him, and brought him round, and the scene closes with his injunction of secresy to the maid as to the marriage with *Philumena*, lest it should affect her at so critical a moment.

This ends the First Act; which I will now put into *English* * in my best manner, though bad is the best, you will say.

* This Translation has not been found.

CRITICAL ESSAYS

ON SOME OF THE

EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

COWLEY.

Of this whimsical Poet's *fancy, learning,* and *wit,* the general impression stamped upon them by their fame can as little be weakened, as they can be elevated by me.

Of his *amiable* and *virtuous* mind, it seems impossible ever to say enough.—

But there is a *pensive charm* in his prose, and in much of his verse, that gives to such melancholy an irresistible grace.

I confess myself not a little surprized at a modern and celebrated Critick's * opinion, "that his power as a Poet was greatest in the familiar and the festive;"—an opinion too, not easy to be reconciled with another judgement of the same Writer, in the same Life; to which I can as little accede:—

* Dr. Johnson.

viz. "that he was qualified equally for spritely sallies, and for lofty flights."

It appears to me—that, in verse as well as in his prose, he is never so inspired as when he is a contemplative Moralist, and speaks without affectation "*the language of the heart*"—which *Pope* says that he "*loved.*"

One laments the more, that when he attempts the *Elegiac* strain, he is often below resentment at the insult of his experiments, and calls for pity at his want of *grief* as well as *taste.*—But *laughter* and *ridicule*, as one reads on, sweep every other comment before them.

I will select a few passages in five Epitaphs or Elegies written by him; and they alone justify all that I have said of him upon this topic.

The *first* is upon one of his Masters at Westminster School.

The *second*, upon Mr. *William Hervey.*

A *third*, is upon *Vandyck.*

A *fourth*, upon *Crashaw.*

And the *fifth* upon Mrs. *Katharine Philips.*

In every one of these are beauties of simplicity and of natural tenderness, inseparable from the *Elegiac* muse; but they are half lost and buried in the vicious and quaint affectation of the rest.

In the *first*, he tells us—(and I give you his own words) that "*school*" never "*stood him in a single tear;*"—that he "*reserved,*" these effusions—for the purpose of "*spending them*" in the world.

In the *second*, we learn that he and his departed friend walked out at *Cambridge* in the night—musing and contemplative together—a very natural and pleasing image. But he soon gives it a death's blow by "*the Ledæan stars* who *wondered* at them,"—"*wondered at their love.*"

I will just here take the liberty of borrowing from the same ingenious Critick a remark, full of good sense, but which he applies rather too fastidiously to a passage in one of *Pope's* Epitaphs.

"The antient worship has infected almost all our *other* compositions, and might therefore be contented to spare our *Epitaphs.*—Let fiction at least cease with life; and let us be serious over the grave!"

To resume *Cowley*. He adds what, if *Johnson* had not made it the subject of his ridicule in words preferable to any of mine, the Reader would suspect and would accuse me of *inventing;*—namely, "that if he had a wreath of bays, he would throw it into the fire, and should rejoice to hear it *crackle.*"

The observation made upon it by Johnson is excellent.

"When he wishes to make *us* weep, he forgets to weep himself—and he diverts his sorrow by imagining how his wreath of bays would crackle in the fire.

"It is the odd fate of this attempt to be *the worse* for being *true.*—The bay-leaf *crackles* remarkably as it burns;—as this property, therefore, was not assigned by chance, the mind must be thought suffi-

ciently at ease, that could attend to such minute physiology."

This admirable critique had escaped my attention, when I said in a former note, that *Johnson* had leveled no ridicule at *Cowley's* Epitaphs.

We are still upon *Hervey's tomb*.—There *Cowley* (hanging over it enamoured) wishes and requires to be in future, and for ever, crowned with *cypress* alone; but he is unwilling to admit that *Apollo* could have lamented more *for him* who *was changed into the cypress*, than *he* laments for *his* favourite — a most indelicate comparison; polluting, as well as degrading the purity of *their* intercourse, by the image of "*Apollo's love to a boy in Ovid's Metamorphoses!*"

We are next enlightened by the intelligence, that "as *large a soul*" as *ever* "*submitted* to *inform a body*"—"*as high as the seat prepared for it in Heaven*"—and yet "*low enough* to *make* room for *him*"—was the soul of his departed friend.

It can be no surprize after this éloge, to learn that his "*judgement*" was "*like the moon, tempering the sea*," or, that we have *lost*, by *losing him*, arts yet undiscovered;—that his piety kept a *severe account—and that he wept out all his debts before sleep*, "*like the sun who at night sets in the water!!!*"

Upon *Vandyck* we have a series of inflated conceits.

1. *Poetry* cannot *express* its *grief* unless it becomes a *dumb art*—like that of painting.

2. Poets are to weep as he made *his* pictures weep, or those who saw them, and were moved by the same passions.

3. It was a doubt between his pictures, and those of Nature, which of the two was the counterfeit.

4. The Painter had this preference over Nature—she *could* not have made any of her twins resemble one another so accurately as *he* resembled *her*.

5. A mirrour was not so correct a resemblance.

6. His heart was not less unerring than his hand — most other men, compared with him, were more like shadows, than his men were like shadows upon the canvas.

7. Heaven called for him, and *Luke* saluted him.

8. In Heaven he half longs for his pencil again.

9. He loves *Lady Vandyck*, his widow, *there;* and when he sees the Angels, he thinks of *her*.

Upon the death of *Crashaw*.

Before I select the vulnerable parts of this composition, I must not forget that *Johnson* commends it, and prefers it himself, as he thinks *Cowley* did also, to any other Poem in his Miscellanies.—"It has beauties"—in his judgement—"which *common Authors* may justly think not only above their *attainment*, but above their *ambition*."

If this be meant as a compliment, which I put as a doubt, because the words are equivocal, I cannot agree to the accuracy of it—for it appears to me, that not *one* of his compositions in the same cast has betrayed so many conceits of the worst kind, and has left so few graces of his best manner to atone for them.

He is ungallant enough to observe, that other Poets deify the *monster woman;* placing their Paradise in *her, by whom it was lost.*

Johnson gives a key to this bitterness against the fair sex, by telling us, from the evidence of *Sprat*, that *Cowley* was never in love but once, and was then unfortunate. — He therefore (but I cannot agree to the inference) condemns all his amatory verses, because they could not be sincere.

We are told that *Crashaw's* Muse was like the *Virgin Mary*—an impious image, upon which he expatiates in a metaphor so revolting in its blasphemies, that I dare not copy them;—and how such a man as Doctor *Johnson* could have read them without abhorrence, or speak with patience of a poem containing them, I cannot imagine.

We are then told—and this I believe (but am not sure) is a metaphor too—that he died at *Loretto* in the arms of the *Virgin* there—who is called his *Great Mistress,*—that a fever burnt him to expire like a holy sacrifice, and that Love kindled the fire—that Angels brought him there—and that he, their charge, went in their company *singing all the way.*

He solicits pardon from the Mother Church, for stating that Angels carried him away from her; and he has no apology to make, except a very bold one, "that no danger lies in error if it is joined with piety," like that of this amiable Apostate from our Church to that of *Rome;*—and that, if his *faith* was *wrong*," his *life* at least "was *in the right;*" a term which *Pope* has borrowed, but so as to outrage its absurdity.

He then gives the world and all good Protestants fair notice, that, for his part, he determines to be a Catholic, by converting his friend into a Saint, and *praying* to him for intercession.

"And I myself *a Catholic will be;*
So far at least, *great Saint!* to *pray to thee.*"

He then compares this proselyte of Rome to *Elija,* and himself to *Elisha*—with a difference; namely, that half the Saint above mentioned will be sufficient for *him;* but adding that, when he can reach it, he shall then *first* learn to sing of *things divine —and first of him.*

To such glaring impieties had Wit the power to seduce a man of *Cowley's* religious temper, sound faith, and moral purity.

But upon Mrs. *Catherine Philips* he surpasses himself in the labour and refinement of his gallantry, over a tomb—a singular place.

I have not the honour of that lady's acquaintance in her Poems, which I never saw; and I cannot judge of her beauty, nor how far she fell into the habits of the sex, in so dissipated an age, or elevated herself above them.

But I should incline to think her a fashionable votary to Love and Wit, from the turn of this *Elegiac* wreath; which gives her credit for not a single virtue, but commends her genius and graces through his favourite medium of religious comparisons.

He laments that, whether it is the *malice* of Death, or his *libidinous passion,* he is the most cruel to the fairest part of creation.

He then compares Mrs. *Philips* to a Temple—her wit being the *holiest holy* of that sacred edifice; which Temple, upon her death, is converted into a pyramid, the basis wide as the earth, and the top as high as the heaven.

If *Apollo* had been called upon to make a woman Poet-laureat, he would have chosen *her* in preference to *Sappho* and the Nine Muses.

He says, the world never yet knew more than two women who arrived at the top of spiritual dignities:—that *Pope Joan* was one, and *Mrs. Philips* the other.

He laments that other Female Poets get small profit in the trade of glory; but he declares that she, on the female coast of her poetic fame, engrosses all the goods—has no partner, and herself does all the business alone.

Violent passions could not find an entrance into her mind. Such bullets could force their way through stone walls; but, when they hit her bosom,

"*Powerless and dead they lay.*"

She had prepared, it seems, for her journey and removal to the Heaven of Poetry and Love, just as Travellers *understand* and *practise* the language and the manners of the countries abroad, which they mean to visit before they commence their journey.

In other words, *Mrs. Philips understood and practised Love and Poetry,* in order to be ready for *their* calls upon her *in Heaven.*

How secular, how *Mahometan,* this picture of his Heaven!

How shocking is the impiety of these fooleries!

WALLER.

It is almost incredible to what folly the affectation of elegant manners and graceful wit betrays a fertile mind of a poetical turn.

Waller's peculiar *forte* is the gallantry of panegyrick. He seems to have thought his Hero (like his Heroine) could bear *any* éloge, be it ever so extravagant.

Even upon the subject of *death*, his trifles of this kind surpass all conception of liberties with good sense and with taste.

He compliments *Mrs. Wharton* on her *Elegy* upon *Lord Rochester*. He tells her that she has "*relieved the afflicted World;*" that in *her* (who was the Sister of that *celebrated* Peer!) "*he lives again.*"

"That *now* all *the fears of the World* are, lest *the Nymph* (Mrs. Wharton) should *melt in tears.*"

He therefore conjures her to be comforted, "for *the sake of the Earl*, for *her own sake*, and for the *sake of the World;*" "lest *his fair soul*, which *lives in her*, should, in case of her *death (when melted away), go from the world* for ever."

In his *Epitaph* upon *Lord Andover's only Son*, he considers the *whole family* as *buried* with *him*— which he explains, by telling us "that *he* was the care, the joy, the hope, and the *name* of his family."

Upon *his* report, we are to understand "that *all* who *knew him* lament over him as if he had been their own child."

" That, if he *had but lived long enough*, he would have equalled *any* of his ancestors."

He then compares him to a *bud:*

" Like *buds* appearing ere the frosts are past."

But, forgetting his metaphor, he adds, " that he made *fatal haste* in his *impatience to be a man*, and that he was *mistaken by death for an old man*." He winds up this ridicule by the oracular opinion " that *he* can seldom be old *who will not be a child*."

In his *Epitaph upon Lady Sedley* (which has many beauties) he has passages quite ludicrous; one of them is, " that she improved her Father's knowledge, and his *flock*," which is here for no earthly purpose, but the exigency of the rhyme, a word for his *wealth*.

" That *Wit* and *Fortune* became reconciled in *her*.

" That she gave out of her ' *store*' such a ' *tithe*,' as to leave none *poor* but *the ignorant*.

" *The Muses* found a supply in her *hands*, and in *her eyes*, which last ' *warmed the rage*' of those Ladies by their *beauties*."

In his Epitaph on *Charles Cavendish*, he says of him, " that he went early abroad, *as if he knew that he had not long to remain in the world*."

That he saw what *Alexander* and *Julius* " had conquered; and returned *with a mind* as *great as theirs!*"

We are then told, in some very dull verses, " that he commanded a regiment of horse against the Rebels."

It is added, "that *he and Cromwell* stood *opposed*; but that *Cromwell* had '*the odds*' of '*number* and *fate*.'

"That *Cromwell* found it easier to ruin Church and State, when the young, the *lovely*, and brave, *had fallen*."

One should have conceived them, from this picture, like *Hector and Achilles*: yet who (except here) ever saw their names together?

Never existed a more solemn and wicked hyperbole than his Epitaph upon *Cromwell*.

The verse (I admit) has dignity, and the images are sublime; but the sublimity is wild in the extreme, and has deserted the regions of common sense.

We are told, "the tempest (which *happened* when *he* died) was loud as *his* fame, and that Heaven claimed his *great soul* by that herald.

"That his *last breath shook the Island*; and that, for *his funeral pile, trees uncut* formed the timber.

"*That so, Romulus was lost*;" when "*Rome*, from *obeying, fell to worshiping*."

"That *so, Hercules lay dead*, with oaks and with pines around him, which *his* fury had rent from the mountain.

"That Nature took notice; and, sighing, swelled the sea; which rolled its billows to distant shores, and apprized *them* (by that intelligence) of *their Great Ruler's fate*."

This, because he died, as a Taylor might have done, in stormy weather.

In the same poem are those lines which have been so well ridiculed for *bathos :*

" *Under the Tropics* is *our* language spoke,
And part of Flanders has receiv'd our yoke."

Upon the death of *Lady Rich,* he wishes

" *The already curst Essexian* plains
(Where hasty death, and pining sickness reigns)
May prove a desert."

He assures us, " that, if time had been given for them, *a thousand prayers* would have suspended her fate.

" That her death struck the world, like a sudden flash of lightning."

He compares her death to *Venus's wound* in *Homer's Iliad.*

Yet in this Elegy are some tender and chaste images;—but conceit and false wit are prevalent enough to make them cyphers, and throw them away.

He tells Lord *Northumberland,* " that a *sea* of tears is due to *his* Lady" upon her death; but he begs " that his Lordship will not pay the debt, so as to render vain the *showers of tears* which *the eyes* of *his* admirers and *servants* are to *rain ;*" and concludes by telling us, " that she alone could move the Earl to love and grief." But that, by leaving *her* for the publick, he *shortened her pleasures;* and for which preference of the publick to *her* claim upon him, that publick owes to him the recompence of diminishing his grief upon *her* loss, by taking a part of it upon themselves.

CURSORY OBSERVATIONS

ON

CLASSICAL EDUCATION,

WITH THE COLLECTED OPINIONS OF

SEVERAL EMINENT WRITERS ON THE SUBJECT.

IN A SERIES OF

LETTERS ADDRESSED TO THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

SIR,

I WROTE the paper enclosed in a few days after I had the welcome pleasure of hearing you in *Albemarle-street;* but I suspended the risk of imparting its contents *to you,* till I could feel myself assured by others that you would not be offended with me for the liberty which I have taken.

One advantage of that Classical Education which has fallen to our lot is, the temperate and liberal spirit of dissent upon topicks of Literature, in which, of all others, a perfect union of sentiment can be the least expected between those who contemplate the object with unprejudiced freedom.

I may have misunderstood the argument which I heard; or I may have exaggerated what I conceive

. . the merits of Classical instruction, as it con-
. . utes, at this period, the habit of Public Schools.
And I am willing, upon either supposition, to be confuted, without indulging a moment's pique at the victory over me. Amongst the shades of difference, there is at least one centre of union between us: it is, the conviction we are equally zealous for the best attainable improvement of ingenuous minds; considered as an acquisition to the national stock of genius and spirit. If in general *my* views of the subject are such as *you* would countersign, I shall be the better pleased with them, and much prouder of them to myself. If *you* cannot approve them, I shall have less confidence in their accuracy, and shall endeavour to correct them, but without prejudice to that integrity of judgement which is our great charter of taste, and is never to be abjured or compromised.

The elements of the *Latin* Grammar and Classical Learning are a general preparation for all employments, occupations, and professions, above the lowest. This must be acquired; and there is no necessity to ask on every occasion, *Cui bono?* what good will learning *Propria quæ maribus* do me? The gaining of Learning is to be compared to the gaining of money, as *Gesner* observes. A man does not say, or know, to what purpose every shilling he gains shall be applied: no, he joyfully takes the gain, and adds it to the common stock, and thus at last

becomes rich. So, in acquiring Learning, he gains all he can, and becomes learned.

I remember a young man at the University, who would not read *Euclid's Elements,* because he was a man of good fortune, and was never likely to become a Carpenter. His understanding was too narrow to comprehend the use of Geometry in strengthening the reason, and advancing science.

I am, Sir,
with high respect,
your admirer and servant,
GEORGE HARDINGE.

SYDNEY-SMITHIANA.

I have often thought it an error to waste young gentlemen's years so long in learning *Latin* by such a tedious Grammar. I know those who are bred to the learned professions must have their *Latin* correct, and the rules of Grammar. But these are not at all requisite for those who want only so much *Latin* as thoroughly to understand and delight in the *Roman* Poets. But suppose a youth, either for want of memory or of application, has an incurable aversion to *Latin*, his education is not to be despaired of. There is much knowledge to be had in the *English* and *French* languages. Geography, History, the knowledge of Nature, and the more practical part of Mathematicks, if he has not a genius for the demonstrative, can make a gentleman very knowing, if he has not a word of *Latin.*

"[illegible] utilissima est exercitationis difficultas."*

"One can scarcely burden children too much with a knowledge of languages. They are useful to men of all conditions; they equally open the entrance either to the most profound, or to the more easy and entertaining parts of Learning.

"If this irksome study be put off to a little more advanced age, young men either have not resolution enough to apply to it out of choice, or steadiness enough to carry it on. And if any one has the gift of perseverance, it is not without the inconvenience of spending that time upon language, which is destined to other uses; and he confines to the study of words that age of his life which is above it, and requires *things*. At least, it is losing the best and most beautiful season of one's life.

"This large foundation of languages cannot be well laid but when every thing makes an easy and deep impression on the mind—when the memory is fresh, ready, and tenacious; when the head and heart are as yet free from cares, passions, and designs; and those on whom the child depends have authority enough to keep him close to a long-continued application.

"I am persuaded that the small number of truly learned, and the multitude of superficial pretenders, is owing to the neglect of this.

"The study of the original text can never be suffi-

* Quintilian.

ciently recommended. It is the shortest, surest, and most agreeable way to all sorts of learning.

"Draw from the spring-head, and take not things at second-hand. Let the writings of the great Masters never be laid aside. Dwell upon them, settle them in your mind, and cite them. Make it your business thoroughly to understand them in their full extent, and in all their circumstances. Acquaint yourselves fully with the principles of original Authors; bring them to a consistency, and then make your deductions. In this state were the first Commentators, and do not you rest until you bring yourself to the same*."

"He who understands *French* and *English* well, without *Latin*, may be able to inform himself on many subjects with great accuracy; but he must be contented with copies and with translations, where the originals would afford him more satisfactory information.

"How can the Apothecary succeed without *Latin*? The Physician's prescriptions are in *Latin*. The Apothecary has recourse to his Dictionary, and gives a tolerable guess by knowing something of the technical terms; but a guess is a poor dependance when health and life are concerned.

"To the Clergyman it is undeniably necessary.

"The Lawyer must read old Law-writings and instruments in *Latin*.

* Bruyere.

"Can a man open a book, or walk into a Church, without stumbling on *Latin*, which, if he understands it not, is an offence to him?

"Almost all inscriptions are in *Latin*.

"The labour of composition is not always painful. I have known boys of parts take delight in composing themes and verses. The natural pleasure of invention, and the consciousness of increasing strength of mind, alleviated all the labour of the work; and the praises and encouragement they received gave their ingenuous minds a glow of delight, which none of their usual diversions could confer. When once a boy feels an emulation to excel in his compositions, his improvement is secure."

"I never yet knew a Writer who appeared to great advantage in his style, or who was well received by persons of allowed taste, whatever might be his scientific attainments, if he were totally ignorant of classical learning."

"The necessity of composing *Latin* verse renders the Student more careful in remarking and in selecting elegancies, than he would be if he were only to read without imitating a *Horace* or a *Virgil*."

"It is an argument in favour of the *Latin* exercises in our Seminaries, that it has a natural tendency to improve the student in English composition.

"He who has been accustomed to make *Cicero* his model will insensibly exhibit something of his beauty, in whatever language he can compose with facility. That habit of accuracy, and that care in the

collocation of words, which is required in *Latin* works, will insensibly extend its good effects to every production. To write *Latin* in youth, is an excellent preparation for that vernacular composition which some of the professions indispensably require.

"I have particularly recommended Classical Learning, but I do not recommend it exclusively.—I think it ought to claim the earliest attention; and to form the foundation, because no other Learning contributes so much to open and to polish the mind.

"It is not too late to improve the mind at any age, because the improvement of the heart accompanies it*."

"The study and imitation of the Ancients is the strongest barrier that can be opposed to the depravation of taste. It will serve as a preservative to middling writers, and enable great geniuses to make themselves models for posterity. A taste for writing good *Latin* should, then, be kept up in a Nation; which cannot be, unless it is studied at an early age†."

"There is one circumstance in a learned education, which ought to have much weight even with those who have no Learning at all.

"The books read at Schools and Colleges are full of incitements to virtue, and of discouragements from vice, drawn from the wisest reasons, the strongest motives, and the most influencing examples. Thus, young minds are filled early with an inclination to good, and an abhorrence of evil.

* Knox. † Father Gerdil.

"Why should my son be a Scholar, when it is not intended that he should live by his Learning?

"By this rule, if money answereth all things, why should my son be honest, temperate, just, or charitable? He has no right to depend upon them for a maintenance*."

"I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do; but strait conduct you to a hill-side, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education. Laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of *Orpheus* was not more charming.

"One may add, that Professors and subordinate Practitioners in the Law appear to great advantage when they have enjoyed the benefit of an education, not nominally, but truly, liberal and learned. It would not then be said, as *Milton* expresses it, "that they are allured to the trade of the Law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of Justice and Equity, which was never taught them; but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees †."

"Let any man read a translation of *Cicero* and *Livy*, and then study the author in his own tongue, and he shall find himself not only more delighted but more instructed. . . . . Is History instructive and entertaining? From these Authors we have a

* Swift. † Milton. Holmes, 224.

detail of the most important events, unfolded in the most interesting manner.

" Without the Histories which they have left us, we should have been ignorant of their affairs, and unskilled in the art of recording our own. The best modern Histories are those which are similar to the ancient models.

" The modern *Europeans* are indebted for the beauty of their prose and verse to those models of elegance which first appeared in *Greece*, and have since been imitated over the Western world. .... Study so ignominious and so debasing (as that of modern indecencies), so unworthy of a Scholar and of a Man, so repugnant to good taste and good manners, will not engage the attention of those who can relish the original magnificence of *Homer* and *Virgil*, *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*."

There is a most eloquent and charming passage in *Beattie* upon this topick of Classical indecencies.

" But what have you to say in vindication of the indecencies in *Aristophanes*, *Catullus*, *Ovid*, *Martial*, *Petronius*, and even *Persius*, *Juvenal*, and *Horace*? Not a word; and should rejoice to hear that from the monuments of human wit all indecency were expunged for ever. The immoral passages are but few, and have neither eloquence nor harmony to recommend them; such is the connexion between taste and virtue, and so true it is that

' Want of decency is want of sense.'

" *Mr. Addison* employed his first years in the study of the old *Greek* and *Roman* Writers; whose language

manner he caught, as other young people a accent, or a genteel air.

early acquaintance with the Classics is what imitated the good-breeding of Poetry. It gives graceful grace, which never forsakes a mind that contracted it in youth, but seldom or never hit by those who would learn it too late."

"Enough has been said to evince the utility of that mode of discipline, which for the most part is, and always in my opinion ought to be, established in Grammar Schools.

"The study of the Classic Authors does not oblige the Student to employ too much time in the acquisition of words; for that, by means of those words, the mind may be stored with valuable knowledge; and that the acquisition of them, *prudently conducted*, becomes to young persons one of the best instruments of intellectual proficiency, which, in the present state of human society, it is possible to imagine*."

More learning, as well as more wit, in *Hudibras*, than in any other book of that size now extant.

Tale of a Tub, *Spectator*, *Scriblerus*, and *Fielding*—brilliant wit and copious erudition.

"It always gives perfection to have the exercise harder than the ordinary use†."

"I may venture without presumption to suggest, that a judicious study of *Latin* composition will

* Beattie. † Bacon.

greatly facilitate the acquisition of an elegant style, and of an intimate knowledge of *English*.

"No man who does not understand *Latin* can understand *English*.

"Almost all the polysyllabic words in our language are of *Latin* or of *Greek* extraction.

"Classical grace may be transfused from the elegant writers of *Greece* and *Rome*, by a student who has been used to imitate the Classicks, and whose ideas are strongly coloured by the channel in which they have flowed.

"The improvement of the *English* language, therefore, as well as of the Scholar, greatly depends on the continuance of *Latin*, composed as a scholastic exercise*."

"Should we ever, by idle prejudices against pedantry, verbal accuracies, and we know not what, come to slight their art (Criticism), it is well if we do not also slight those Classics with whom Criticism converses, becoming content to read them in translations; or, what is still worse, in translations of translations; or, what is worse even than that, not to read them at all: and *I will be bold* to assert that, if that should ever happen, we shall speedily return into those days of darkness, out of which we happily emerged upon the revival of ancient literature†."

"How happy to know how to live with yourself; leave yourself with regret, and find yourself again with pleasure! The world is then less necessary‡."

* Knox. † Harris. ‡ Lambert.

"Otium sine literis mors est, et vivi hominis sepultura *."

"Annon ideò fit, ut scriptorum priscorum præstantissimi libri et sermones (quibus ad virtutem homines efficacissimè *invitati* sunt, tam augustam ejus majestatem omnium oculis representando, quàm opiniones populares, in virtutis ignominiam, tanquam habitu parasitorum indutas, derisui proponendo) tam parùm prosint, ad vitæ honestatem et mores pravos corrigendos, quia perlegi et revolvi non consueverunt, à viris ætate, et judicio maturis, sed pueris tantum et tyronibus relinquuntur †."

"A just taste in the fine arts, derived from rational principles, is a fine preparation for acting in the social state with dignity and propriety..... A just taste in the fine arts, by sweetening and harmonizing the temper, is a strong antidote to the turbulence of passion..... Elegance of taste procures to a man so much enjoyment at home, or easily within reach, that, in order to be occupied, he is, in youth, under no temptation to precipitate into hunting, gaming, drinking; nor, in middle age, to deliver himself over to ambition; nor, in old age, to avarice.

"A just relish of what is beautiful, proper, and ornamental, in writing or painting, in architecture or in gardening, is a fine preparation for discerning what is beautiful, just, elegant, or magnanimous in character or behaviour ‡."

* Seneca. † Bacon. ‡ Lord Kaimes.

"If taste and classical learning were only so far useful as they afford an opportunity of finding employment at home for all hours, and deliver the rich from the misery of not knowing what to do, and of running into vice for employment, they would be most valuable.

"But, after all that is said in praise of taste, we must place it in a subordinate rank to good sense, and a power and habit of just reasoning. On these, indeed, true taste depends. Taste, unsupported by good sense, becomes fastidiousness, a quality of weak and vain minds. It is derived from affectation, effeminacy, and insolence, and commonly renders its possessor unhappy and ridiculous*."

I could not but smile at the congenial wit of two Luminaries in that sphere, when I read a few days ago this passage in the late Earl of *Chesterfield's* Letters: I am not of the opinion generally entertained, 'that man lives by *Greek* and *Latin* alone'—that is, by knowing *a great many* words, of two dead languages, *which no man living knows perfectly*, and which are of *no use* in the *common intercourse of life*. *Useful* knowledge, *in my* opinion, consists of *modern languages, history*, and *geography*."

It is difficult, however, to keep one's countenance at the simplicity of this banter upon Learning, which is not aware of the ridicule it inflicts upon itself.

I pass over that flippant and profane use of Scripture, which it was the fashion of this Libertine Peer,

* Knox.

and of other Wits in his day (such as the last Earl of *Orford* and Co.) to adopt, as the implement of raillery.—But was there any thing so weak and superficial as the definition which he ascribes to a knowledge of *Greek* and *Latin*?—What child in the taste and feeling which those languages inspire, that would not reject with scorn, such a perversion of the fact?

But let us mark the substituted Learning; and reflect a little, not upon its insignificance or inutility, which none can impute, but upon the mass of Literature which it excludes—Philosophy, Natural and Moral—Religion—Commerce—Eloquence—and Classical Taste, whether in verse or in prose.

Besides, what is that *History* which he recommends, if it leaves the fountain-head of early periods, or has no channel for *us*, but the modern paraphrase or version of *Thucydides* and *Livy*, *Xenophon*, *Polybius*, and *Plutarch*?

Is it not also a little extraordinary, that he overlooks the necessity of enabling these modern Historians of ancient events to be themselves at least good scholars in *Greek* and *Latin*—which *they* at least are to consult for our indolence and amusement?

If *Greek* and *Latin* had no utility, would *Gibbon* have written those interesting volumes?—would *Hampton* have made *Polybius* familiar to *English* Officers?—would *Middleton* and *Melmoth* have reanimated *Cicero*, and have made him a domicile inmate of *Britain*?

But who can be surprized at such wit in those who

prefer *Voltaire* as an Epic Poet above *Homer* and *Milton;* or who deride that very *Euripides* and *Sophocles*, whom they are not able to read?

Apropos to *Polybius*—there is extant a letter, I believe, in the original, written by General *Wolfe* to Lord *Sydney*, respecting the books which he would recommend for Colonel *Henry Townshend;*—at least I remember to have seen it in Lord *Sydney's* hands; and I know that it is in print, for I saw it in that shape a few days ago.

You will find it in a set of Letters on Military subjects.—The title of the book is, I think, but am not sure, "The Military *Mentor*."

It shows the compass of this great General's classical attainments, and the familiar as well as judicious application of his materials.

I mentioned the advantage of readiness in *Greek* to the Divine who is to expound the New Testament.—And I have quoted *Milton's* approbation of *Grecian* models in eloquence, which is never more impressive than when its theatre is a Church, and its tribune the Pulpit.

But I cannot forbear to adduce one striking instance of its double aid, as the discipline of style in pulpit eloquence, and the improvement of reasoning upon topicks of Religion.

I mean, in the example of *Barrow*, than whom there is not a more eloquent Writer of Sermons in the world, nor a more profound and sagacious Divine.

His learning emulated that of *Cicero;* for he was

at once a master of the dead languages, and the Luminary of his age in Mathematical science.

But what I lay stress upon, is the advantage he has made of his classical knowledge in those wonderful performances, not only in the beauties and sublimity of style, but accuracy of his comments, and the almost inspired genius of his analogies, between Sacred History and Profane.

" The chief advantage of a good education," said *Aristotle*, " is to teach us how to employ our leisure."

" Omnes artes quæ ad humanitatem pertinent habent commune vinculum, et cognatione quâdam inter se continentur *."

* * * * * * * * * * *

Yours, &c. G. HARDINGE.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR,

Milton, when he left College, resided with his Father in the country; and employed his time in reading, with intense application, *Greek* and *Latin*, Mathematics and Music were occasionally called-in, for a change.

At an early period of his life he says:

" Neither do I think it shame to covenant, that for some few years I may go on trust for the payment of my debt—a work not to be raised from the

* Cicero.

heat of youth, or the vapours of the wine that flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar Amourist, nor to be obtained by the invocation of *Mercury*, and of her Syren-daughters; but from devout prayer to that ETERNAL, who can enrich with all utterance and with all knowledge—who sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of *His* altar to purify the lips."

In his "Defence for the People of *England*," he invokes God as the witness of his truth, when he declares that, "residing at *Geneva*, on his return from his travels, where much licence was admitted, he had preserved himself pure from stain and reproach; perpetually assured that, if the offender could escape from the eyes of man, he could not be concealed from those of God."

Here is the *Pagan* Classick! and here is the *Rake* formed at school by the intrigues of the *Pantheon!*

For proof that a deep knowledge of the dead Languages does not of necessity make a sound Classic deficient in his native tongue, I quote again:

"For which cause I applied myself to that resolution which *Ariosto* followed against the persuasions of *Bembo*, to fix all the industry and the art I could unite upon the ornament of my native tongue—not to make verbal curiosities the end (a toilsome vanity), but to be an interpreter and relator of the best and sagest things amongst my own citizens throughout this Island *in the mother dialect*."

I cannot forbear to make one remark upon *Milton's English* prose; which I think is new, but which I believe to be correct.

His Idolators (and few, if any, can out-idolize me) represent his prose, or parts of it, as the perfection of eloquence in his native tongue.

I agree, and I differ. If to observe the idioms of a language, and then to follow them up into the rhetorick of eloquence, be indispensable to the fame of an eloquent style—*Milton* has no claim to that renown.

His *English* is formed of *Latin idioms*; and you cannot begin to read him with patience, but much less with relish, unless you have previously given him credit for that whim.

But the moment you have stipulated for this indulgence, you read him as you would *Cicero*—and with no inferior enchantment.

Dr. Symmons tells us, in *Milton's* Life, "that *his* plan of instruction was formed upon erroneous principles" (and I perfectly agree with him)—"that it attempted *things* more than *words*; and the communication of knowledge, when the understanding was incapable of receiving more than a key to that gate." What he adds, appears to me so judicious, and so well expressed, that I cannot help laying it before you, as it is very *àpropos* to the subject *in medio* between us.

"Many able men, offended at the number of years devoted by our public schools to the attainment of language, have indulged in similar speculations [to those of *Milton*], and have crowded the immature mind with a variety of intellectual food, adapted rather to oppress than to cherish it.

"But the success of these philanthropic projectors has been very partial, and calculated upon the whole to attest the wisdom of the system established, which, instilling into the boy first principles of Religion, with sanctions, and with objects of morality, contents itself *by cultivating the attention and the taste of its pupil*, and by giving him the means of access to the knowledge competent for his riper years.

"*Plutarch* offers information and strong sense, in an uncouth dress.

"The two works of *Xenophon* are admirable productions, well known in the higher classes of our public schools, intelligible and instructive to the boy—delightful to the man."

This Gentleman admits however (and I adopt the confession with pride) that in those higher classes more attention could advantageously be given to *science*.

Apropos to *Athens*. *Milton* says, in a letter to a modern *Athenian*, that he acknowledges himself indebted for his proficiency in letters to the careful study of those eloquent men whom *she* gave to the world—"*their Mother*," as he calls her in prose, not forgetting that image in the "Paradise Regained:"

> "*Athens*, the eye of *Greece*, *Mother* of Arts
> And Eloquence."

Yours, &c. G. HARDINGE.

LETTER III.

DEAR SIR,

Since I had the honour and pleasure of hearing you, I met an *Eton* Schoolfellow of mine, at a scene of all others the best calculated for the memory of youthful pursuits:—it was at a game at cricket, which both of us attended (no longer as performers, but as *amateurs).* I told him that I had raised a feeble arm against a potent Adversary in support of *Eton* prejudices.—He would have piqued the Writer of this Letter, if he had contemplated his own credit in the work; but he delighted him by compressing, and by enforcing the argument in two or three words at the moment, which no preparation could have improved.

"The advantage of *Greek* and *Latin,*" said he, "as you and I learnt it when at school, is not that it made us deep scholars in those languages (at least I can answer for myself)—but that it enabled us to read with enthusiasm, and read well, so as never to forget those Ancient Writers who have written the best upon the actions and passions of men. We had *Homer, Virgil,* and *Horace;* we had the eloquence of *Demosthenes* and of *Cicero;* we had the pathetic morality of the *Athenian* Stage familiar to us;—they formed our style, and prepared the discipline of the boy, for the energies of the man." These were, as far as I can recollect them, his words.

But I received infinitely more pleasure, when a similar accident brought *Milton's* prose before me, who has touched upon the same topicks which you have illustrated so well, but with a power of language and of colouring which I despair to communicate unless by imparting the words, or many, and most of them, as they are delivered by *him.*

It happens, whimsically enough, that *he,* as well as you, censures both Schools and Universities for their pedantries—that *he* ridicules with you the dead languages of the former; that he inveighs against the logick, and metaphysicks of the latter—pedantries, which, as he reports of them, *teach either mere words, or what is better unlearned.* But he is not for that reason less an advocate for classical discipline at school.

He conducts the young and pliant affections through all the moral works of *Plato, Xenophon,* and *Cicero.*

He recommends *choice Histories—heroic Poems,* and the *Attic Tragedies,* which he admires for their "*stately argument.*"

He exhorts, and he animates the pupil to be a master of those political orations, which acquired such fame in the ancient world—not only to read, but recite them by heart, and with a just accent—assuring him that, for the recompence of his toil, they will model his own style into the eloquence of *Demosthenes* and of *Cicero,* or of *Euripides* and *Sophocles.*

He is an advocate for Poetry, and for its discipline;—but not, as he well discriminates, for the mere

prosody of the verse, which the boy could not but have acquired in the rudiments of his Grammar; but for the sublime art which teaches the laws and the decorum of Epic, Dramatic, and Lyric verse.

This (he tells his pupil) would make him soon perceive how despicable common rhymers are; and would show him what magnificent use could be made of Poetry in divine as well as human things.—It will form him into an able writer and composer; it will make him so eloquent, that honour and attention will hang upon his lips.

These are studies which he recommends (not exclusively, but incorporated with all other useful and sound elements of knowledge) to noble and gentle youth—from the age of *twelve* to that of *twenty-one* "*in a disciplinary way.*"

The interesting account of his own education, as related by himself, cannot be enough admired; and it reverses *your* picture of injury to morals arising from *Classical* pursuits.

"He had his time, as others had, who had good Learning bestowed upon them at those places in which the opinion was that it would be soonest attained, and was not unstudied in those Authors who were most commended.

"Some of them were grave Orators and Historians, whom he loved, but only understood according to his age.

"Others were the Elegiac Poets, whom not only for the sound of their verse (which in imitation he found most easy and most agreeable to Nature's part

in him, but for the subject of it, he was so allured to read, that no recreation was better welcome.

"Whence, having observed them to account the chief glory of their genius, that it enabled them to judge, praise, and worthily to love those high perfections which they celebrated, he thought with himself, by the instinct and presage of Nature, that what emboldened them could, with diligence equal to theirs, embolden him; and that, what judgement, not for elegance, he could share, it would best appear and best value itself in the wisdom and love to virtue, that should prompt him to the object of similar praise. By those persuasions, he became such an adept and proficient, that, if the same Authors depreciated those names which they had before extolled, he applauded the art, but he deplored the men.

"And he became afterwards confirmed in opinion, that he who would not be deprived of his 'hope to write or act well, ought himself to be a Pl,' that is, a pattern of honour."

Those reasonings, with an honest haughtiness and self-esteem, and the modesty of his habits in virtue, kept him above those low descents of mind into which *he* must plunge himself who can agree to saleable prostitutions.

"From the Laureat fraternity of Poets, riper years, and the ceaseless round of study, led him to the volumes of *Plato* and *Xenophon*, where he learnt the chastity of true love, where only is Virtue."

Yours, &c. G. Hamilton.

LETTER IV.

DEAR SIR,

MILTON was one of the most learned men this Nation ever produced; but his Learning neither impaired his judgment, nor checked his imagination.

A richer vein of invention, as well as a more correct, appears in the "Paradise Lost," written when he was near sixty, than in any of his earlier performances.

"Paradise Regained," and "Sampson Agonistes," his last works, are not so full of imagery, nor admit so much fancy; but they discover a consummate judgment, and little is wanting to make each of them perfect in its kind.

I am not offended at that profusion of learning which here and there appears in "Paradise Lost." It gives a classical air to the Poem; it refreshes the mind with new ideas.

This Poet is not more eminent for strength and sublimity of genius than for the art of his composition, which he owed partly to a fine taste in harmony, and partly to his accurate knowledge of the Ancients.

After all the rules, there is in this art something which cannot be acquired but by a careful study of the Ancient Masters, *Homer*, *Demosthenes*, *Plato*, *Cicero*, and *Virgil*. *Milton* imitated the two first and the last in his numbers.

Nor let it be any objection to the utility of Classic Learning, that we meet with men of excellent parts whose faculties were never improved by the doctrine or discipline of Schools.

We have heard of Merchants who could scarce read and write superintending an extensive commerce, and acquiring great wealth by honourable means; yet who will say that writing and reading are not useful to a Merchant?

One may be very sensible of the beauties of a Foreign tongue, and may read it with ease and pleasure, who can neither speak it nor compose in it.

The knowledge of the Classics is the best foundation to the study of Law, Physic, Theology, Rhetoric, Agriculture, and other honourable Arts and Sciences.

In polite nations, and in companies where the rational character is held in any esteem, it has generally been regarded as a recommendatory talent.

As a source of recreation for filling up the intervals of leisure, its importance has been acknowledged.

And surely the Muses are more elegant, more instructive, and more pleasing companions, than dogs, horses, gamblers, or sots.

Those persons are most delighted with the Ancient Writers, who understand them best; and none affect

to despise them but they who are ignorant of their value.

The admirer of *Homer* and of *Demosthenes, Virgil* and *Cicero, Xenophon* and *Cæsar, Herodotus* and *Livy*, will tell us, that he would not, for any consideration, give up his knowledge in the language of those Authors.

Mr. *Gray* wrote many elegant Latin Poems in his youth. Add *Grotius* and *Buchanan.*

Vincent Bourne, scarce inferior to *Ovid* or *Tibullus.*

The practice of writing *Latin* and *Greek:*

1. Pronunciation the less false, the more agreeable.

2. It heightens the charm of poetical composition, by improving our sense of poetical harmony.

I have mentioned amusement as one advantage of classic learning.

"I begin," says *Pope,* speaking of his proficiency in drawing, "to discover beauties till now imperceptible."

3. Gradually supplies the Student with *copia verborum,* facilitates acquisition of languages, accustoms him to exert his judgement and his taste in the choice of harmonious and elegant expressions.

By composing in prose, he learns to think and speak methodically; and his poetical exercise will make the ornaments of language familiar to him, give precision to his thoughts, and a vigorous brevity to his style.

If the Muses are propitious, his improvement will be in proportion greater.

Habits of accurate thinking, and of speaking correctly and elegantly, are useful and ornamental in

every station of life. *Cicero* and *Quintilian* affirm, that such habits are best acquired by a frequent use of the pen, in giving permanence to our own thoughts in our own words.

This peculiar advantage seems to attend the study of Classic Authors; that it not only stores the mind with useful learning, but that it also begets a habit of attention, and improves the memory and judgment.

The Classic tongues are more regular and more diversified; better adapted for improvement of judgment and memory.

A good taste in Literature is friendly to public and private virtue, and promotes the glory of a Nation. As the Ancients are more or less understood, the principles and spirit of sound erudition flourish or decay.

Yours, &c. G. HARDINGE.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS

ON

VARIOUS AUTHORS

ANTIENT AND MODERN.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

* *Hooke* is even bitter and peevish. He "out-*Herods Herod*," in his rage against the same wonderful and superior man, both in talents and in virtues; for so, with all his blemishes, he must ever be described in the language of truth.

Plutarch, the model of perfection as a Biographer, except in style, a very subordinate feature, sails between the two rocks. With ingenuous and firm sagacity of judgment, he observes a philosophical medium; and moderates, though he cannot reconcile, the two extremes.

Lord *Clarendon*, perhaps unconsciously, and self-deceived, is *an apologist for Charles the First*; misled by his political devotion *to the cause*, and by his personal affection *to the man*.

Hume is a disingenuous and subtle agent for the entire House of *Stuart*.

This, in truth, is to make *History* the suborned evidence of political theories or factions; in other

* A few introductory lines are here lost.

words, to institute, as a theme, an object in view, predetermined, and then to warp the facts in support of it. But there is another ground of undue partiality for the character. It is a kind of *dramatic zeal* for a model of excellence, real or supposed, which an eloquent painter designs to embellish with all his powers and graces of colouring.

This habit is well described by *Middleton*: "They work up their characters just as fashionable Painters do their portraits, conceiving the honour of their talents to consist not in *copying* Nature, but adorning her; not in drawing a just resemblance, but in giving a beautiful picture*."

He seems to fear that he shall be guilty of it himself, and admits the peril which he must incur; but hopes to escape from the mischief, by relating the facts, and referring them to authentic testimonies in their support.

But if the *mode* of keeping his word, and of redeeming this pledge, is examined, it will be found that his authorities, which are heaped into a note at the foot of the page, are too often mutilated extracts from *Cicero himself*, who is never to be more suspected than when he affects to be his own Historian.

Upon this whimsical topick of the *Historical Dramatist*, I cannot forbear to relate what I once heard at the table of the very person whose *Life* is now before us. Mr. *Orme*, the lively and spirited, though correct Historian of *the War upon the Indian coast*,

* Preface to the Life of *Cicero*.

was named, and with just *éloge*. One of his bosom friends, a guest, was interrogated "why so popular, so eloquent, and so honest a work had been discontinued?"—He answered, "that *Mr. Orme* had lost his Hero, and could not make a *fifth act* of him." In paraphrase it was intimated, that on the one hand he could not approve *the later* conduct of that "*Heaven-born General*," as he was called by the *Earl of Chatham*, and as the Historian had produced him upon the Scene; but that he could not arraign or expose it as a character impaired, without making the figure disproportioned.

Plutarch was no such Dramatist—he relates the fact. He analyzes the character, and gives the result as a kind of judicial award, observing the most philosophical indifference between the light and the shade.

But in this Reign, the death's-blow to History is that frivolous impulse to *anecdote*, which leaves the morality of the example at a distance behind it—fritters it away in topicks of amusement, which may serve to kill the hour; puts the most brilliant virtues or talents into shade, levels all their pre-eminence, and subjects them either to odium or to ridicule.

The effect in general is cold and vapid imbecility, or, as in some late works of this nature, political malice aimed at some of the wisest and best men that have graced the human character.

Our ancient models, in *their* pattern of judgment, are better and safer guides.

Plutarch, who has never been surpassed as a Painter of Individuals from the life, and as if they were at his elbow, descends to no such artifices. He has given us, by *his* conduct, the best advice to the heart as well as to the head. It is contained in two words, a *dignified simplicity*.

Whatever is pertinent, and closely adheres to essential and marked outlines of character, may now and then, with striking effect, appear in circumstances which are themselves minute, but acquire a value not their own, as features of the portrait. It is the *general* habit of *dwelling* upon them which is the bane of honest enthusiasm, because it undermines the interest of the subject as a theme, and the moral sterling of the character.

One cannot help smiling at this rage for *Memoirs*, when the very term, naturalized here, has been received as the *English* word for *Xenophon's* reports from the life and the opinions of *Socrates!* that inimitable and family picture of genius, wisdom, and virtue half-inspired; though *Xenophon's* word, in its true import, is the very opposite of that vicious abuse which the modern word has introduced, and is the best line of demarcation for an Historian's province. It points out the nature of the incident, which his duty calls upon him to rescue from oblivion. The "*Memorable*," that is, *the worthy of record*; or, as the words of Scripture express the image, "*whatsoever things are of good report*."

But it is the taste of the *Reader* which is the most in fault. He encourages the memory of that

which deserves to be forgotten. He is a gossip, who catches with avidity the humiliating fact as a topick of insult; and is not sorry to find that *he* can laugh at those Luminaries of genius and virtue, whom it was the habit of his genuine feelings to admire and worship.

Indolence, and a passion for amusement, have imported these pestilent corruptions and vices of taste from the continent. The *Mémoire*, *French* in the word, and *French* in the habit, has enervated the Historian's mind. But he has been allured into the guilt of his model, without catching one particle of its grace.

French details are amusing, witty, and though desultory not inelegant (which are attractions, however, that form a bad exchange for want of utility moral or political). Even the tittle-tattle of *Mademoiselle de Montpensier* has its charms for this *tea-table* of the mind.

Voltaire, though he affects to despise and ridicule the habit in others, well knew for whom he wrote; and therefore deviates into these frivolous Episodes himself. At the best, he rather touches with a light and superficial, but graceful hand, upon great features of great characters, than dwells upon them as *Thucydides* and *Livy* in his place would have done; but expatiates upon feathers dancing in the air, which tempt his vanity or challenge his wit.

Another plan has been adopted by modern Historians, with beauty and with address, but upon which two or three words of caution will not be superfluous.

It is the habit of making the departed write his own Life, by the help of a key to his cabinet; that is, in other words, the habit of making him surrender, when he is no more, his naked thoughts and secret affections to all the world, in his *Letters* of private and familiar confidence to his friends, which no hermetical seal can protect against the homage of his admirers (whether sagacious or improvident), the self-interest of Editors, or the impatient thirst of an idle and vacant hour for its amusement.

In general, a more judicious mode of creating an interest for the object cannot be imagined.

Mr. Gray's Correspondence, in the hands of his brother Poet and Friend, is a master-piece of its kind. There is not a more pleasing or a more interesting mirrour of a celebrated character.

But the *selection* of those Letters was most happily formed: it was calculated for the liveliest impression of the habits which formed the tenour of that life; and without prejudice to the delicacy of confidence, or the purity of the Writer's fame.

But I cannot be selfish enough to enjoy the amusement of reading *published* Letters, either meant when *written* for the "*sole and separate use*" of the entrusted Friend, or at least not intended for the *public* eye, unless they do honour to the Writer, who is thus a Correspondent by force in a posthumous address to the world. It is a very disingenuous conduct in *the Editor*, if it throws the dust of any disrepute upon his Favourite.—It is worse, for it is cruel, if it affects the moral character thus obtruded

on the public view; or if it implicates the reputation of others who are no parties in the contract. And he is a bad citizen who is guilty of it, where the popular name of the Writer is made a kind of oracle for principles of dangerous influence upon the moral discipline of the world.

I *could* name one person alone whose character is best exemplified in the *Letters* he has written, but whose vanity, falsehood, and malevolence of heart, have deserved all the odium which those tell-tale records confer upon his memory. They are like papers found upon those who are accused of treason. They develope the origin of the conspiracy, and they impeach accomplices. I am not afraid of alluding here to the celebrated *Voltaire*, that *Belial* of talents and of eloquence, whose abuse of those edge-tools not only has deformed the beauty of genius, but has desolated a whole Continent with sacrilege, in cold blood, against every altar of Religion. Many of his *Letters* are subtle in art; many are weak in spirit, as well as in judgement; all of them are exquisite in beauty and grace of style; but most of them are hostile to every noble interest of the human character, false in argument, and self-betrayed by disingenuities. They should be examined, and critically too, as forming the interior of that popular statue which the degenerate character of this age has erected in honour to one of the wickedest men that ever came into the world; as a lesson, if discreetly read, that nothing is more pestilent than powers of intellect undisciplined by virtue.

These *Letters* are fair subjects of dissection, as being obtruded upon us by his votaries, and by men as depraved as himself.

Before I close the subject of *Letters*, I cannot help touching upon a difficult problem of moral and political virtue; namely, whether it would have been happier for the world if the *Letters of Cicero* had never seen the light.

They mark his inordinate vanity*, his political cowardice, and, in more glaring colours yet, his

* In his Letter to *Lucceius* the Historian, he supplicates him to be partial in praising him; but I really think our comment upon his expression has been a little overstrained. He is ambitious to be commended by a popular Historian, and he tells him that he hopes to find him *a little* more kind than strict, though at the expence of that rigid character which History demands. This, at the worst, is no disgraceful suit; but at the best it could even be interpreted as a modest and graceful apprehension that his merits, fairly canvassed, would make no figure; as much as to say, in other words, "*your friendship* alone can, by its colouring, recommend me to posterity." There are two little words in general omitted by those who quote the passage against the fame of the Writer. "I make no scruple," said he, without reserve, "to intreat that you will *grace them* (his actions) with more zeal of praise *even* than PERHAPS you may think is due to them. And that you will concede a LITTLE MORE to your love, than accuracy of Historical truth may vindicate."

Cicero himself took so little shame in reflecting upon this request, that, upon the subject of this very Letter he says to *Atticus*, "make *Lucceius* give you the Letter in which I have desired him to be my Historian. It is a beautiful address to him, you must encourage him to approve it, and you must thank him for his answer to me, *in which* he assures me that he will act upon it;" so that here *Lucceius* would be dishonoured if these were not expressions of grace and courtesy on both sides.

extreme disingenuity, so as to derogate from the revered character which his other works and the general history of his conduct has conferred upon him. It is true, indeed, that in these Letters we have the most beautiful touches of his genius and wit, of his kind affections, of his good principles, and of his acute opinions upon the *Roman* scene as it passed in review before him; but I much doubt (for one) if they compensate, in these views of them, for the injury to his fame as a Patriot, or the discredit thrown upon the character of men connected with him, whose names are high in the ranks of genius and virtue.

Many of them were evidently intended by him to be concealed from the world, not only because they dishonour him when compared with numerous parts of the same correspondence, but on account of those to whom they are sent, and with a reference to the manner in which they are confided by him to his friends or connections.

In general I cannot approve the habit of bringing forward manuscripts like these, discovered perhaps by mere accident, and perhaps rifled by force or by deception, though connected with illustrious names. It is a perfidy of dishonour to the dead, and it is a fallacy in its address, if it argues from the texture of a letter to the mind and character of the man who held and guided that equivocal implement—the pen.

But of late a new set of Historians appears to have started, who, in the fond simplicity of their passion for an admired character, have been competitors in a

very arduous topick of debate, that is, which of them should make the Hero of their tale the most ridiculous, but who never laugh themselves, or see any ridicule in the picture they have drawn.

Colley Cibber gives a kind of playful importance to the details of his Theatrical world. It is no mock-heroic in *him*, but a serious impression. He contrives—one can scarce tell how—but he *does* contrive, to make his vanity itself interesting and pleasant, by his confession of it; and there is a charm in his egotism, as well as in his anecdotes and characters, which is irresistible when *he* is the Historian: to say nothing of his Theatrical portraits, which are alive — they are so well drawn, or of his comments upon his art, which are judicious and profound.

But if the parts of that *Life* (or *Apology* as he calls it) could have been written by one of his friends, who would not have exclaimed in his name, but in the words of the *Roman*—"*O improvident friends! more affectionate would he have been who offered me a sword!*"

I confess that, before I read some of these modern *Plutarchs*, I was unfashionable enough to contemplate their idol *Doctor Johnson* with somewhat less of devotion than it has been the rage of the day to confer upon him, even since his Friends have taken such liberties with him. But, without anatomy here of his just character, may I not assert, that his fame has received infinite prejudice from the reporters of this "*tremendous Companion*," as he was

called one day by a man of arch and shrewd simplicity?—Have not their anecdotes produced the effect of a satire upon him, though innocent of all wit?—and is it the legitimate province of a satirical Historian to form a character out of defects alone, either as topicks of censure and of obloquy, or, to heighten the ridicule, as forced into themes of praise?

It may here be asked of me, whether such comments of mine upon other Historians are not invidious; and what ground of hope, if they are just, the publick has to expect better treatment from the obscure individual who offers the imperfections of his own work to the rod of criticism, and who solicits countenance to his labours in the same field, but seems to say with *Crassus* in one of *Cicero's* dialogues, "I demand quarter, but I give none to others"?

He answers that nothing is more absent from his mind, than so idle a self-conceit as that of supposing that he is to succeed by his own strength, where others have been foiled, who have confided in their powers.—He begs leave to add, that, by selection of these glaring defects, he is not impertinent enough to insinuate that we are destitute of Historians who are as able as they are eminent.

The History of *Charles the Fifth* by *Robertson* —of the two *Philips* by *Watson*, and of *Lorenzo de Medici* by *Roscoe*, are models of Historical perfection.—Mr. *Coxe's* Earl of *Orford* is a very entertaining, impartial, and well-written work.

Mr. *Gibbon* is a most captivating writer; he is acute, ingenious, and profound; he has carried the beauties to the most exquisite perfection that such beauties can ever attain. His conceptions are brilliant and original; his pictures are natural, and full of spirit; his integrity is firm and clear, unless where his unfortunate prejudice against *Christianity* has puzzled his argument, and has misinterpreted his authorities.

But he has two capital faults; one of them is, the rage of *Essay* and for *Episode*, which he has caught from the Rhapsodist in the name of an Historian, *Voltaire*. It creates a want of perspicuity in the order of his dates, and the arrangements of his facts. The other is, that, in imitation of the same fascinating but pernicious model, he has brought *wit*, and sometimes at the expence of *decency*, into an historical work.

Mr. *Coxe* had the advantage and the address of selecting a *date* as well as a *person* the most likely to interest his Reader that could have been prompted or conceived—*materials* the most likely to be well accredited, and principles of party the most popular to delineate; principles, which in their time convulsed the Empire, but have been melted and refined into a softer and more general impulse. Our neighbours give an excellent word for it when they call it *Egoisme*.

BURKE AND ROUSSEAU.

It happens, whimsically, that *Rousseau*, against whom *Burke* has been so eloquent, has a passage in his Preface to the *Nouvelle Heloyse*, which (though one should else have called it *unique*) resembles accurately a declaration made by the most brilliant of all his adversaries.

Burke has told us, "that no man who tells *him* 'that he does not approve the publication of *his* pamphlet,' can ever be the object of *his* regard and esteem." This illustration of the "*idem velle*," and the "*idem nolle*," in *Sallust*, as alone constituting *friendship*, struck me at the time as very *original*, because I knew that our *British Tully* would not have copied the *wild and irregular Politician*, to whom the Historian ascribes that sentiment.

But that nothing is *new*, and that enemies agree in many of their peculiarities, will appear in the following conclusion of *Rousseau's* Preface to that most eloquent Romance the *Heloyse*:

"Que si après l'avoir lu tout entier quelqu'un m'osoit blamer de l'avoir publié—qu'il le dise s'il veut à toute la terre, mais qu'il ne vienne pas me le dire—je sens que je ne pourrois de ma vie estimer cet homme-la."—His own (Mr. *Burke's*) diverting precedent of the *Nunc dimittis* in *Peters* the Regicide is not more curious. The result is, that extraordinary men are *very like one another*, and *very unlike the rest of the world.*

ON THE AUTHOR OF JUNIUS'S LETTERS

I know enough of JUNIUS to know that he was of Lord *Temple's* school, and that he wrote that paper *from hints* or materials prompted by him. So far he was betrayed in one of the Letters to the first Lord *Camden;* for in that Letter he touched upon a fact known only to three persons, Lord *Chatham*, Lord *Camden*, and Lord *Temple.*

The latter, during almost the whole period of the *Junius*, was bitter against the two former; and so was *Junius*, though with an air of guard and of candour. Lord *Temple* had not eloquence or parts enough to have *written Junius*; but I have no doubt that he knew the Author.

I am as likely to have written it as Lord *Shelburne*, the conjectured Author in the Gentleman's Magazine of *November* 1812 *.

I cannot help wondering that, by examining the politicks of each paper, those of his time did not find him out. But these cheats often hold out false colours, and put us upon a wrong scent.

For example, if I was the reputed writer of a Libel, I should abuse myself, or my bosom-friends, to disarm the suspicion.

* See Gent. Mag. vol. LXXXII. part ii. p. 499.

DESCENDANTS OF OLD JACOB TONSON.

The account of TONSON the Bookseller, in the Gentleman's Magazine for December 1812, p. 510, is erroneous; but I can give the Pedigree with accuracy, from an intimate friend who has married a *Baker*.

Jacob Tonson was the elder brother of *Richard Tonson*, esq. of *Walter Oakley*; and they were the sons of *Pope's Jacob Tonson*.—*Richard* died s. p.; and the eldest daughter of the second *Jacob* was married to Alderman *Baker*, father to Sir *William Baker*, M. P. for *Hertfordshire*, and one of whose daughters married Mr. *Trower*, of *Portman-square*, who married to his *first* wife Miss *James*, daughter of Sir *Walter James*, Bart. who married Lady *Jane*, the Hermit's* first cousin, the first Earl *Camden's* fourth and youngest daughter.

Of course, *Pope's Tonson* was maternal great-grandfather to Mr. *Baker* of these days. His mother was, I apprehend, the heiress of the Bookseller; for Mr. *Baker* has in his possession that capital collection of Portraits of the Kit-cat Club (42) painted by Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, all of which were the property of the Bookseller. Mr. *Baker* has also his library and books.

These good things make a famous exhibition at *Bayfordbury*, in two rooms, each 40 feet long, just built.

* So Mr. *Hardinge* usually styled himself.

VINDICATION

OF

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

IN A LETTER TO A LEARNED FRIEND.

DEAR SIR,

AMONGST the numberless horrors arising from the publication of *Horace Walpole's* indelicacy, impiety, and satire—I am not sure, being an old man (and *my wits,* as *Dogberry* says, *not being so blunt as they should be),* whether I ever touched upon the Letters to *Conway,* written abroad and in *Italy.* Besides the *effeminate style* of them, disgraceful to *a man,* there is all the petulance and gossip of a mischievous girl. But I distinguish his Portrait of Lady *M. W.* who *must* be Lady *Mary Wortley Montagu.*

I am not old enough (though I have passed my teens) to ascertain her *true character.* — *Pope's* abuse of her is *universally* reprobated, as the *malice of a Cat.* — When I read her Letters, I see nothing which does not give me the impression of *an elegant* and *a dignified character.* That she must have been *fascinating* in the extreme, *Pope's* adoring passion for her *(before he abused her)* has proved. Her Letters are delightful, full of *sense,* as well as *unaffected wit, lively,* and *amiable.* It is true that

one sees *prejudices* in them; a turn a little *whimsical;* and a singular, though *blameless,* conduct in her separation from her husband. The *wags* have sometimes reported, as if they *knew* it, she and the Grand Signor were *tête à tête* when the *étiquette* of *crossing the legs* took its flight; and she has been censured for a *too voluptuous account* of a *Seraglio,* and of some dancing-girls; but these are *feathers,* and very consistent with a *virtuous character.*

Now for dates and facts. They are not a little curious, in such a base world as ours:

She was born in 1690; she was married in 1712; she began her travels with her husband in 1716; she began to inoculate in 1718 (a fact, by the way, enough to *immortalize* her); she returned in that year to *England.*

In 1720, *Pope's* worship was at the height. He made her sit to *Kneller;* and wrote under the picture some verses, which I would have rejected out of my *Album* if you had written them; but which are curious, because they mark at least her *general character;* for, though Poets flatter, it is by *exaggerating,* not by complete *invention,* unless they are *Ideots.* They soften *blemishes,* but they do not *convert them* into the opposite *perfections.* If I made a Poet's love to Madame de ———, I should not lay stress upon *her chastity.*

"The playful smiles around the *dimpled mouth,*
That happy air of MAJESTY and TRUTH;
So would I draw (but, oh, 'tis vain to try,
My narrow Genius *does* the power deny)

The equal lustre of the HEAVENLY MIND,
Where every grace with every VIRTUE *'s join'd;*
Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe,
With greatness easy, and with wit sincere,
With just description shew THE WORK DIVINE,
And the whole Princess in my work should shine.
A. POPE."

In 1724, *Steele*, in *The Plain Dealer*, eulogizes her plan for inoculating; and says of her, that "she has ennobled her own Nobility, by her learning, wit, and VIRTUES."

Gay, in 1727, wrote his *Welcome from Greece to Pope*; and he has these lines:

"What Lady 's that, to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? Ah, these are *Wortley's* eyes;
How art thou [*Pope*] honour'd, number'd with *her* friends,
For *she* distinguishes the *good and wise*."

Her quarrel with *Pope* took place about 1733.

In 1739 she took up the hazardous and whimsical project of leaving *England*, and passing her life upon the Continent. She remained abroad till 1761, when her husband died. She died herself in 1762.

On Aug. 11, 1740, she was at *Florence*, in her way to *Rome*.

She was at *Rome* Oct. 23, 1740.

She appears during the whole of her absence to be upon the best of terms with her husband. Many of her Letters are *to him*. They are not *Love Letters*; but they are easy, and marks of habitual esteem. He was a dull and grave man, but of

solid judgment, and well-informed. She speaks of him to Lady *Bute* with *respectful esteem*, and with solid praise.

We have now traced her to August and September, 1740, at *Florence*; for she went from thence immediately to *Rome*. She was then 50 years of age.

Mr. *Walpole* was there in September 1740. He was then 22 years of age.

In a Letter, dated September 27, 1740, to *Conway*, he has these words:

"Did I tell you Lady —— is here? She laughs at my Lady *Walpole*, *scolds my Lady Pomfret*, and is LAUGHED AT BY THE WHOLE TOWN. — Her dress, her AVARICE, and her IMPUDENCE, must amaze any one that never heard her NAME. — She wears a foul mob, that does not cover her *greasy black locks*, that hang loose, never combed or curled; an old mazarine blue wrapper, that gapes open, and discovers a canvas petticoat. — Her face swelled violently on one side, with the remains of a ———, partly covered with a plaister, and partly with white paint, which for cheapness she has bought, so coarse that you would not use it to wash a chimney. — I will give you her picture as we drew it in the *Sortes Virgilianæ*. — *Insanam vatem aspicies.* — (You will see a mad Prophetess.)"

You remember that *Pope* says of her,

"P—'d by her love, or libell'd by her hate."

It happens (to mark decisively that his object is Lady *Mary Wortley*) to appear in one of her Letters from *Florence*, that Lord and LADY POMFRET

took pains to make the place AGREEABLE TO HER.—And when she is at *Rome*, in October, she says, "I EXPECT LADY POMFRET here in a few days."

But now comes the horror. — In a Letter, dated Oct. 10, 1758, she says, "I was well acquainted with Mr. *Walpole* at *Florence, and indeed* he was PARTICULARLY CIVIL TO ME. I am ENCOURAGED to ask a favour of him, if I did not know that few people have so good a memory as to REMEMBER SO MANY YEARS backwards as I have passed since I have seen him."

There is a very agreeable publication of Letters by this Lady *Pomfret* to Lady *Hertford;* and, as I wished to know whether she had touched upon this detestable figure and character of Lady *Mary Wortley Montagu*, a much-respected Relation has copied for me all the passages in those Letters *; and they are decisive, to shew that the two Ladies were bosom friends. There is not a hint by that Writer, who was at least a woman of sense, and of punctilious decorum, that Lady *Mary Wortley* was laughed at in *Florence*, or any where else; that she was impudent, avaricious, a cheat, and a debauchee, at 50 years of age, or at any earlier period.

Sept. 1739, just one year before, she tells her husband from *Turin*, that she has received a Letter from LADY POMFRET, which tells her, "that she is leaving *Vienna*, and intends for *Venice*," which is *another inducement* to Lady *Montagu* to *go there.*

* These Letters afford positive proof in favour of Lady *Montagu's* respectability and character.

They were consequently in *friendship together.*

From *Venice,* Sept. 25, 1739, "Lady *Pomfret* is not yet arrived, but I expect her very soon."

Rome, Oct. 1740, "*I expect Lady Pomfret here in a few days.*"

Leghorn, Feb. 1740-1. "I arrived here last night. * * * * I shall stay some time in this town, where *I expect Lady Pomfret.*"

N. B. She seems to follow Lady *Mary Wortley* like a shadow.

Of Lady *Mary's avarice,* except in *Pope's* virulent abuse, I see not a *hint* in the rest of her life.

But Mr. *Walpole* seems to have *hated her* and *him.* In a Letter to *Bentley* he has these words, dated Aug. 1758: "Well! you have had enough of magnificence; you shall repose in a desert. — *Old Wortley Montagu* lives on the very spot where the Dragon of *Wantley* did; only I believe the latter was much better lodged. You never saw such a wretched hovel, lean, unpainted, and half its nakedness barely shaded with harateen stretched till it cracks. Here the Miser hoards health and money, his only two objects. He has chronicles in behalf of the air; and battens on *Tokay,* his only indulgence, as he has heard it is particularly salutary. But the savageness of the scene would charm your *Alpine* taste. It is tumbled with fragments of mountains, that look ready laid for building the world. One scrambles over a huge terrass, on which mountain-ashes and various trees spring out of the very rocks; and at the brow is *the den,* but not spacious enough for such

an inmate. However, I am persuaded it furnished *Pope* with this line, so exactly it answers to the picture:

'On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes.'

"I wanted to ask, if *Pope had not visited Lady Mary Wortley here during their intimacy?* — but could one put that question to AVIDIEN himself?"

Avidien is the name given by *Pope* to *Montagu* after the quarrel; and the lines are so keen, besides the merit of the Imitation, though one hates the malevolence and the infernal caprice of the portrait, that I will annex them here.

"*Avidien*, or his wife, no matter which,
For him you 'll call a dog, and her a b—h;
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits, and on roots;
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day, as when they found
A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd;
At such a feast old *vinegar* to spare,
Is what two souls so generous cannot bear.
Oil, though it stinks, they drop by drop impart,
But *souce* the cabbage with a liberal heart."

In the Life of Lady *Mary*, prefixed to her charming Letters, the Writer alludes to Mr. *Walpole's* opinion of her talent, as being very inferior to that of Madame *de Sévigné*, "in *the Reminiscences*;" for which reason I borrowed the volume: but I see in that amusing narrative, lent me so kindly by you, and returned "*by these presents*," not a syllable respecting Lady *Mary Wortley Montagu*, except a

bon mot of hers to *Sarah* Dutchess of *Marlborough*. I therefore suppose the Writer to have mistaken the part of Lord *Orford's* Works in which this comparison appears. But I have discovered a couple of Letters to Mr. *R. West*, connected with his report of Lady *Mary Wortley Montagu* to General *Conway*, and, I am sorry to add, very bitter against her.

That which in point of date is the first, is from the same *Florence, July* 3, 1740. "On Wednesday we expect a third *She-Meteor*. Those learned Luminaries, the Ladies *P*—— and *W*——, are to be joined by the Lady *Mary Wortley Montagu*. You have not been witness to the rhapsody of mystic nonsense which these two fair-ones debate incessantly, and consequently cannot figure what must be the issue of this triple alliance: we have some idea of it. Only figure the coalition of prudery, debauchery, sentiment, history, *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*, *Italian*, and metaphysics; all, EXCEPT THE SECOND, understood by halves, by quarters, or not at all."

Florence, Oct. 2. "But for the Academy: I am not of it, but frequently in company with it. It is all disjointed. — Madame ———, who, though a learned lady, has not lost her modesty and character, is extremely scandalized with the other two dames, especially with MOLL WORTHLESS, who knows no bounds. She *is at rivalry* with Lady *W*—— for a certain Mr. ——, whom perhaps you knew at *Oxford*. If you did not, I will tell you. He is a grave young man by temper, and a *rich one by constitution*; a shallow creature by nature, but a

wit by the grace of our women here, whom he *deals with* as of old with the *Oxford* toasts. He fell into sentiments with my Lady *W*——, and was happy to catch her at *Platonic* Love. But, as she seldom stops there, the poor man will be frightened out of his senses when she shall break the matter to him, for he never dreamt that her purposes were so naught. Lady *Mary* is so far gone, that, to get him from the mouth of her antagonist, she literally took him out to danee country-dances last night at a formal ball, where there was no measure kept in laughing at her *old*, foul, tawdry, painted, plaistered personage.

"She played at Pharaoh two or three times at Princess *Craon's*, where she cheats horse and foot. She is really entertaining: I have been reading her Works, which she lends out in manuscript; but they are too womanish. I like few of her performances. I forgot to tell you a good answer of Lady *P*—— to Mr. ———, who asked her if she did not approve *Platonic* Love? 'Lord, Sir,' said she, 'I am sure any one who knows men ever heard that I had any love but one; and there sit two proofs of it,' pointing at her two daughters."

I need not tell you that Lady *Walpole* is Lady *W.* and Lady *Pomfret* Lady *P.*

Assuming all these horrors to be unexaggerated facts and pictures, don't you execrate the two *Editors*, who, in the life-time of so many descended from Lady *Pomfret* and Lady *Mary Wortley Montagu*, have published these portraits?

I think I have heard Lord *Dacre* say, that Lady *Pomfret* was gallant in her day, but with dignity and reserve. She had the general character of rigid virtue and great learning. Her Letters are very ingenious and clever. All her female children were exemplary. Lady *Granville*, Lady *H. Conyers*, Lady *Julia Penn*, and Lady *Anne Dawson*. Lady *Granville's* daughter married the first Marquis of *Lansdown*.

But how difficult it is to believe in these pictures, except as to Lady *Walpole*, who was notorious (and the supposed mother of the mad Lord *Orford* by Sir *George Oxenden)!*

It makes one really shudder to be told that Lady *Mary*, Madame *Genlis*, and Madame *De Stael*, are Libertines. I will not believe it as to the first.

Lady *Mary's* Letters from this period of 1740 to her death are pictures of a most *excellent* and *virtuous mind*. I think them in their way full as entertaining and as gifted as those from the East.

What Lord *Orford* means by saying those from the East, which I suppose he saw, are *too womanish*, I cannot guess. Oh, what *an illustrious fault*, in a woman of such talents!

But I am going to surprize you with a piece of evidence that convinces me the imputation, as far as it points at Lady *Mary*, is *false*, and a perfect *invention*, which heightens the iniquity of the publication.

At *Louvere* she writes to *her husband*, *June* 20, 1751. The Letter is, in every view, of importance. You will say that she would of course accredit her-

self to her husband. But, if she was *gallant*, could *he*, who was a very sensible man, be ignorant of them; and would it not then have been the height of ridicule in her to give herself the air of modesty? 2. If she was the vicious character here described, would the husband and wife correspond as if they had a perfect esteem for one another?

To Mr. *Wortley*. "I received yours of May the 9th yesterday, with great satisfaction, finding in it an amendment of your health. I am not surprized at Lady *Orford's** folly, HAVING KNOWN HER AT FLORENCE.—SHE MADE GREAT COURT TO ME.—She has parts, and a very engaging manner. Her company would have amused me very much; BUT I DURST NOT INDULGE MYSELF IN IT, HER CHARACTER BEING IN UNIVERSAL HORROR. I do not mean from her GALLANTRIES, WHICH NOBODY TROUBLES THEIR HEADS WITH. But she had a collection of Freethinkers, that met weekly at her house, to the scandal of all good Christians. She invited me to ONE of these HONOURABLE assemblies; which I civilly refused, not desiring to be thought of her opinion, nor thinking it right to make a jest of ordinances that are (at least) so far sacred as they are NECESSARY FOR ALL CIVILIZED GOVERNMENTS; and it is being in every sense *an enemy to mankind*, to endeavour to overthrow them."

* *Margaret* Lady *Walpole* had become Countess of *Orford* on the death of Sir *Robert*, and a widow in 1751. She married, secondly, the Hon. *Sewallis Shirley*, a younger son of the first Earl *Ferrers*; and died in 1781, s. p.

N. B. Her Letters to her husband after this period of her supposed infamy at *Florence* are numerous; and he appears to correspond with her upon terms of perfect amity.

Her Letters to her daughter, who divides them with him, are models of maternal tenderness, delicacy, good sense, and virtue!

Who was that daughter? A model of domestic virtue—the best wife, daughter, and parent in the world!

In one of the Letters to Mr. *Wortley*, dated *May* 1744, she says, "I am very much concerned for the ill state of poor Lady *Oxford's* health. She is the only friend I CAN DEPEND on in this world, EXCEPT YOURSELF."

Two comments upon this occur to me:

1. How could so infamous a creature say this to the man whom she had so *impudently* disgraced at *Florence* in 1740, by a *libidinous conduct*, and by *cheating* at play?

2. Who was Lady *Oxford**? As virtuous a woman as ever breathed.

Nov. 1751, she says to her daughter, "I am always pleased when I hear you have been with the Duke and Dutchess of *Portland*. They are both of them worthy and sincere friends of yours. I had

* Lady *Henrietta Cavendish Holles*, daughter and heir of *John* Duke of *Newcastle*, married to *Edward* second Earl of *Oxford* in 1713. Their only daughter and heir married the Duke of *Portland*.

wrote to *dear Lady Oxford*; and receiving no answer, was in great pain *on her* account."

July 1751, there is more as to Lady *Orford*—do but read it with dispassionate eyes, and ask if it is *possible* for her to have *deserved Walpole's* picture: "I am not surprized at Lady *O——d's* marriage. Her money was doubtless convenient to Mr. *Shirley*, and I dare swear she piques herself on *not being able to refuse him any thing*.—It has been her way with all her lovers. He is the most creditable of any she ever had. His birth and sense will induce him to behave to her with decency, and it is what she has not been much used to—as it is a true saying,

'Cowards more blows than any heroes bear.'

"It is as certainly true that LADIES OF PLEASURE (VERY IMPROPERLY SO CALLED) suffer more MORTIFICATIONS than any Nun of the most austere order that was ever instituted. Lady *Orford* is a shining instance of this truth. The most submissive wife to the most tyrannic husband that ever was born is not such a SLAVE as I saw HER at FLORENCE. I have hardly ever seen *engagements of that sort* on another footing. Contempt is joined with intimacy in those cases; and there are few men that do not indulge the malignity that is in human nature, when they can do it, as they fancy, justifiably."

In a Letter, dated 1747, *Brescia*, to Lady *Bute*, "The greatest diversion I had was to see a lady of my own age comfortably dancing with her own husband, some years older; and I can assert that she *jumped* and *galloped* with the best of them!"

She was only seven years younger, when at a formal ball she danced with a young man, to tear him from Lady *Orford*, being herself libidinously enamoured of him.—Who can believe it?

N. B. I take this young man to be *Shirley;* but, whoever he was, it appears from one of her Letters above quoted that Lady *Walpole* was enslaved by him—and is it possible that at 50 Lady *Mary Wortley Montagu* should expose herself by a public and ludicrous attachment of the same kind and principle to the tyrant over this profligate?

If you have not Lady *Mary Wortley Montagu's* Letters, I will send the third and fourth volumes.—The famous Madame *Lambert's* Letter to her daughter is not superior to those of Lady *Bute's* mother to her.

It is remarkable that I do not see a hint of reflection upon Lady *Mary's virtue* by *Walpole* at any later period.

In the ridicule upon her husband there is none upon her, either as *vicious* or a *miser*.

One obvious remark occurs upon the *existence* of such Letters as those written in 1740, by a boy of 22, to another of 21.

Either *Walpole* kept a copy of these Love Letters, made by himself (like Miss *Seward)*—or *Conway* kept them in the *originals!* A very despicable taste, I think, to keep such gossiping tales, and such effeminate endearments.

EXPOSTULATORY REMARKS

ON

"LETTERS BY MADAME DU DEFFAND TO THE LATE EARL OF ORFORD."

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LETTER I.

MADAM *,

I have the honour to be of your sex, and am neither a bigot, nor prude; but I am no *bel esprit*, and much less *a modern philosopher*.

In me, as one of the many, I hope, you address the undissembled advocate of morals and of religion, those becoming and graceful ornaments of domestic and social intercourse, of polished manners, and of accomplished minds. It has been the habit

* *Preliminary Note.* — An apology is due to the *Editor*, for this word. It assumes a fact which is not proved; and it may give currency to a libel upon *the sex*, personated by one of its brightest ornaments. But rumour, and a combination of little circumstances, will plead my excuse. I should be undeceived with pleasure into a conviction that I have dreamt, and that no feminine character is privy to the *Edition* of this Work. My remarks upon it will not be affected by that error, which is ingenuous, at the worst, if error it is.

of my connexions and prejudices to revere the sincerity of language and the integrity of the heart.

If these principles are despicable, they are yet so familiar to me, that I feel a difficulty in parting with them.

I have daughters grown up, and all of them but one are unmarried. Their education has enabled them to acquire the accomplishments which are becoming to their sex at their age, and in the ranks of society which their birth, as well as their fortune, commands.

I have endeavoured, by instructions, and by example, to make them well-bred, unembarrassed in good company, but modest and feminine; virtuous, and correct in their principles of Religion, polluted neither by enthusiasm nor superstition, which I consider as the bane of *Christianity* well understood. They have learnt *French*, can speak it with facility, and read it with pleasure.

You, Madam, shall tell me if I am to put these Letters of *Madame Du Deffand* into *their* hands; if I am to represent, as credentials in her favour, that she was between seventy and eighty when she wrote most of them, and that she was the late *Earl of Orford's* bosom-friend; that you have set a mark upon her as the fugitive mistress of the most abandoned libertine that sensuality ever polluted — the Duke of *Orleans*;—and as the *chere amie*, at a more advanced age, of an *Epicurean* Philosopher, to whom her attachment at last became *Platonic*, by force.

Are *they* to be assured by me that your own character is that of a capacity most enlightened, and of the most polished attainments; that you live in fashionable circles of the world; and that you, as well as *Madame Du Deffand*, were the late *Earl of Orford's* Pupil?

You will answer—"No, Madam. Withhold these Letters from your daughters! they are the rhapsodies of a *Petticoat Voltaire* — of a character degraded by contemptible passions and by vicious principles, by caprice of selfish attachments, by dissipated levities of theory and of habit — but aimed even against the exterior and semblance of Creeds, by ridicule upon *the Gospel* — upon the dispensations of Providence, and upon a future state! Put a lock and key upon these volumes, though you may read them with impunity — unless you can guard your daughters against all access to them by the sacred barrier of their good faith to their own pledged honour, as well as their deference to your injunctions."

I anticipated this answer; and I feel myself assured that, if you had foreseen the injury of such a publication to the demand of piety and of morals, of honour and of truth, of your Friend's character and of your own—you would have perished before you would have circulated so mischievous a *Pandora's* gift. Your motives to it were unquestionably innocent; but I lament, instead of arraigning the *indiscretion*, which has prompted you to lay before the publick these infamies, and grace them with your notes.

Before I touch upon the nature of them, I beg leave to ask you two or three very serious questions.

First — Were you authorized by the late *Earl of Orford*, who, as I am told, was your parental friend, and with whom you lived in habits of confidential intercourse, to publish these Letters, and the extracts from his own (to his *Confidante* at *Paris)*, which you have sprinkled in your notes?

That *Lord Orford* had a most anxious wish to recall the Letters which he had written to this *bel-esprit*, up to a certain period; and that he did recall them, in fact, you have told us yourself.

That *she burnt all the rest*, at *his* earnest request, we have at least *her* authority; and we have also the fact, which you have reported, in aid of that evidence, that no Letters unrecalled were found in the papers left him by her.

Yet in the *notes* you have given us many of the Letters which he had *recalled*, or extracts from them; and parts of these it will be my painful office to censure, as throwing a deep, if not indelible, stain upon *his* character.

I never could yet understand upon what principle of delicacy in your friendship, to say nothing of morals, you could give currency to his *confidential* and private Letters in their *English* habit—amusing, I confess, beyond example, in their wit and playful style; but *cruel* in their *satire*, if published and circulated — *indecent*, and *profane*.

In your Preface to his *English* Works you have called these Letters, and by their true name, "the

careless effusions of unbounded confidence, never (*you* say) *originally* intended for publication; — *I say*, never intended for it, early or late; as it stands a recorded fact in that Preface, that not one of these Letters in the *Fifth English* volume of his Works constituted any part of those manuscripts which he had bequeathed for the purpose of enabling you to publish them.

You tell us, in that *Preface*, that *his* character, and that of *General Conway*, are elevated by the evidence of Letters written by the former to the latter, whose Letters in reply do not appear. If it were true (though it is a whimsical evidence of their character)—is it an apology for passages in those Letters which have nothing to do with *General Conway*, and might as well have been written to *me*?

What you say of the *other* Letters in that Fifth Volume will, I suppose, be urged as your plea for copying the *whole* of *these* — namely, "that such *manuscripts* give us a knowledge of the Writer's Contemporaries."

But is that knowledge *interesting*? is it *charitable*? is it *just*? That it is neither, you give as your own judgment; for you have wrapped most of them in the veil of *initials*, though a hint is given that *you* had a key to them all.

In your *Preface* to the Letters of *Madame Du Deffand* (which are more immediately before us) I wish to develope, if I can, your object; I wish to find it worthy of respect if I could, or at least in *your* conception of it. I will guard myself against

all involuntary interpretation of it, for I will give it in words of your own, that it may speak for itself.

You have protested, with delicacy and with prudence, against the odium of being associated *in the opinions or principles of the Author.*

You tell us, that *Madame Du Deffand,* in your hands, and forwarded into ours, "*will augment our insight into the human heart, and will add some little to the mass of human knowledge.*"

I really, Madam, cannot with a serious countenance (and I am no jester) observe upon the last branch of this paragraph, because it would recommend "*the Lives of Highwaymen,*" or "*of Prostitutes.*"

But as to *insight into the heart,* how does this contemptible Voluptuary increase it? *Her* topicks unravel no delicacy of sentiment, or principles of nature. They are the idlest of all fooleries—giddy, undisciplined, or depraved; and recommended by nothing but the fatal charm of mercurial wit, the fascinating powers of unprincipled eloquence, and the polished graces of style.

Let us even suppose that you were *authorized by the Earl,* I would ask in the next place, and I would ask you, whether such an authority, implied or expressed, was imperative enough to overcome the conviction of your own judgment, that a publication like this would be injurious to *his* character, and (which is of more consequence) would be, as it is, an insult upon every moral feeling of the heart?

I will not ask *you*, Madam, whether a Bookseller's price *could* be a feather in your scale; — but I *will* ask, what motives, built in love to your accomplished Friend, or in a due respect for your own delicacy of character, could induce you to be *the Editor* of such a Correspondence?

I must with equal force apply these questions to the *Fifth Volume* of your Friend's *English Works*, in which are contained his private Letters to his Friends, recovered at their death.

Indeed, that *Fifth Volume*, and the *Four* which you have recently published, throw such light upon each other, and upon him, that I cannot separate them in the portrait of their combined features and effect.

In avidity for Letters not leveled, in their destined aim, at the public eye, indolent Readers, or self-indulgent Triflers, are so importunate, that it may be called the *rage* of the times. Amusement like this gratifies curiosity; and is cherished, I am afraid, by worse motives, in a love to *satire*, which is too prevalent.

It has also, I admit, been calculated by others of a more philosophical cast, that such Letters illustrate History, or at least that of the human character, by catching it off his guard, and in *deshabille*.

But, if an ignorant woman like me, of common sense, and of some experience in the world, can presume to judge, no estimate was ever so fallacious.

There is not a human creature, male or female, who can sustain the *fiery ordeal* of character, placed

upon the testimony of Letters to their Friends, or from those Friends to *them*.

It is impossible to judge fairly of the sentiments, or of the assertions, in those flying sheets, unless the Reader could know all the bearings of situation at the moment of setting the pen to its vehicle before its journey has commenced. The Writer's style too often depends on the known character of the Friend addressed.

Letters are often, like the courtesies of polished life, deceptions, of convenience, prejudice, or amusement. They are, at the best, nothing like the sober discussions of truth, or the deliberate portraits of character.

But they can do infinite mischief, by circulating, under the mask of genius and wit, principles of the worst kind, which are dropped in a kind of sport, and are, in the words of *Pope*,

"*Those air-drawn daggers by which thousands bleed.*"

They can implicate the characters of those who are accused behind their backs; and throw upon them, either a weight of odium, or the poisoned shirt of ridicule, to the end of their lives.

It is my unaffected complaint, that, in the two publications to which I advert, the late *Earl of Orford's* memory is compromised; for I am sure that *you* must think it, with me, a dishonour to him, if he should be detected, not only as a disbeliever in Revealed Religion, but as a banterer of its history, and of its precepts. You *must* think it a dishonour to *him*, if he has cultivated the society of

persons, amongst his Friends, who have sacrificed all principles of delicacy and virtue. *You* would not think it would be an amiable trait of his character in social intercourse, to have satirized, as he has done, those of both sexes who fell in his way, and with such flippancy of ridicule, whether in this Island or in *France*, which had received him with open arms.

If he intended, by this publication, to confer ignominy upon his Friend in the *Convent of St. Joseph* — upon that Friend who almost changed her character in the *sincerity* of her enthusiasm for him (though it was imbecility of passion, more ludicrous than amiable)—was it *your* part, as representing *him*, to forward, and promote, so ungrateful a design? Could it be the act of *his* Friend, even to heighten the deformity of the portrait, by circumstances in the Heroine's life, as *you* have written it, which to every disciplined mind, at least in *our* sex, present a disgusting character? Was it the conduct of *his* Friend, after his death, to inflict upon him the ridicule, which you have described as the marked feature and prudery of his character to deprecate? Was it the part of his Companion (so distinguished from *some* of his other Associates by a moral character unsullied as yours) to be THE EDITOR of passages, which are so *indecent* that I should participate the indecorum by more than a distant allusion to them?

But in *this* first appeal I shall confine myself to *Irreligion*; which you have stamped in characters of shame upon your Friend, and upon his Female Correspondent, the Heroine of your last Work.

I am aware that, in your *Preface*, and in your historical portrait of *Madame Du Deffand*, you have reprobated the character of this Ideot (with all her fancy and wit) as deficient in the means of procuring solid happiness, for want of religious principles. But you and your Friend, between you, make her a delirious Atheist—or the God, whom "she *could not* love," a tyrant; for *you* have represented, most erroneously, that it was "*her wish to be devout;*" but that she *could not* attain it, and, as you tell us, "*for want of proper culture.*"

How those who reason as you have done upon other topicks could, with such a command of discernment, so miscalculate her true character, puzzles every conception of mine; it baffles all arithmetick, it eludes all conjecture.

That she ridiculed, and that she hated, the *modern Philosophers* (her passion, *Voltaire*, excepted) we know, and we know the cause of it. They were at *Paris* very much in the hands of *D'Alembert*, and of *Mademoiselle De L'Espinasse*, who was the *chere amie* of that popular Infidel. Those two personages had offended her; they had listed for a time under the petticoat banners of *her phalanx;* but they deserted their colours, and formed a mutinous corps of rebels.

But her letters to *Voltaire* (and we are to thank *you*, Madam, for a sight of them) have cleared up that mystery; and prove her *Atheist* enough to satisfy *him*, though with shades of difference between them.

By the way, it is with me a source of perfect astonishment, that you and *Lord Orford* could ever accredit this profligate woman, as having the virtue of *sincerity*. Falsehood never had a more accomplished Minister than she is proved in these very Letters. If I were to be asked, who was really her passion (of taste and prejudice)—I should say *Voltaire*, whom she depreciates and arraigns in her Letters to the *(English)* "*Abelard*"—the name she herself conferred upon him.

But is it your opinion, Madam, that you have counteracted the mischief to every sacred and moral interest, flowing like a pestilence from these *agrémens* of blasphemy, and from these graces of ridicule upon *all Religion* — by remarks of *your own* upon the efficacy of Christian faith? It is in the *picture* that *lies* the bane of these *colours*, and your *critique* upon it is no *sponge* upon *them*.

I shall now, Madam, lay before you an *élite* of extracts from both your publications, which are, in my old-fashioned view of them, offensively impious; and if you will, as you must, coincide in opinion with me in this character of them, I would ask why *those passages* at least were not suppressed.

I shall begin with *Madame Du Deffand*, as the Correspondent of your Friend; but I must previously remark, that in wounding *her* who was your Friend's *confidential Favourite* (if *passion* it must not be called) you inflict a wound upon *him*, unless you could prove that, as her *Tuteur*, he reprobated her flippancy upon sacred things, and that it was not

his fault if she was never "*acquainted with God,*" or "*at peace with him.*"

He was not averse to reproof upon *other* subjects; and you have heightened the ridicule which he deprecated, by exposing to the world his peevish tyrannies over the attachment which he thought and (from vanity) rejoiced that he had inspired. But I see not even a whisper of censure, not *a tap of his fan,* upon her contempt for the Religion of CHRIST, which both of them, in exterior observance, professed, and for *any* Religion at all; in which bold flight of *Parisian Philosophy,* to do him justice, he was left at a distance by *her,* though he was not only a *Deist,* but somewhat less of an Enthusiast for the *immortality of the soul* than *Cicero,* to whom no SAVIOUR had been revealed, whom "*no day-spring from on high had visited.*" He was most viciously fond of ridicule upon sacred images or principles.

I told you, Madam, that amongst my daughters one of them is married. You will not be surprized, after what you have seen of *la vieille cour* in my thoughts, if I add, that I have a serious claim to the title by which in jest, and signing herself grandchild at *seventy,* she addressed the *Duchess of Choiseul,*

"GRANDMOTHER."

LETTER II.

MADAM,

IN the following extracts I shall occasionally attempt a version of them into *English*, by the help of such habits in *French* as I possess, and without consulting my daughters, *for obvious reasons*, though infinitely more at home in the language, and better scholars in it than myself. If my version could be detected as inaccurate, so as to redeem any passage from the imputation of blame, which *old Grandmothers* like me should think its due, I shall in that extent receive pleasure from the detection.

Few admire eloquence, genius, wit, fancy, and graces of style, more than myself, as ornaments of the sex upon which you have conferred so much honour. I am not one of those rigid matrons who entertain or affect the opinion, "that *women* have nothing to do with Literature;" or the more uncharitable creed, that a *bel-esprit* is of course either too bold in manners, or too negligent of a religious character. Without calling the names of modern Luminaries in aid of my conviction that all the *talents* of *Madame Du Deffand may* inhabit a mind graced with feminine virtues, and raised above either *talents* or *virtues* themselves by a deep sense of Religion, I appeal to your Friend's passion, *Madame de Sévigné*. I confess, it has often astonished me, that a taste which felt the charm of *such* a character

could lend any of its enthusiasm to this *Infidel* "*Débauchee*," who had nothing to recommend her, but her wit, her fancy, and the beauty of her style,—in all which attractions "*Notre Dame de Sevri*" surpassed, at an immeasurable disproportion, his modern *Saint of St. Joseph's Convent;* but superadding to these a mind the most angelic that ever inhabited a female character.

The first Letter to Mr. *Walpole* which your *Edition* presents to the Reader, and when their friendship was *in its teens*, bears date the 19th of April 1766; and it was in the October of 1765 that he had himself described her thus to *General Conway*, —"*an old blind Debauchee of wit*, who was *the mistress* of the house (at which he had supped), and formerly *the mistress* of HENAULT, who was the *Pagod* of these parties."

Yet, in this Letter of April 1766 to Mr. *Walpole*, she addresses him somewhat amorously, under the veil, I suppose, of *her* age, and of his own:

"*St. Augustin* has said, 'You have only to LOVE, and then you may do whatever you LIKE TO DO.' It certainly is THE BEST THING HE EVER SAID!"

Here the word "AIMEZ" is parodied, and is degraded from THE LOVE TO GOD in a pious work into human attachments and passions like her own; and such as it is her wish to infuse into the colder friendship of her new idol and plaything, who is at first a desperate *prude*, but melts in her hands into a very tolerable proficient as a *coquette*.

In a Letter of May in the same year, her panegyrick upon her departed Friend and *Cicisbé*, the celebrated *Formont*, is, that he was "*goodness* INCARNATE." Here the term INCARNATE is diverted from its original and *sacred* import into a metaphor as gracing the portrait of a *human* character. It happens too, not a little whimsically, that FORMONT was a DEIST, if not an ATHEIST.

In the same Letter we have the following expostulation with her Creator: "Another topick of discussion!—I owe my best thanks to OMNIPOTENCE. I told you some time ago that I ACKNOWLEDGED his PROVIDENCE; but, if I loosened the reins like *Voltaire*, I should say THAT I HAVE REASON TO COMPLAIN OF HIM."

Here she adopts the sentiment of her Infidel Associate, though she *affects* to decline the *expression* that *would* have been used by *him*—but in the very act of using it.

Even upon *these* few passages I would ask if *they* mark "*a wish to be devout.*" The two first are impious parodies, and the last is an impious complaint against Providence for its tyranny to *her*.—But *these* are feathers to the sequel.

Upon the *9th of July* 1766 her metaphor disables me to attempt the version of it. Let *her* language tell its own tale. These infamies are out of their element (I hope) in *English*.

"Quand je suis prête à me laisser aller à vous dire quelques *douceurs*, je crois entendre ces paroles

du SEIGNEUR aux trois MARIES, à ce que je crois — 'NOLI ME TANGERE!'"

Here is a detestable and quaint parody of Scripture, comparing Mr. *Walpole* to our Saviour, and herself to these MARYS, graced with an *affected* misquotation of the passage. JESUS addressed those words after his resurrection to MARY MAGDALEN *alone*, and the word NOLI in the *Latin* (which is the familiar language of the Catholic Ritual) marks that *one* person *alone* is addressed.

Paltry as the banter is in that view of it, I am yet convinced that "MARIE," as being *her* name, was in her thoughts.

This, Madam, is not the only instance of comparison between JESUS CHRIST and her Correspondent. Her expression of *doubt* whether she is *correct*, as if she had no *means* to ascertain it, or *would not* use them, has a well-bred apathy in it, so *French*, that it must not be overlooked as a feature of the National character.

She adds the following pitiful attempts at wit, in the same tone of libertine impiety:—"I am a MASTER of the GOSPEL, more than I am of HORACE; I can't SAY MY HORACE — *comme chacun dit*:"— here transferring the book of the *New Testament* (in perfect ridicule) to the mystery of her Friend's portrait and character.

She follows up her blow into more of the same *foolborn jest*:—"I am *no* MASTER of HORACE; I am UNACQUAINTED with HORACE; I know that people are fond of him, and PUFF HIM; I do not say

they are in the wrong; but he is no ACQUAINTANCE OF MINE."

The obvious though insinuated import is, that she disclaims equally the knowledge of her SAVIOUR and her FRIEND.

Oct. 1, 1766.—"Un RAYON de LUMIERE m'a frappée à la manière de ST. PAUL. Il en fût renversé de son CHEVAL, et moi je le suis de mes CHIMERES."

I could here ask persons of *taste* not inferior to your own, if I could find them, whether it is not as forced and quaint a parallel as it is an impious one. My son, who is no despicable scholar, as they tell me, in the Poets of the *Augustan* age, whispers to me, that it reminds him of a passage in that viciously conceited Poet *Ovid*, who describes *Phaëton* as at once "hurled from his *life*, and from his *wheels!*"

But here again may I not ask what is the fair construction of these profane *metaphors?* Are they not proofs that she *goes out of her way* to pick up the weeds of this cheap and stupid ridicule upon the *New Testament?*

In the same Letter, after promising that in future she will adopt a *new style* with her Friend, and *less enamoured*, she has recourse to her favourite school of illustration; she finds no apter expression for it than to say, *voilà un nouveau* BAPTEME!

It appears that she looks at her *Bible* just enough to arraign it, with all the superficial and flimsy topicks of ridicule which its adversaries call into the field. In October of the same year, her Friend is reminded that all she tells him is from his own TEXT;

parody again! "It is true," she adds, "YOUR LETTERS are LIKE THE GOSPEL, which furnishes a TEXT for EVERY SECT."

This vile argument is caught from the *Sectaries* themselves, who *reason* (as *they* call it) from insulated passages, against the tenor and spirit of the context.

"But why," she afterwards interrogates him, "*why are we upon the earth? and why is there any old age?*—I HATE LIFE."

If he had answered, "It is the will of that God who is our Parent; the earth is our path to Eternity, and THE SOUL is to enjoy *perpetual youth*;"—she would have turned it into a *Vaudeville:* but he would not have dishonoured himself or *your* friendship (had he been then blessed with it) if he had so reasoned with her peevish complaints.

If I *could* suppose that so accomplished a *man of the world* had ever *dipped* in the venerable Prophets of *Holy Writ*, they would have prompted him with an irresistible answer to the *Convent of St. Joseph:* "*Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, what makest thou?*"

Speaking of *Montagne*, she commends him "for having NO SYSTEM or OPINION, but RESTING IN DOUBT;" a REPOSE by the way, (such as it is, and self-refuted by its own terms) that SHE never enjoyed.

In a subsequent Letter, dated Feb. 1767, she says of *Montagne*, "*that no idea* FIXED HIM; that he said, *What is it that I know?*" She adds, "*And what indeed is it that* ANY OF US KNOW?"

I am leading you, Madam, by *gentle* and slow degrees, to this Infidel's Religion—for Infidelity has a Religion of its own. We shall be very soon *quite at home in it.*

Let us peep at her vapours in the following May 1767; and, lest I should be accused of mistranslating her, let us go to the fountain-head:

" Je ne suis pas faite pour *ce monde ci.*

" JE NE SAIS PAS S'IL Y A UN AUTRE. EN CAS QUE CELUI-CI SOIT—TEL QU'IL PUISSE ETRE JE LE CRAINS.

* * * On craint la mort—et pourquoi la craint-on ? ce n'est pas seulement par l'INCERTITUDE de l'AVENIR; c'est par une grande repugnance qu'on a pour sa destruction.

* * * LE NE'ANT DONT JE FAIS GRAND CAS N'EST BON QUE PARCE QU'ON NE LE SENT PAS."

Upon the 6th of June 1767,—" Mon âme, TOUTE IMMORTELLE qu'elle est, est terriblement soumise à son ENVELOPPE; et j'aurois bien du PENCHANT à NE L'EN PAS DISTINGUER—*mais*—JE N'AI SUR CELA AUCUN SYSTEME."

Nothing in *Voltaire* is more impudent, or is more despicable. It is very like *his* manner; and, by the way, it would not be improper to observe, that, if there is a shade of difference between those two coquettes in blasphemy;—the PHILOSOPHER at *Ferney* is a FATALIST, as Mr. *Walpole* describes him (in one of his *English* Letters);—and this Lady (to adopt her own *cheap* receipt) has NO SYSTEM; in other words, NO FAITH of any kind:—my son tells me it was called PYRRHONISM. But she makes no

scruple to confess her PREDILECTION, or, in her own words, PENCHANT, for the indivisible union of *the soul* and of its *envéloppe;* which last, a *misled* and *prejudiced Christian* (but as eloquent as herself) has called "*the muddy* VESTURE *of decay.*" His name is WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

She is welcome to the idol she has formed, under the description of NE'ANT. It is not a very dignified homage, or a very interesting altar. But we cannot account for *taste.*

31 May 1767. "Oh! LES JUSTES doivent être plus heureux que les PECHEURS PENITENS."

This Oracle inverts (and it was adopted for that reason) what the SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD in *his* mercy to penitent sinners told the *Pharisees* and *Scribes,* who had murmured at *his* reception of the *wandering sheep*—and just before he uttered the affecting parable of the *Son* who was *lost* and was *found,* was *dead* and was *alive* again.

But what is to be said of the following passage, which *you* have thought it became you to lay before the world?

26 June, 1768. "VOUS ETES un ETRE INEFFABLE; VOUS *êtes* l'ETERNITE', ou le COMMENCEMENT; le VIDE, ou le plein; INCOMPREHENSIBLE de toute manière."

This playful stroke of blasphemy amused her so much, and struck her (I dare say) as being so clever, that she has *improved* upon it elsewhere.

In the following November—"Il n'y a rien de si INCOMPREHENSIBLE que VOUS—DIEU NE L'EST PAS DAVANTAGE—mais s'il n'est pas PLUS JUSTE, ce n'est pas la PEINE D'Y CROIRE."

In a farther account of the DEITY she represents the *election* by him of *Saints in Heaven* as an article of TASTE!

It is in the same Letter, 28th of June 1768, "Je ne suis plus étonnée qu'il y ait si peu d'ELUS; pour peu que DIEU soit plus DIFFICILE que MOI, il y en auroit point de tout."

Speaking of her aversions, the Encyclopedist-côterie, whose *Enfans gatés, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot*, and others, were as infidel as herself, she ridicules *them*, and Religion too, by saying, "Quelqu'un disoit d'eux, qu'ils poussoient l'ORGUEIL jusqu'à croire qu'ils avoient INVENTE' l'ATHEISME!"

It is clear from this passage that she considers it as *their Creed;* and ridicules them, not for the *sentiment*, but for the *false pride* of arrogating its *invention.*

It struck me the other day to look at the correspondence between Mr. *Walpole* and *Gray*. I had feared that even the latter, who accompanied Mr. *Walpole* to the Continent at an early period, *might* have been tainted by the *modern Philosophers*. But I was delightfully undeceived, when I read a passage in one of his best Letters to his Friend, published in your Fifth volume. It proves the impression which Mr. *Walpole* had made of this Atheist Creed in *his* report of it, and the disgust it created in the disciplined mind of his Correspondent.

I copy it here with pride and pleasure. Thus it is that genius and piety should be ever accompanied.

It is an answer to Mr. *Walpole*, a very few months before he became the admirer and the passion of this Petticoat Infidel. The Letter of Mr. *Walpole* is excellent; and it is not the less curious, from the light and cavalier manner in which he represents her. "*The old* LADY OF THE HOUSE, who, *by the way*, is BLIND, *was the Regent's mistress for a fortnight*, and is very agreeable, &c. &c.—The *Sçavans*, I beg their pardons, the PHILOSOPHERS, are insupportable, superficial, overbearing, and FANATIC (an admirable word!) they preach incessantly, and their AVOWED doctrine is ATHEISM. You would not believe how OPENLY. * * * *Voltaire* himself does not SATISFY THEM. One of their LADY-DEVOTES said of him, 'il est BIGOT, c'est un DEISTE.'"

We shall find, Madam, hereafter, under *your* wing, how unjust that Lady was to the FERNEY DEIST, when she pinched his Infidelity into such a tight shoe, and fettered the genius of it by that *ungenerous* comment.

Mr. *Gray's* answer is from *Cambridge;* and, though from a *College*, it has all the vivacity of Mr. *Walpole* (or *Voltaire* himself); but he cannot, it seems, *laugh* at ATHEISM. "I was much entertained (he tells him) with your account of OUR NEIGHBOURS. * * * Their ATHEISM is a little TOO MUCH, TOO SHOCKING, to REJOICE AT. I have been long SICK of it in their AUTHORS, and HATED them for it: [how manly and spirited, how noble is that *aversion!*] but I pity their poor innocent people of fashion; they were *bad enough, when they* BELIEVED

EVERY THING,"—an admirable stroke of a portrait satirically just.

As it may a little diversify the scene, I will close this Letter by an extract from your Friend's reply to Mr. *Gray*, in which he has drawn the portrait of his then dormant or infant passion, the *Deffand*. It bears date *Jan.* 25, 1766, and is, like all his works, delightful in its conversation-eloquence, and the liveliness of its colours; but it is very different from his portrait of the same personage in verse, printed in your Fourth Volume. It shall close my Letter, with a remark or two at the foot of it.

"*Madame du Deffand* was for a short time *mistress of the Regent*; is now very old, and stone-blind—but retains *all* her vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, PASSIONS, and amiableness. She goes to operas, plays, suppers, and *Versailles*; gives suppers twice a week; has every thing new read to her; makes new songs and epigrams—aye, admirably; and remembers every one that has been made these fourscore years. She corresponds with *Voltaire*; dictates charming Letters to him; contradicts him; is no bigot to him or any body, and laughs both at the CLERGY and the PHILOSOPHERS. In a dispute, into which she easily falls, she is very warm, and yet scarce ever in the wrong. HER JUDGMENT ON EVERY SUBJECT is as just as possible; ON EVERY POINT of conduct as WRONG AS POSSIBLE;—for she is ALL LOVE AND HATRED, *passionate for her friends to enthusiasm*, still ANXIOUS to be LOVED (I do not mean by Lovers), and a VEHEMENT ENEMY, but

openly. As she can have no amusement but conversation, the least solitude and *ennui* are insupportable to her, and put her into the power of several WORTHLESS people, who eat her suppers when they can eat nobody's of higher rank, wink to one another, and laugh at her;—hate her because she has forty times more parts, and venture to hate her because she is not rich."

Upon this portrait, worthy of Lord *Clarendon* for its life and force, an observation or two is irresistible. Let us for the moment assume its truth, which is a very useful part of a likeness in a portrait.

My first comment is, the perfect ease and fashionable *nonchalance* of considering her as the concubine of two successive protectors, without any imputation leveled at her character upon that account; though it is a curious fact, that her short intercourse, and the more degrading, with the Regent, must have taken place when she was very young; and her attachment, upon which you have thrown a veil of modern usage, to *Hénault*, commenced in 1736, when she was 34 years of age. But in 1732, it appears to me from *Voltaire*, that she cohabited (according to *Parisian* usage) with FORMONT. You have more than insinuated a *fourth* amour, not long after she married.

My second remark is upon his report from her PASSIONS—that she retained them ALL. One should from this infer that she was gallant, but he parries the ridicule of that supposition by his qualified sense of the *love* she courted. It is clear, however, that

she carried into her friendship (if it merits the name) all the follies, if not the vices of gallantry, if she made it amenable to the same PASSIONS, though with a different and less criminal object.

My third observation is, that Mr. *Walpole* must have been wonderfully misled by his pride in the conquest he had made, if he could really think her *passionate for her friends to enthusiasm.*

She loved not a human creature. — It appears from *your* publication that she has *arraigned,* or has *ridiculed,* every *one* of her most intimate Friends to Mr. *Walpole;* and I have no doubt that she has ridiculed *him* to some of her invisible Correspondents. But she tells him over and over again, and repeats at the very same time that humiliating remark to her passion, *Voltaire, that she has not one Friend.*

Her *passion for society,* as a guard and shelter against *ennui,* is most erroneously and superficially explained by *him,* as referable to her *want of sight.* But I *could* whisper to him another cause for it (and which you have developed in part so well) in her conscience, when reflecting upon a libertine life, and in her want of Religion — as the refuge of hope.

It will be marked in the sequel how *very* different a character Mr. *Walpole* has drawn her in *English* verse, at the expence of his credit for *discernment,* or of that *sincerity* which he and you admire as the ruling passion which discriminated *her.*

One more comment upon this portrait. — If her JUDGMENT was JUST upon EVERY SUBJECT, it was JUST upon the subject of RELIGION; for she made no

secret of it, and so far I accredit her *sincerity*. It is very observable, that although he describes her as laughing at the two parties (for so he describes them), the CLERGY and the PHILOSOPHERS, he gives not the faintest hint (though he *must* have *known* it) that she had thoroughly imbibed all the *tenets* of the latter, though she hated the *men*.

But you will soon, *Madam*, be tired of me, as well as ashamed of me, if I declare, in opposition to Mr. *Walpole* himself, that *his* portrait of his flame, as delineated with such graceful touches of gallant prepossession by him, would have determined me against all intercourse with her; such is the antiquated style of taste which is inseparable from the habits and principles of

AN OLD GRANDMOTHER.

LETTER III.

MADAM,

This Petticoat Infidel satirizes Madame *de Grammont*, with a reference to the Duchesse *de Choiseul*, her brother's wife. Dreadfully as it sounds (I hope) to *English* ears, and reads to *their* eyes — the former was not only the sister, but was the *favourite sultana* of the husband.—What a pestilence we inhale in the air of *Paris!*

Of the former she says, that "she has an ascendant upon all that surrounds him, and that her place

in PARADISE will be at the head of the DOMINIONS; that as to *la grand-maman* (the Duchess of *Choiseul)* we shall find *her* at the head of the Virtues.—I suppose that you know the Hierarchy of the Angels. If you are not acquainted with it, learn it, if you would understand me; but I do not advise it, for it is not an object worth your while.

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* * * "I leave all the doors of my soul open, to let in *pleasure;* but it is an apartment of which DESTINY OR CHANCE has not left me THE KEY."

DESTINY OR CHANCE are, it seems, *her* Deities! I give her joy of the Temple.

Of human life, and of its best use, her picture is hit off in the following sketch. "A long time ago I felt that, to support the misfortune of a birth, one should apportion the twenty-four hours in giving twenty-two of them to sleep, and two for eating. It is much the same distribution of them as that which animals adopt." With all her affectation of contempt for these two hours, I suspect that *she* was in the habit of enjoying them a little more, and of adding to their *dimensions;* for your Friend Lord *Orford* has himself called her a DEBAUCHEE; and it is well known that *she* was an *epicure,* as well as her veteran gallant *Hénault.* But how disgusting is brutality of sentiment like this, adopted as an article of taste and preference!

As to Reason (that ray of the Divinity) *her conceptions* of it are those of a disappointed sensualist in the Fifth Act of a Libertine's Play.—Feeling no resource when the passions are fading, she turns the odium of the desert in her own depraved mind into a charge against *Reason!*

"What good has this Reason done to us? She extinguishes, or she mortifies, all the NATURAL sentiments (a softened expression for SENSUAL APPETITE); and she puts in their place ideas which are foreign to us, which never truly insinuate themselves into the soul, which make us declare that we are happy." She concludes with a determination to be *natural*; that is to say, "Come, come, and see me, dear Friend; chuse the best weather, the moment of your best health;" very *natural* expressions of *love* between a girl of 17 and a youth of 20.—She was then 74, and her *Passion*, for such he was (of its kind) was more than half a century old.

If compassion *could* be reconciled with contempt, one should pity this *decayed Sensualist*, faintly reanimated by the honours done to her *wit*, and by the self-indulging whim of her new attachment; but who is to *depend*, wretched Infidel, upon her *Swain alone*, if it were true, as a resource against ENNUI, her desperate foe. "*Il n'y a plus qu'un point important pour moi, c'est de m'ennuyer le moins qu'il sera possible!—le pire de tous les etats c'est* INDIFFERENCE; (and she said well—but what is to remove it?)—"*vous seul pouvez m'en garantir.*"

Her Correspondent had, with real or affected *prudery*, parried the vehemence of this impulse to *him*. — But she declares that what *he* reprobates can alone interest *her*. "Il m'est *impossible* de ne pas être intimement persuadé que TOUT est VENT ET NEANT dans ce monde *excepté le sentiment* DE L'AME, pour lequel vous *avez tant d'horreur*, et pour lequel VOUS ETES SI PROPRE."—What it is, in her next Letter she puts into *Italian*. "Il faut que je me tienne à quatre pour ne pas dire en bon *François* ce que je pense; je vous le dirai donc en *Italien*, un *t*, un *i*, un *a*, un *m*, et un *o*."

In a subsequent Letter she determines to be DEVOUT; AS A CHANGE OF OCCUPATION! It is curious to read her proposal, and the ridicule she herself throws upon it. Was it *such* a *wish* that you and Mr. *Walpole* commend?—"Ce que je voudrois ce seroit d'être DEVOTE—d'avoir de la FOI—non pas pour TRANSPORTER DES MONTAGNES, ni POUR PASSER LES MERS A PIED SEC; mais pour aller de mon tonneau à ma TRIBUNE, et REMPLIR mes JOURNE'ES de PRATIQUES, qui par UN NOUVEAU tour d'imagination vaudroient pour LE MOINS autant que mes occupations présentes — — — — — J'aurois un OBJET A QUI j'offrirois toutes mes peines, et A QUI je ferois le SACRIFICE de tous mes DE'SIRS."

In other words, I should like to know THE DEITY, and make HIM the depositary of my complaints.—But she adds, with a BADINAGE that makes a jest

of the whole project, "VOILA DES CHATEAUX EN ESPAGNE, que je fais dans mes insomnies!"

Amongst her brochures for your Friend's amusement she sends him a banter upon the Jesuits—it fills *a page of your* Book, and is too shocking to be here copied—more than to say that it has *parodied* the *Passion of* CHRIST, and has applied it with stupid blasphemy to the *Jesuits* and *their* General.

One is piqued that the *Abbé de Lisle* should lend the *agrémens* of his poetical vein to a conceit like that of presenting to Madame *de Luxembourg* (one of the accredited Libertines)—at the supper of Madame *du Deffand*—a lock of hair in gold—as that of *Mary Magdalen*, the Patron Saint of Madame *de Luxembourg*, cut off in part—"*pour plaire à Dieu*—and which having been *du tendre amour la chaine*—were changed into *les nœuds d'amitié.*"—Is a *galanterie* like this *very* congenial to the ingenuous principle of devotion, which had the desire, though unavailing, to reach that blessing?

Voltaire had circulated *the white Bull*—she ridicules it as OBSCURE—but what are the words that follow? They are of infinite moment as professions of her faith: "Tout le projet qu'on peut lui supposer c'est de DEMONTRER que la BIBLE et la FABLE ont une PARFAITE CONFORMITE'.—BELLE DECOUVERTE!" —Need I ask what is meant by those two words?—Do they not assert the Bible to be *fabulous*—and the *demonstration* that it is a *fable*, to be *no discovery*?

It would be good *English* of these words to say, "it requires no Ghost of *Denmark* to let us into that secret."

In a former quotation she ridicules the Encyclopedist, as arrogating the INVENTION of ATHEISM, "which is an OLD STORY in *her* conception of it;" and here she applies the same ridicule to the fabulous character of the Gospel!—Surely, Madam, unqualified indignation must be awakened by passages like these.

Upon the first of January 1774, having paid her *Céladon* the compliments of the day, she relates with enthusiasm the heroism of two soldiers, who had killed themselves together by a concerted project, and in very cold blood, *upon Christmas-day*, both of them having written their wills, and left them upon the table on which they had been drinking together.—Instead of *horror* at the guilt, or compassion for the lunatic phrenzy of those two wretches, her style is that of *praise* on the *eloquence* of this *practical Atheism:* "Elle est mille fois plus éloquente que tous les écrits de *Voltaire*, et de tous M. M. les ATHE'ES ..... Je trouve leur COURAGE supérieur à celui de Caton, et je n'admire plus autant que je faisois LA MORT D'OTON."

I am still, Madam, in your second volume, and I cannot better close it than by the extract from it in page 611. It will mark her wish to be *devout!* Her age was then within three years of 80.—She

talks of several compositions which give her no pleasure, and makes this comment upon *La Harpe*: "On juge à la froideur et à la roideur de son style, qu'il n'a pas la delicatesse de *gout* et de *sentiment* qu'il faut pour sentir *la naïveté*, la *grace*, *l'agrément*, et pour ainsi dire le *moelleux*, ou plutot la *souplesse* de l'*esprit* et du style DE LA FONTAINE!" whose *éloge he* had written, and which *éloge* is the work in question—so that, without marking here whether his Tales which are indecent, as well as the Fables which are not, are equally the subjects of *her éloge*, or excluded from it, she is here evidently pointing her attention at the charm of STYLE in that Poet.

"Dites moi donc ce qu'il faut que je lise; JE VAIS ESSAYER DU NOUVEAU TESTAMENT."—Let me ask you, Madam, if Lord *Orford* himself had said one day to *you*—"Miss *B.* what must I read?—There is NOTHING which has any TASTE in it.—I will TRY THE NEW TESTAMENT."—Would YOU have smiled?—I go further—would not you have resented this insult upon you as a visitor and guest; protected by the delicacies of your sex, by the virtue of your life, and by your habits of reading as well as believing Scripture?

Why then are *we* to be insulted and wounded by such liberties with *us*? and the rather, why are they obtruded upon *us*, when they could so easily have been suppressed, and would have left Madame *du Deffand* in possession of all her merited fame, for

the charm of her style, and the wit of her *bons mots*, which in their way are a feast, I can assure you, to

AN OLD GRANDMOTHER.

LETTER IV.

MADAM,

The remainder of your second volume, though fertile in occasions for critique, as a link in the chain of correspondence with Mr. *Walpole*, promises to be compressed into this one Letter of mine—though, even for the purpose of giving it that extent, I shall deviate, in hopes to soften the *ennui* arising from a catalogue of impieties, which begin to acquire a monotony in their deformities. Much of this volume applies to *Voltaire;* but I will not *here* anticipate my comparison between the *Voltaire* of the Letters to Mr. *Walpole*, and the *Voltaire* of the Letters to that personage himself. Much of the same volume serves to unmask the perfidy of the Heroine's character, and the death's blow to Mr. *Walpole's* portrait of her as *a passionate enthusiast for her Friends*. Much of it will detect her as having a weak and capricious judgment upon subjects in which *Religion* had no share. Much of it will determine her genuine character to be that of a peevish and bitter misanthropist.

I have observed that none of her most intimate Friends at *Paris* have escaped from her caustic satire upon them, under the seal of confidence to Mr.

Walpole, that confidence which you have invaded, and which he assigned into your hands, with a gracious but a miscalculated reliance upon the delicacy of your prudence. That *principle* has never, I am sure, deserted your mind; but the *implement* of it has by some hazard of the moment been dropped out of your hands. Forgive me, if I say that you have not shewn the discretion which he anticipated.

Amongst a thousand marks of her disingenuity, and of her spleen against those with whom she lived—I would recommend you to her portrait of the celebrated *Bartelemy*, who attached himself to the Duchesse *de Choiseul*, and of whom in general she gives a high character. If I knew the *interior* of her life, I am sure, from what I see of the *surface*, that I could always find a key to her praise or censure in the degree of homage (to her) paid or withheld; and this indeed one of the (irreconcileable) portraits drawn by Mr. *Walpole*, as giving the likeness of her daily habits.—What *galanterie* this Abbé had omitted, when she wrote upon the 15th of January 1770, I have no conjecture; but she gives this character of him: "*Je pense qu'il est Provençal un peu jaloux—un peu valet—et peut-être un peu amoureux.*"

3 March 1770, she accuses him of "*platitude* et de *fausseté.*" Of this ingenious Author not only herself but Mr. *Walpole* is enamoured; and he appears to be almost his only *Parisian* favourite.

But what are this Lady's thoughts of him? Be so good as to ask her, the 26th of March 1771; and she will tell you, that he has interested her very

much; that he is capable D'UNE VERITABLE AMITIE'.

22d May 1772. "*L'Abbé est charmant.*"

When I ask what she thought of him Feb. 17, 1773, she tells me of his Letters that she finds them "gaies et naturelles;" and that "s'il n'y dit pas tout, il le laisse déviner."

Oct. 30, 1773. "Cet Abbé est un trésor. Il n'y a pas de sorte d'esprit qu'il n'ait—lui seul supplée et remplace parfaitement toutes les différentes compagnies—on n'en regrette aucune."

In December 1776, he is ridiculed for giving himself the air to love Mr. *Walpole;* and for thinking from her that he is, what he really was, a favourite.

In the very same Letter she tells Mr. *Walpole*, "*Ce soir* j'aurai chez moi les BELLISSIMA, les GROSSISSIMA, les BE'TISSIMA, et tous les ENNUYEUSISSIMA." Who were all these? Her bosom friends, and of whom, *when she is pleased with them*, she gives different impressions; in other words, either at the impulse of caprice, or in fits of momentary and fugitive gratitude for their attentions to her.

This too is the very character which Mr. *Walpole* gives her to herself.

And you, Madam, who tell us every thing, have told this at the fountain-head in one of your notes. It is one of many curious proofs that he conceived himself privileged as her *male chaperon* to keep her in *very good order*. A character less amiable than he has delineated, it is not easy to imagine:

"Vous mésurez l'amitié, la probité, l'esprit, enfin tout, sur le plus ou le moins d'hommages qu'on vous rend; voilà ce qui détermine vos suffrages et vos jugemens, qui varient d'un ordinaire à l'autre: defaites vous, ou au moins faites semblant de vous défaire, de cette *toise* personelle; et croyez qu'on peut avoir un bon cœur sans être toujours dans vôtre cabinet. Je vous l'ai souvent dit, vous êtes exigeante au-delà de toute croyance; vous voudriez qu'on n'existât que pour vous—vous empoisonnez vos jours par des soupçons et des défiances; et vous rébutez vos amis en leur faisant eprouver l'impossibilité de vous contenter."

Upon the 9th of January 1771, she tells Mr. *Walpole* that he is the *only person she loves*; upon the 10*th*, he *alone* can protect her against *indifference*.

16th of February 1771, she resumes the banter upon *St. Augustine*, and complains that Mr. *Walpole* refutes him. *He* says, "Love, and you may do as you please; but I can do nothing *qui ne vous déplaise*."

15th November 1771. "On ne peut compter sur la bienveillance de personne. Il n'y a que la verité qui me plaise, et je ne la trouve veritablement qu'en vous."

27 February 1772. "Je vous le jure, excepté vos lettres (dont le style me plait independamment de la main), TOUT m'ennuie."

In a fit of pique, softened by amorous tenderness and passion for the tyrant, she combines her love to him with her obstinate prepossession for the luxury of ridicule upon her Saviour and Judge.

Could she wish to be really devout, when she

wrote the following words? They are *intraductibles.* "A tout péché misericorde: pardonnez moi, mon ami; suivez l'exemple du Seigneur avec la Madeleine—dîtes comme lui, *beaucoup de péchés lui sont rémis parce qu'elle a—ah, je n'achève*—je gâterois mes affaires au lieu de les raccommoder."

Is it possible, Madam, that, with Mr. *Walpole's* dread of ridicule, you could have published her letter of July the 8th, 1772, in which is enclosed his reproof to her in a letter she has returned! She, however, quotes passages of it, and the following is one of them:—"Je ne veux (dîtes-vous encore) que faire des esclaves; je n'aime que moi; et comme aussi *vous n'aimez* que *vous*, nous ne pouvons jamais nous accorder."

These are very singular *amourettes*, and surpass my conception.

13th of November, the same year, 1772, she has no friend but *Pontdeveyle*, "*qui les trois quarts d'heure m'impatiente.*"

22d of November 1773. "Je ne parle jamais de vous—j'y pense le moins que je peux—enfin, hors l'INDIFFERENCE, où vous ne m'avez point encore amenée, je me conforme à TOUTES vos volontés."

17th April 1774. "Je déteste le monde au point que si je croyois pouvoir trouver deux ou trois personnes dans un convent quelconque qui eussent le sens commun, je m'y réfugierois."

Oct. 28, 1774. "Vous êtes LE SEUL ami que j'ai, LE SEUL que j'aime, LE SEUL que j'estime, LE SEUL sur qui je compte."

What is here but misanthropy, and blind passion for a cold prude of a gallant, who tyrannizes over the homage, and plays with it as a cat plays with a mouse?

That she suspected all the world, she has told us herself; that is, by your help, Madam; for she has told it Mr. *Walpole*, and you have opened the key to the pigeon-hole: it is page 111 of your second volume. But, though *jealousy* never existed if it was not in *her*, yet in her portrait of herself she denies that it made any part of her character. In the same portrait, 1774, she affirms that JUSTICE and TRUTH are virtues that are parts of her *nature*, and upon which she sets the highest value. In 1778 her aversion to falsehood is made the most prominent feature of the portrait: she is described as "having a generous, a tender, and a compassionate heart; her *sincerity* makes her *imprudent*; she has *no malice* or *jealousy*, or any of the mean principles which give birth to it." We must recollect, however, that both of these portraits are drawn *by herself*. But of her vindictive spleen against those who had offended her, and of her implacable aversion to them, *Mademoiselle de Lespinasse* furnishes a decisive and a disgusting proof. They had quarrelled, and your account of their disagreement appears to be very candid. It gives a measuring cast of blame between them; but you have produced a most glaring contrast between them *after* they had parted. The letter of *Mademoiselle de Lespinasse* is respectful and amiable; that of her Queen imperious

and bitter. I have nothing to do with any subsequent parts of the conduct pursued by the former; but I touch upon the subject of the dispute, for the purpose of marking what a root of *malignity* it made and left in the mind of your Friend's Heroine. It appears in page 598 of your second volume.

In September 1774, she consults Mr. *Walpole* upon the measure of propitiating the Philosophers (who were the supposed friends of *Turgot* the new Minister) through *Mademoiselle de Lespinasse.*

He reads her (as I did) *en sérieux.* But upon the 12th of the following month she is in a rage with him for his want of discernment, and has these words: "Je ne saurois comprendre comment vous n'avez pas vu que c'étoit une plaisanterie. *Je ne voudrois pas lui devoir,* DE ME SAUVER DE L'ECHAFFAUD." What! "*No pride, no jealousy, no malignity* in *her* character?" *Where* then do they exist? When she dies, mark her cold-blooded epitaph—"*c'auroit été pour moi autrefois un evenement; aujourdhui ce n'est rien du tout.*" She afterwards ridicules her will, a cheap and favourite subject of gossiping impertinence! In December 1776, she receives a letter from *Madame de Boufflers*—"très-bien écrite, et très-touchante. Je m'en laissois attendrir, mais je me suis rappelé sa conduite avec feu la demoiselle, et mon cœur est fermé."

But I hasten to an evidence of her duplicity and caprice, too memorable to escape from even a superficial view of them in this volume, the second. It is upon the subject of *Madame de Mirepoix,* whose

character, with her name at length, as given by Mr. *Walpole* in letters of confidence, you had brought into light in your fifth volume of his *English* Works, and have republished in one of your notes upon the Letters of *his* friend the *Parisian* Butterfly, who lived in habits of peculiar intimacy with her. The character, being a satire, should not have been published at all, as given by him; for, though she has been dead several years, persons descended from her may exist, or those who are connected with her in affinity. But let us draw her portrait, as given by *Madame du Deffand* at three several periods, marked in the second volume—always remembering *the almost infallible accuracy of her judgment* as accredited by Mr. *Walpole*, and her *sincerity* as the most prominent feature in every portrait of her character—including yours.

7th of March 1770.—*Madame de Mirepoix* appears in the most amiable view. *Madame du Barri*, who was just come into favour, hated the *Duc de Choiseul*; *Madame de Mirepoix* had quarreled with him, and they were daggers drawn in two opposite cabals. *Madame de Mirepoix* courted the Favourite, who in return protected her. One day *Madame du Barri* said to *Madame de Mirepoix*, in hopes to pay her a compliment, "Comprénez vous qu'on puisse autant haïr *Monsieur de Choiseul* ne le connoissant pas?"—"I understand it much better (she answered) than if you did know him." Having reported this generous and graceful turn, *Madame du Deffand* has these words, and they look the best in

her own elegant style; "C'est bien dommage que le CŒUR et le caractère de cette femme ne répondent pas à son esprit et à ses graces. Elle est sans contredit la plus aimable de toutes les femmes qu'on rencontre; je lui trouve beaucoup plus d'esprit que les *oiseaux;* et ces oiseaux valent pour le moral encore *moins qu'elle.*" These *birds* are *Madame de Boufflers* and *Madame de Luxembourg*, both of them satirized by Mr. *Walpole*, and both of them intimate with *Madame du Deffand.*

Upon the 26th of March 1771, we have another and a very different portrait of *Madame de Mirepoix* by the same hand. She relates another trait of her, much to her honour. She is in high favour at Court in the new *régime* of the *du Barri* faction. Her Brother, the *Prince de Beauvau*, being in disgrace, we are told that she determines to exert all her influence as her Brother's champion, and, if it fails, to leave the Court. *Madame de Boufflers* adds this *new* portrait of her, "*ses sentimens sont nobles, tendres, et généreux.*"

In February the same year, "Une grande dame, une très bonne conduite, beaucoup d'esprit, beaucoup d'agrément"—are given to her; but the portrait sinks into "*l'esclave d'une infame.*"

23d of September in the same year, 1771, she doubts her sincerity; and she insinuates that she hates the wife, her sister-in-law, more than she loves her brother, *Monsieur de Beauvau.* She then gives a portrait of herself, as a dissembling and perfidious friend between the two. Let us read her

own words: "Je marche sur des œufs entre ces deux partis; et ne voulant m'attirer l'inimitié d'aucun, je n'ai l'amitié véritable ni de l'un ni de l'autre. Tous les deux me parlent très-librement et sans défiance;"—but mark how her caustic ill-nature satirizes that very confidence in her!—"mais c'est par le besoin, et le plaisir qu'ils ont à répandre leur fiel.

"Toute la part que j'y prends, c'est *d'observer le cœur humain!* Je n'en connois qu'un (meaning the *Orlando* of *Twickenham)* dont je puisse penser du bien."

We have more characters of *Madame de Mirepoix* at hand. 7 Jan. 1772. "One picks up nothing from the *Maréchale de Mirepoix*, parce qu'en effet elle n'est au fait de rien; elle n'a aucun crédit; on la satisfait avec de l'argent, pour lequel elle a une grande avidité, non pour arranger ses affaires, mais pour le dissiper en *niaiseries*." Many other portraits of her could be found irreconcilable to either of these.

It would have a ludicrous effect if an Index were given to the names of the heroine's friends, with her *windmill* characters of them annexed.

But I cannot help taking notice here (though I have left her *impiety* so long) of a little circumstance in her *morality*, which Mr. *Walpole* seems to have taken in good part, for no censure of it appears. I will state the fact, and will then make a short comment upon it. The fact is betrayed by herself; and, if this may be called *frankness*, I give her credit for it. But for such frankness there is another name.

Alarmed at the fear of losing her pension, and wishing, under the wing of *Choiseul*, her Friend as well as Patron, to make it (or an equivalent income)

secure, she is called upon by him to give in the account of her income, as a guide for him. — It must not here be overlooked that he had rescued her from the loss of £.125 a year, part of this pension which had been menaced by the Comptroller-General; nor must it be forgot that, in describing his goodness to her, and her gratitude, she arraigns him with her accustomed perfidy and malevolence of heart. She calls him *léger*, and she insinuates that he will *forget* his promise to help her. "But, if he *should* call upon me, shall I give him the inclosed account?" is her question to her Confessor in *England!* She adds these words (*Kitty Fisher* would have disdained them): *Le détail* de mon revenu *n'est pas fidèle;* j'ai cru pouvoir, *sans blesser la bonne foi,* supprimer cinq ou six mille livres de rente *qui* SONT IGNORE'ES, et qui font que j'ai aujourd'hui trente-cinq mille livres de rente. [£.1,700 a year!]"

"Si vous pensez que cela ne soit pas bien, dîtes-le moi; j'en ai bien un peu de scrupule, mais lisez la fable *de la Motte*, intitulée *la Pie*."

Had such a letter, Madam, addressed itself to that high sense of honour which you possess, I do not ask if you would give a sanction to this project; but I go much further, and I ask if you would not have dropped the intercourse with such morality — though you were told by the Moralist, as Mr. *Walpole* is told, that in the seven days one alone makes her happy (meaning the day on which his letters arrive); and that she has no chagrin at the approach of Death, not being able to make him the companion

of her life. I agree with you in opinion that Mr. *Walpole's* offer to reinstate the difference was handsome and benevolent.

But I hasten, and it shall close this Letter, to a curious trait of her caprice.

Madame Forcalquier is the *Bellissima* above-mentioned. She is the heroine of Mr. *Walpole's* poetical gallantry in January 1766, the honey-moon year of his *Deffand* nuptials. With some abatements of ridicule, she appears to have been the favourite and confidante of his Friend, who commends her sensibility, though she laughs at her as a *bel esprit manqué*, and as a beauty.

May 1766, we have this account of her.—Having described a company of sixteen at one of her *petits soupers*, "*Madame de Forcalquier* (she tells him) étoit assurément celle que j'aime; j'en suis assez contente. Elle a cependant quelques fois des airs à la *Walpole;* mais je les lui passe en faveur *de quelque autre ressemblance que je lui soupçonne.*"—A higher compliment she could not pay.

On the 1st of October she distinguishes her and *Madame de Jonsac (Hénault's* niece) from her *coterie*, as persons to whom she can impart her love to him, as they both of them love him too, and without being jealous.

On the 12th of October she is the subject of a bitter contrast. Mr. *Walpole* had scolded his friend for being so enamoured. She promises to be more upon her guard; and says, with her accustomed wit, "*soyons amis—sans amitié,*" which problem she

compares to that of *the Trinity!*—She tells him, *Madame de Forcalquier* makes-believe to be of his mind. But she acts the part of being what she is; he of that which he would be if he could, but is not;—that is, *ami sans amitié*, as I interpret the passage.

20th of October. *Madame de Forcalquier dédaignoit tout*, at one of her parties.

Feb. 3, 1767. The *Prince of Conti*, and the *coterie* in his train, had flattered her; and *Madame du Deffand* is afraid they will seduce her away to *them*. She compares her prudence to the cheese in the fable, dropped by the singing crow. She then tells her friend that "she must go to the *St. James's Coffee-house*, and get another friend." This alludes to an admirable story, told her by Mr. *Walpole*, of a gentleman who condoled with another upon the loss of his friend. "For my part," said he, "when I lose a friend, I go to the *St. James's Coffee-house*, and pick up another."

May 1767, she describes her as grown a favourite of the *Rochfords*.

May 22, 1768, she draws in part her own portrait, accompanied by that of her bosom friends. It shall speak for itself, and this *passionate enthusiast for her friends* will tell us what these prepossessions meant.—"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! qu'il y a peu de gens *supportables!* mais de gens qui *plaisent* il n'y en a point. Plus ma *prudence* augmente, plus j'observe; car moins on parle, plus on réfléchit."—(By the way, nothing was ever more false. Mr. *Wal-*

pole describes her as the reverse of *prudent*; and the charm of her society was, that she was its Heroine, as being the most eloquent of the set.)

"Je trouve tout le monde DETESTABLE." She then brings forward, as victims of ridicule, four ladies who were intimately connected with her, and formed the circle of her almost inseparable friends. With *Madame de Forcalquier* she begins, "celle-ci est *honnête personne*—(this reluctant *éloge* must not be forgot); —mais elle est *bête, entortillée, obscure, pleine de galimatias* qu'elle prend pour des *pensées.*"

This character in *our* sex, Madam, appears to me not uncommon upon *our* side of the Channel —at least, I often meet with it, and it never offends me; but is half buried in the other description, when they are united, of *l'honnête femme.*

We discover, Jan. 1769, that *Madame de Forcalquier* sided with *d'Aiguillon* against the *Duc de Choiseul;* yet such is her intimacy with *Madame du Deffand*, that Lord *C*——, inviting those ladies whom she is to name, finds *Madame de Forcalquier* in the list.

June 1769, is a very curious passage, and gives her own portrait again.

"Allez, allez, il n'y a que les PASSIONS qui fassent *penser*—vous jugerez par cette lettre que je n'en ai point, parce qu'assurément elle est aussi *bête* que celles de *la Bellissima (Madame de Forcalquier).*"

If *this* was the *bétise* of her friend, it appears to me so like an amiable trait in a feminine character,

that I wish to my heart we had more of it in our sex, even accompanied by a little affectation.

The next one hears of her is a very marked feature of an amiable character. She absolutely makes love to *Madame du Deffand*, though she is herself a partizan for the enemies of the *Duc de Choiseul*, who were become triumphant under the auspices of *Du Barri*.—For this delicacy in her friendship she is only paid with ridicule: "Les empressemens de la *Bellissima* ont la fièvre continue avec des redoublemens." She encloses two little *jeux d'esprit* full of gallantry to her, and as good as most of her own.

Nov. 1767, she describes her as paying her a familiar visit — from three to six o'clock. *Mademoiselle Janadon*, a lady who was *companion* of *Madame du Deffand*, and whom she always ridicules to her friend as the essence of dullness, though amiable and good, was of the party; she describes the scene as a desert, nothing but the dust and the sand. Even this, without a single tree, plant, or blade of grass, was in her mind preferable to solitude.

In the same Letter she tells him of an Epigram she had made upon this friend. Here it is:

"Bellissima,
Vous êtes la dixième Muse.
Doctissima,
Vos écrits sont sublimissima.
A vous louer qui se refuse
Ne sauroit etre qu'une buse
Bétissima."

Jan. 1770, is the passage formerly cited of the *Bellissima*, the *Betissima*, *the Grossissima*, &c. The last word points at the Dowager *d'Aiguillon*; the first at *Madame de Forcalquier*.

She tells him in the same Letter that Lord *Stormond* is *the courtisan assidu* of these two personages; and that, having supped with *her*, he has left *Paris* without calling upon her! This rudeness to *her* will be a feather in *their* cap.

But now for the fifth act of this bosom friendship. It would be tedious to go into the detail of a scene between these two personages, "la Bellissima and *L'amour proprissima*," as one may call *Madame du Deffand*. She went out of her way to sup with *Hénault*, because *Madame de Jonsac*, his niece, was partial to *Madame de Forcalquier*, who was just arrived, and was to be of the party.

Madame de Forcalquier commended *her* political friends, and made an assertion which the other describes to have been false. "Elle passa à des déclamations de la derniere impertinence — je perdis patience," &c.—A quarrel is then painted by herself to her friend in such colours that one may call it the *poissarderie* of the *bel air* at *Paris*. *Madame du Deffand* reflects upon her friend as a woman of gallantry; and the female *Capulet* reflects upon her adversary's age.—Now for the moral:

"Ainsi finit une liaison qui étoit bien mal assortie, et à laquelle je n'ai nul régret - - - - c'est la plus petite perte que je pouvois jamais faire."

It appears that she became afterwards a Court Favourite, and Lady of the Bedchamber to the *Princesse d'Artois*. The vindictive spleen against her, originating in this feud, was never appeased, though it pretends to evaporate in contempt; yet they meet as before at third places, their friends being the same.

In the mean time she cultivates *Mesdames D'Aiguillon et de Mirepoix*, who are *Capulets* too, but of a higher class.

All the tiffs between your Friend and his *Héloyse* are quite ludicrous—and ridicule, indeed, it is; but you, Madam, have brought it forth, by removing the veil he had thrown over it. She thinks herself privileged in telling him some very indecent *bons mots*.

I cannot help remarking upon the subject of her judgment, how grossly it failed in her portrait of *Charles Fox;* and, as you have observed, in her contempt for *Turgot;* and, if it was not affected, for the eloquence of *Rousseau*.

But I lament that I shall close my Letter with a *galanterie* which originates in a very misanthropic aphorism of your Friend.

"*Je vais éprouver*," she tells him, "s'il est vrai qu'il n'y a de solide que l'amitié d'un chien. J'en ai un depuis cinq ou six jours, qu'on dit être le plus joli du monde. Il me paroit disposé à m'aimer, mais j'attends à en être sûre, pour l'aimer à mon tour."

This *French* trait is followed up in character.—She conjures Mr. *Walpole* to accept him as a legacy. He consents; and the dog, after biting half the legs

of the *Savans* in *Paris*, was received at *Strawberry Hill*. He survived *Heloyse* ten years.

Yet she ridicules *Mademoiselle de Lespinasse* for leaving the legacy of a perroquet.

Apropòs — In your third volume there is an account of this dog, so ludicrous, and so witty, that one should think it nothing but wit if the scene did not lay at *Paris*. I cannot help attempting a version of it, and it shall close my Letter.

"I promised yesterday to make the Emperor my subject: I will keep my word;—but first I have something to say of my little dog. I have a rage for him; he has a tenderness for me, which has taken possession of my heart, and makes me forgive all his indiscretions, though of a mischievous kind. He barks, and he bites;—the list of his bites, and of the ruffles he has torn, is infinite; but it is only to guard me against the approach of those whom he thinks too familiar. I beat him, but he is incorrigible. He has friends, however;—the *Chevalier de Beauteville* is one of them; — the *Neapolitan* and *Spanish Embassadors* are two more;—*Madame de Luxembourg* is a fourth. I can tell you of no others."

Indeed, she is so modest, that she rates the inutility of her own existence at the value of that which is given to this dog. I wish *her* tricks had not acquired more importance than all the mischief to *beaux* and *belles* that his ill temper and his *wit* (I suppose we must call it) ever accomplished.

This dog produced a gold snuff-box, with his picture, presented by *Madame de Luxembourg* to *Ma-*

dame du Deffand, accompanied by *Voltaire,* in the six last quarto volumes. —

These couplets were annexed:

Vous les trouvez tous deux charmans,
Nous les trouvons tous deux mordans:
Voilà la ressemblance.
L'un ne mord que ses ennemis,
Et l'autre mord tous vos amis,
Voilà la difference.

But in that point of difference, the dog resembled the mistress to whom he was attached.

I have so many dogs and cats of my own, that I cannot with a serious face, or without some twinges of *Nathan's David,* arraign a passion for them in others of my own sex. I was, therefore, not offended by the paragraph in a letter from the mistress of *Tonton* which announced the demise of *Brillant, Madame de Luxembourg's* cat. But I think a taste for a lap-dog is rather too effeminate a passion for a man; and it is well for Mr. *Walpole's* credit with me, that in 1768 he was more than half a century old, when *Madame du Deffand,* as an apology for a very affecting as well as impassioned phrase, that of lamenting that she ever attached herself, compares herself to *Rosette,* his lap-dog, insisting "que si les couches de *Rosette* ont été facheuses,"—he would say the same of her.

In another letter of the same year, after congratulating him on the possession of an admired friend, and having rallied him on his indifference to the

world, she inquires after *Fannè* and *Rosette*, not comprised, she hopes, in the list of those to whom he is indifferent. But, though I am old enough to be two grandmothers, I cannot reconcile myself to the lap-dog of the same accomplished personage in 1740, when his age had not reached its twenty-fifth year:—*Patapan* must forgive me. And I must here, Madam, very much lament that, in the exercise of your judgment in suppressions, you overlooked some of the letters to General *Conway* at so early a period, which are more like those of a girl to a girl than of a man to his male friend—such as, "*Harry, my dear;* what a *monster* you are!" "I should have sent *a scold* after you;" "well, I hate you;" "'tis vastly pretty;" "you will not be so *outrageous* as to *leave* me off;" "tell me, *dear, now;*" "*Patapan* is so handsome, that he has been named *the silver fleece;*" "adieu, dear child;" "you are a disagreeable creature;" "if the *god of indolence* is a mightier deity with you than the *god of caring for me*, tell me," &c. &c.

To resume *Tonton*.—Mr. *Walpole* gives a picture of his deportment as entertaining as that of his Correspondent's hand. It may enliven the desert of these dull impieties and serious fooleries to copy it. Here it is:—"Not to count how many *memoires* to present against *Tonton*, who grows the greater favourite the more people he devours,—as I am the only person who dare correct him, I have already insisted on his being confined in the Bastile every day after five o'clock. T'other night he flew at

Lady *Barrymore's* face, and, I thought, would have torn her eyes out; but it ended in biting her finger. She was terrified; she fell into tears. *Madame du Deffand*, who has too much parts not to see every thing in its true light, conceiving that she had not beaten *Tonton* half enough, immediately told us of a lady, whose dog, having bitten a piece out of a gentleman's leg, the tender dame in a great fright cried out, 'Won't it make my dog sick?'"—The *apropòs* of this wit rather puzzles me; or how it proved that she saw "every thing in its true light."

His account of *Tonton's* arrival and adventures at *Strawberry Hill* is very amusing, and in his best manner:—"I told you in my last that *Tonton* was arrived. I brought him this morning to take possession of his new villa; but his inauguration has not been at all pacific. As he has already found out that he may be as despotic as at *St. Joseph's*, he began with exiling my beautiful little cat; upon which, however, we shall not quite agree. He then flew at one of my dogs, who returned it by biting his foot till it bled, but was severely beaten for it. I immediately rung for *Margaret* to dress his foot;—but, in the midst of my tribulation, could not keep my countenance, for she cried, 'Poor little thing! he does not understand my language.'—I hope she will not recollect that he is a Papist."

LETTER V.

MADAM,

The Letters of your Female Heroine to her true and genuine Passion, *Voltaire*, form the subject of this further liberty with you. They are Letters which but for *you* the world could never have seen.

I must here acquit you not only of a *motive*, as injurious to your Friend, but of any such *effect*, except through a side-wind; nor (as in the instance of the Letters to him, or from him to his new Friend) can I *here* discern that *violation of confidence* which is too much at stake in the other disclosures to the world: for true it is, that, with unblushing assurance, the Lady herself speaks of her Letters to and from this abominable Atheist, as reflecting no dishonour upon her.

The single objection to *your* conduct, as the Editor of them, appears to be this, and I wish it could be reconciled with your exemplary character. It is, that *you* are the self-appointed vehicle of these impieties, recommended by the charm of their polished and mercurial wit, their brilliant style, and graceful manners.

But what is more wonderful to me is, that you are not satisfied in this 4th volume with her Letters to *Voltaire;* but have interspersed those of her Correspondent, when you alone were possessed of them; and that you have referred us carefully to those which

are published in his Works, evidently meaning that we should view both sides of the Correspondence, as throwing light upon each other, and that we should be tempted by the reference to peep at *Voltaire* himself in his *Ferney* dishabille, detached from the rest of him, if too voluminous to be in our hands. To resume your Friend: one observation cannot but arise from the legacy of these Letters to him, by his petticoat *elève* and pupil. She *must* have persuaded herself that he would admire them—and what could she have thought of his religious principles, if she could have *dreamt* that *such* Letters would be palatable to *him*?

The Correspondence covers a period of sixteen years. The attachment (such as it was) had none of those ludicrous passions which made her so timid, and her *Abelard* (for so in ridicule she calls him) so impracticable, either in prudery, or in the assumed privilege of scolding his child at 70, as if she had been a Miss in her teens. *Here* there is no reserve; the parties write with mutual pleasure, and he must wink who does not see that both were at home in this playful intercourse.

To do them justice, except in some few particulars of indelicacy too *French* to suit the atmosphere of my parlour, their style is well bred, and *gallant* in a disciplined sense of the word.

In the other Correspondence, if it *could* be an object, it would be often manifest that, even the delicacy of good-breeding is treated as a childish impediment, and that words are used on both sides,

which no such idle quarrels could reconcile to the becoming habits of decorum required from two persons who lived in the most brilliant circles of rank and fashion.

But I must repeat, that whatever in these Letters confers odium upon her, implicates your Friend—and you, as the herald of his character.

In this view, a dilemma will arise, from which you will gratify *me* if you can extricate yourself. If Lord *Orford* wished you to publish *these* Letters, he approved them, and *he* is then amenable to the censure which *they* deserve. If he did not, you have injured *him*, by making it *appear* that he was pleased with them, or thought them innocent.

Are they *innocent*, Madam? and is the *world improved* by the knowledge that such profligacy of character and principles could be so gracefully accompanied, and so habitually cherished between two persons of different sexes, at so advanced a period of their lives? I have explored them with a dispassionate eye, and can aver with my hand upon my heart, that where they are neither impious nor indelicate, not one sentiment or conception which they supply, imparts *to me* (though I answer only for myself) the minutest acquisition of knowledge, ornamental or useful, of genius or of taste. They possess, I admit, in a most uncommon degree, the eloquent facility of style, the finished manners of two accomplished Courtiers, and the powers of their graceful wit.

But here two questions occur; first, could not these *agrémens* have been rendered *innocent* by the suppression of principles which dishonour them? and what new charm is thrown upon the character of *Madame du Deffand,* as a *Writer*, by *these* works? could it not have been left in the mind of the Reader, sufficiently displayed in 348 Letters to the *Earl of Orford?*

I have before observed upon the peculiar insincerity of her mind, and upon the astonishment it has awakened in me to find that you and your Friend give her credit for ingenuous frankness of nature and of habit. It would be endless to mark her contempt for *Voltaire,* asserted in her Letters to Lord *Orford,* the passages are so numerous, But she was a thorough-paced Courtier when her passions were not inflamed, for then she was a *Poissarde.* She discovered that her new Favourite entertained or affected a sovereign contempt for this idol of her *French* taste; and therefore she humours *him* by affecting with him to hold her (secret) Favourite as cheap as dirt. But *àpropos* to sincerity, and the evidence of a Letter as an illustration of it—you cannot but recollect your Friend's Letter to *Voltaire,* which is published in the 5th volume of *Lord Orford's* Works. If it contained his real opinion of the man he addressed, he revered him; but then what becomes of his reflections upon him to his Female Confidante? If it was dissembled, either *Lord Orford* marked in himself the duplicity which he condemns in others, or Letters are no test of the genuine opinion.

If they are not, why are the Letters of the 5th volume published, upon the single and frivolous plea, that historical truth is improved by their evidence, and the light which they confer upon it?

The very first Letter to *Voltaire*, dated as far back as A. D. 1759, has caught the infernal mantle from her Friend. It is in his manner, and so like him, that you would swear he had written it himself.

"What advice do you give to me? to read the Old Testament!—what! as if one could not make one's own? No, Sir, I will not read that book; I shall make a full stop at the respect which it merits, and which nothing can improve. I am surprized you should think of it.

"..... Send me nothing upon Prophecies; I consider them all as come to pass."

Here, to judge of this high respect, we should look at the advice; and it lies before me in *Voltaire's* Letter to her, dated Sept. 17. It opens with a passage in it so indecent, that I *cannot* insert it; though *you* have referred me to it, by referring me to the Letter containing it. In this Letter is also contained a very ludicrous topick of consolation to his Friend, who had just then lost her sight. He tells her she has been fond of good living; but that, when persons of that habit are *become sober* (these are literally the words), they live 100 years; yet *Mr. Walpole* calls her a *débauchée* in 1765; nay, he represents her as having almost committed suicide as a sensualist, in a feast at night upon strawberries and cream, when she was 10 years older. By the way, in describing

this death-bed of the Female *Anacreon*, it is a measuring cast of indelicacy between him and the fine Ladies at *Paris*, whom he has ridiculed so well. But now for his advice; you would suppose, if you were not acquainted with both of them too well, that he had *seriously* recommended this book as of use. His words are these: "I confess to you that I read nothing but the Old Testament, all *Ariosto*, 3 or 4 books in *Virgil*, and a part of the *Arabian Nights*.....You cannot read *Ariosto* in the original, and I lament for you that you cannot. Be advised by me; read the HISTORICAL part of the Old Testament, from one end of the book to the other. You will find that no book is more amusing. I do not speak of the edification which results from it, but of the singularity of ancient customs, of those numberless events in which the very least of them is a miracle, and of the simplicity it marks in its allusions. Do not forget the first chapter of *Ezechiel*, which nobody reads, but make them translate for you the 10th chapter, of which none have yet given a *faithful* version—and you will find ———" He then *perverts*, in a manner which none but a monster of indelicacy, as well as of sacrilege, could have imagined, and which none but the vicious characters in our sex could have read, without a determined abhorrence of the Writer, and a perfect seclusion from all future society with him.

It shocks one to see what he adds. He was then cohabiting with a *bel-esprit, Madame de Chatelet*; and, having told his Friend that passages like these

will delight her, and which he represents to be historical simplicity, he tells her, "there is not a page which does not supply reflections for a whole day, and that *Madame de Chatelet* has commented upon it from beginning to end."

It so far is commendable in his Confidante, that she enters into no such execrable details of the ridicule; yet that she adopts the substance of them her comment has proved. But what is to be said of her taste, when she tells him, in reply to a Letter which you could not have copied in this work, "that a correspondence with *him* is *the desire of her heart.*"

I should here observe, that he had just written *Candide,* which is a banter upon the dispensations of Providence, and which book, it appears from the next Letter, she had read with pleasure, though it is no less indecent than it is impious. It also is proved, by one of her Letters to her Friend in your publication, that she had read, not the Fables, but the Tales of *La Fontaine,* which are nothing but indecency under the veil of archness and wit. Am I to purchase *them* for my daughters upon your credit, as recommending them? What he thought of these ancient customs, we discover in a Letter of the same year to his playfellow *Theriot,* "I'll kill for you," said he, "a kid, I'll pour oil upon a stone, and we'll adore the Eternal together."

In the following month he addresses her again; and she begins her answer to him by telling him "the Letter is DIVINE."

It begins with a *galanterie* so beautiful, that, although it leads me from the subject, I cannot help transcribing it. She had mentioned that *Henault* was deaf. "Now then," said he, "the suit is determined between the deaf and blind. He who does not hear you, is the most pitiable of the two." He tells her "that he writes only to her, because her imagination has been ever dear to his heart." He tells her, "*Tobit* is preferable to *Tom Jones*." He laments "that she has no appetite for the Old Testament;" and says, "they are happy who are famished enough to devour it." He then ridicules it, and, amongst other topicks, for its ignorance of the immortality of the soul. He then proposes to her a part of his indecent poem *La Pucelle*, the most indecent and the most impious that ever came from the pen of man, for it unites both offences to decorum. He calls it "an imitation of *Ariosto;*" so it is, but of his indecency alone.

He recommends to her *Hume*, *Bolingbroke*, and *Swift*, (but the latter only because he ridicules the human character.) He recommends *Lucretius*, who, as my Son informs me, dedicates his Poem to *Venus*, and laughs at all *ideas of Providence*. He recommends it even in a miserable translation, and points out passages which are particularly impious. He says, "that all the world is engaged in a suit against NATURE; that it will be determined in a little time; and yet that nobody will examine the documents (50 pages) pointed out by him in this Atheist Poet's third book, for a beautiful preservative against the foolish ideas of the vulgar, and a rampart against

miserable superstition." He tells her "three fourths of the *Roman* Senate, and *Cæsar* at the head of them, thought with *Lucretius*." He sends her a parable of his own, which does not appear; and he adds these words: "I exhort you to enjoy life as much as you can, which after all is of little value; and without fear of death, which is NOTHING."

It is this Letter which is "DIVINE!" And can one be surprized at her apotheosis of it when she had read this animated account of death, which brings forward her favourite and her only God, that "*néant dont je fais grand cas*," as her expression is to *her* Friend and yours, *Mr. Walpole*. She adopts in this Letter, as in those to *Lord Orford*, her complaint that she was born. She promises to read the passages in *Lucretius*. She tells him "that no understanding but his can satisfy her." She tells him, and I rejoice to see it, not only "that she has read *Candide*," but "that she cannot express the delight it gives her to find his invectives against *Milton*, whom she always *held in perfect horror*." She tells him that between his judgements and her own "there is a perfect conformity." Those words being very important (especially as Letters not intended for publication are *sincere!*) I will give the passage word for word: "In short, when I read your judgement upon whatever it may be, I improve the good opinion of myself, as mine implicitly conform to yours."

Before I proceed in this dreadfully painful career, as at least I feel it, you will permit me here to relate

a conversation which passed the other day between a Son of mine, who is at a College in *Oxford*, and his Tutor. It was upon the subject of *Monsieur de Voltaire's* Creed. The young man, having with great spirit branded his tenets, as being those of an impious Deist, arraigned, with a candour which I thought very becoming, a want of candour in those who called him an Atheist, *which he certainly was not*. He was answered by the Tutor with an effect which perfectly astonished me. He adduced passages out of number in *Voltaire's* Letters, which are decisive to shew that he had no belief in Providence, or in a future state. It is idle to dispute upon words. To believe in a God who *is gone afar off*, and who *sleeps over the world*, is a confusion of terms—and of ideas too, which is worse. A FATALIST, whatever attributes he gives to *fate*, withholds *them* from the Deity.

That *Voltaire* was a FATALIST, your Friend *Lord Orford*, who was conversant in his Works (and whose judgement *you* will not arraign) affirms. That he was a *Lucretian Fatalist*, is here a settled point; and that his Female Correspondent *adopted* that Creed; nor in her Letters to either of the two Favourites can be found one passage which marks ingenuous and serious belief in *Providence of any kind.*

What *is* "*Fate?*" said my Son. "*It is not Providence*," was the admirable answer of the Tutor, and it received no reply. I am afraid, Madam, that you will think I am a *Savante*, if I did not explain that a mere accident enabled me to attest this dia-

logue. Let us resume these mutual Favourites and playful arbiters of taste.

In December 1759, he addresses her again. He begins with an apology for not sending her *La Pucelle*. This Letter alludes to one from her, which is either lost, or has been suppressed. There is an answer to it in your volume. It is in a very awkward place. In that Letters he carries flattery to a summit seldom attained in Courts or in Love. She tells him that he is the only man living upon earth; and she has these words; (you shall tell us, Madam, what they import): "*Vous êtes le seul Saint devant qui si brule ma chandelle.*" But he writes, in February 1760, a Letter to which you have referred us, and which is only worth notice from the circumstance that he alludes to his Dictionary, which, as we all know, is a banter upon religious truth, and that he tells her, what indeed she had previously told him, "that in every point he examined upon this world *and upon the next*, which are the subjects of that alphabetical Essay." He makes *Lord Bolingbroke* his English hero, and superior to all the rest. He confers the honour upon *us* of representing *us*, by a most impudent fiction, to be as light in faith as himself; and commends the philosophical courage of *English* books at this period. I have inquired, and can discover no ground for this fiction (as the worst books of *Hume* were suppressed), which I observe that he has made familiar to his Correspondence for a period of several years.

"His *Dictionary*," she tells him, "will be *delicious;* and she desires it, *upon her knees*, to give her *amusement*. She is tired of the *purgatory of this world*. She declares that for him she has the most *perfect esteem* and the *tenderest friendship*, which is her *vow to him for life*."

In the Letter which follows, her expressions are more affectionate and more impassioned. These attachments and these passions are unintelligible to *la vieille Grandmaman*,

THE OLD GRANDMOTHER.

LETTER VI.

MADAM,

I suppose that *age* is of *no sex;* in other words, that *old women* like this Dowager and myself are privileged Readers. Mr. *Walpole*, under the veil of a similar indemnity, is the confidant of *double entendres*, which are very like *single ones*.—But he might have been spared the anecdote (and rather coarsely told) of *Bussy-Rabutin's* intrigue with his own daughter, which is new to me, and which (as *Madame du Deffand's* nails are at a distance) I take the liberty of saying that I do not believe:—but I wish I could have a key to the ascendant of *Madame de Grammont* over the *Duc de Choiseul*, without a suspicion of any such crime.

This Duke has a light, silly, and profligate character. He is quite unworthy of his little wife, whom he neglects, and whom that vicious dowager does not love the better for being so disciplined in her morals. There is often a vein of gentle satire upon the apathy of her mind—she is *an angel*, and her Friend wishes that she had been more feminine. We know what is meant—Virtue is personified in her, and has choaked up Nature—it makes her less gay and less natural. She is very fond of her own *bon mot* upon her, "that she knew she was loved, but she did not feel it."

But no eloquence of the heart was ever more inspired than your 60th page of the 2nd Volume, in that affecting Letter of the Empress Queen to the *Dauphin*. What an honour to her sex appears in it; and what a contrast it opposes to the *Empress of all the* RUSSIAS, who, *after her husband's death*, was a kind of stepmother to her own son! who converted persecutors into infidels by the sword; and had no conception of *love*, but such as *Doll Tearsheet* would have inspired. Her Letters to *Voltaire* and others are lively, and full of graceful turns; but I can proudly condemn them for the honour of my own sex, by two words, they are NOT FEMININE; which is a terrible fault (in my judgement) of these Letters to Mr. Walpole. Sentiments like those which are displayed with assurance by her, compensate by no wit for a character which even libertines hate, that of a *dashing sensualist*. I remember a passage in one of her Letters which might have become a male *debauchée*, but

offends with a petticoat upon it. "Let all the world follow its taste in the mode and style of loving; mine is, to love *infinitely*, or not at all." We have not a *word* that corresponds here to *infiniment;* but it means in defiance of all temperance, measure, and reserve. She is, alas! *female* only in her pique at supposed inattentions, and the resentment of trifles:—upon occasion, she does the most ill-bred thing in the world, and which no provocation can justify, unless it calls for a dissolution of the intercourse.—She dissects one of his Letters, and throws it back upon him; she encloses it, that he may *read and may reflect upon it.*

In reading somewhat cursorily the second Volume, I had overlooked a note, in which you have told us a *bon-mot* of such dreadful impiety, that I should have thought your hand could not have sustained the pen.—There is nothing—*c'est tout dire*—in all the range and compass of ridicule upon Religion at *Ferney* itself more infamous.—You are fond of keys to a lock, and sometimes when the lock is a mere pretence to do the honours of the key, as here—the text informing us, "that a reconcilement had been accomplished between the King and the Prince *de Conde*, in opposition to his own covenant with all the other Princes of the Blood."

What induced him to desert his party in so abrupt a manner we are uninformed; and, if I may judge of others by the old Grandmother, we do not care a sixpenny piece.—But you *will* open the cabinet; your hands are never still when they have a

key, and you tell us that his treason or treachery to the corps sprang from his impatience to obtain the *cordon bleu*, that is, in other words, the order of the *St. Esprit*, for his son, who was ripe for it, having arrived at 15 years of age. Here one should have thought you might have stopt—but no—you had become so familiar to ridicule upon Scripture in this trio of Infidel Writers, that, without acquiring a taste for such wit, you fall into it, as the Parrot of *Grosset*, from the habit of being so conversant with it. You, therefore, tell us it was on that occasion said, "Que le *Pere* et le *Fils* étoient allés à *Versailles* chercher le *Saint Esprit*."—If you do not admire this wit, be so good as let us know why you became the volunteer Historian of it!

To resume the amorous *Bel-Esprit*, Debauchée, and Wit—she tells Mr. *Walpole*, again inverting sex, and putting on a male domino, "that, when she was young she thought none were happy but madmen, drunkards, and LOVERS."—Her definition of exclusive *happiness* appears to be short and plain—"il n'y a de bonheur dans la vie que D'AIMER et D'ETRE *avec ce qu'on aime*."—This between two girls full of Novels to the chin, both of them in love, and upon the verge of elopement, forms an excellent creed.—But is there no happiness arising from habits of justice, virtue, and benevolence? We cannot all be in love at *her* age, that of SEVENTY-EIGHT! when this receipt is dated:—and is happiness to be determined by no thing but sensual enjoyment and the power to indulge in passion which youth alone can appre-

ciate or cherish? The Lord have mercy upon us old women, unless a kind of *mi-saison gallant* between the two ages, and as mercurial as Mr. *Walpole,* could be always at hand, with his compliments to animate us, and his little tyrannies to make us afraid of him; that is, afraid of losing him, which is a very amorous fear.

To resume her impious gallantries, or gallant impieties. he is told "*that he is of no use,* and she may as well be devout—but she cannot for the soul of her accomplish it." And you, Madam, give her credit for *sincerity* as well as *frankness* in that most ridiculous fiction—which is nothing but half irony, and the other half a mask of determined perseverance in contempt for Providence. Yet, if she is not what she would call a bigot in Religion, she makes up for it in her veteran loves—and she tells her Gallant of threescore that she dreamt of him.—Her dream is, to do her justice, full of genius and fancy.

She was a garden, Mr. *Walpole* the gardener.—It was near the Winter; and Mr. *Walpole,* in his blue apron, pulls up all the summer flowers, though some of them, such as little violets, had not quite faded.—He leaves no flower but one.—It has neither scent nor colour to recommend it, but it never can fade and therefore it is called "*the immortal.*"

This would have been an admirable thought for a pious Friend, who wished her to cultivate that immortal flower which Eternity is to receive, and which cannot escape from its eye.

But her despicable inference degenerates into *constancy* and *friendship* without fancy or thought.—It ends, therefore, in a ridicule upon this insulated flower.

At another time she compares him to a fanatic, and *Shakespeare* to the Deity—she quotes *Bartelemy* for this, and I hope she has taken a liberty with his name as well as truth. "L'abbé m'a chargée de vous dire qu'il trouve *Shakespear* supérieur à tout, et qu'il vous prie de n'écouter que *le Dieu*, et de ne faire aucune attention *à l'homme*."

She laments that his gout acquires all the force which its companions the *sentiments* have lost; and it makes her say with *Voltaire* upon the subject of individuals, one half eating the other—"ainsi Dieu le voulut, et c'est pour notre bien."

It has been well said, as a metaphor, that all is yellow to the jaundiced eye; and it may be said with equal truth and force, that all is ridicule to the eyes of a libertine wit.—There is analogy between the Academy of Compliments, and the Saints in Heaven or upon earth, and their breviary or faith—nor is Love, such as that which alone those libertines felt, a subject of comparison, either grotesque or serious, to the Love described as elevating the affections to Heaven.

But why should Providence be named in our address to these Wits?—it is ill-bred—it is a language they do not understand;—they are for ever exclaiming with *Edmund* the Illegitimate, in *Lear*,

"Thou, Nature, art my Goddess."

It is NATURE, she tells him, that made her what she IS and has *remained.*—*She* gave her " un corps assez sain—un esprit fort malade."

She must answer for it.

" Their stars are more in fault than they."

We shall pay our compliments to this Goddess hereafter.—She is the Deity of the *Philosophers; Voltaire* is the High Priest.

But no Goddess in Pagan Epic ever deserted her votaries more. Let us hear one of them. She tells us in April 1777—she was then fourscore—" Je n'ai de *passion* d'aucune sorte (as if that was a necessary of life); presque plus de goût pour rien—nuls talens, nulle curiosité; presqu'aucune lecture ne m'intéresse. Je ne puis jouer ni travailler — que faut-il donc que je fasse?—tâcher de me dissiper—entendre des riens, en dire, et penser que tout cela ne durera plus guères. *Personne ne m'aime.*—Je ne m'en plains pas—je suis trop juste pour cela."

Was a more detestable figure ever delineated?

You have ridiculed admirably well her *French* opinion of simplicity, that in the long-run it was not piquante enough—she despised what she never practised, and could no more understand, than she could see colours after she became blind.

She tells Mr. *Walpole* himself, in Feb. 1778, " that he loves her a little, but not enough to put one foot before another."

In that month she tells him, " that her mind, or soul, for she deigns to give it that name, but al-

ways meaning her taste, has "les mêmes besoins qu'elle avoit à cinquante ans, et même quarante."—She then tells him, "that as to all other impressions painted in so impudent a manner by his favourite *Crebillon*, she was then—at forty—*disengaged* from them" [*dégagée* is the word]; but she had even then, and will retain to the last moment of her life—"besoin d'aimer, et désir de l'être;—but it is a secret, and reserved only for *him*."

July 1778. "Vous avez mille rapports avec la Divinité, mais particulièrement celui qu'on ne sait avec vous, non plus qu'avec elle, si l'on est digne d'amour, ou de haine."

"Si je pouvois devenir dévote, c'est tout ce qu'il y auroit de plus heureux."

And can you really, Madam, with your powers of discernment, call this a *wish* to be devout, and the want of *power* alone as the defect? It is mere banter and ridicule.

She compares Mr. *Selwyn's* monopoly of his girl to the religion of Quietism, and the manner in which those of that sect love GOD.

She again desires him to be as indulgent, and for the same reason, to her, as our SAVIOUR was to *Mary Magdalen*.

She declares that all the world, herself included, is made up of self-love.

It is quite shocking to see her account of the Ex-Jesuit.

She had read in *Athalia* two verses—here they are,

"Dans le temple de Juifs un instinct m'a poussée,
Et d'apaiser *leur* Dieu j'ai conçu la pensée."

This puts into her head the inspiration, or the fancy, of sending for this man—who told her NOTHING NEW!!

"Who knows what may come of it? If grace is to be had, I may obtain it; if not, I may be self-deceived, and that would be worth something."

After this impious banter, we hear no more of her *devotion*.

And of its effect upon the decorum of her expressions we have in the very next Letter a curious proof.

"She has long thought *supper* one of the four ends of man! she is not quite sure for which of the other four she has made it a substitute—Death, Paradise, Hell, or Purgatory.—She thinks it was the last that she had superseded, and had put *supper* in its place."

In my Fourth Letter I touched upon her vindictive rage and fury against *Mademoiselle de Lespinasse;* and I remarked that it was not reciprocal, for that *Mademoiselle de Lespinasse* was no match for *her* in *revenge*.

I have, since I wrote that Letter, seen and read, through cursorily, the Letters of that *Protégée* to her Passion. Making no other comment upon them, wonderful as they are, I could not help seeing that on the one hand she pays her enemy a compliment in ascribing much of her own attainments to her; though, on the other hand, more passages than one transpire, which prove the malice of her adversary against her.

She was in love (and it was her death) with a *Comte de Guibert*, a very accomplished person, who corresponded with her, and had written to her from *Berlin* a turn of expression upon the King, which had been repeated by her, and was universally admired at *Paris*. " Elle fut trouvée comme elle est, et elle fut répétée tant et tant qu'elle alla jusqu'à *Madame du Deffand*." This was in August 1773.

We may, I should think, accredit her knowledge of the fact, that he was her adversary's Favourite.

This of course would alienate *her* from him, upon the same principle on which, naming the *Duchesse de Chatillon* to her Friend *Mr. Walpole* (and with an indecent allusion which I cannot understand) she says of her, " that *since* her connexion with *Mademoiselle de Lespinasse*, they never meet."

" Elle alla jusqu'à *Madame du Deffand*; qui la trouva fort mauvaise; qui la retourna; qui la commenta; et qui éprouva sur son avis mille contradictions.

" Enfin elle finît par dire, que si vous auriez fait *Athalie* avec le *Connétable* [one of *Guibert's* Plays], cela ne l'empecheroit pas de trouver le fond et la forme de cette phrase *détestable*."

All the world being against her, and the *Neapolitan* Ambassador accusing her of misquotation, he applied for a copy to *Mademoiselle de Lespinasse*.

" Il veut me conter cette sotte dispute, et j'avoue que le plaisir de confondre *Madame du Deffand* me fit céder à la prière de l'Ambassadeur. Alors *Ma-*

dame du Deffand fut confondue; ou du moins elle n'osa plus dénigrer ce que tout le monde trouvoit charmant."

This was a very temperate rebuke to a malevolent critique, and it is accompanied with no invectives.

At another period she thus alludes to her Adversary:

15 July, 1775. "Il m'arrive une chose que m'auroit renversée autrefois—*Madame du Deffand* me fait une noirceur affreuse: elle m'a mélée dans toute cette tracasserie de *Madame Necker* et de *Madame de Marchais*; elle m'a compromise vis à vis de *Madame d'Enville*, et tout cela est encore plus absurde que méchant.—Il faudra avoir des explications. *M. d'Angusters* a aussi son role dans cette piéce infernale. L'Ambassadeur de *Naples* y met beaucoup d'intérêt. *M. d'Alembert* est furieux; et moi—au milieu de tout cela je suis calme comme innocence, et froide comme l'indifference. Hier qu'on vouloit me monter la tête sur tout cela, je repondois toujours, *Tout ira bien*."

I observe that *Mr. Walpole*, aware of her spleen against *de Lespinasse*, who, as *he* reports (from *her* of course) had used her very ill, cautions *Mr. Conway* against visiting her.—"There is at *Paris*," he tells him, "a *Mademoiselle de Lespinasse*, a pretended *Bel-esprit*, who was formerly an humble companion of *Madame du Deffand*, and betrayed her, and used her very ill. I beg of you not to let any body carry you thither. It would disoblige my Friend of all things in the world."

How strange are the disingenuities of the human character! Here is *Mr. Walpole*, who cautions *Mr. Conway* against the *ruelle* of *Mademoiselle de Lespinasse*, who was protected by *Madame Geoffrin*, and was her Passion. *Madame du Deffand* is by him, to *Mr. Gray*, described as *Madame Geoffrin's* great enemy; yet he is very fond of this *Madame Geoffrin*, who, in October 1765, sat for two hours by his bed-side, as he tells *Lady Harvey*.

Nov. 1765, he marks to the same Correspondent, that he is in habits with both of them.

In the very same Letter to *Mr. Conway*, he says to him, "*Madame du Deffand* hates *les Philosophes*, so you must give them up to her. She and *Madame de Geoffrin* are no friends; so, if you go thither, *do not tell her of it!*"

Before we part with *Mademoiselle de Lespinasse*, I must add, that I am really at a loss to understand your portrait of her, in *Madame du Deffand's* Life, or its object. You tell us "that, in these Letters to *Guibert*, she justifies every excess of passion by its violence; and has no regret at abandoning Reason, but triumphs in it."

In another passage you tell us "there must have been a visible failure in her attentions to *Madame du Deffand*, and marks of interest. This," you tell us, "none can doubt who read *Marmontel's* account of her *cruel* behaviour to *d'Alembert*, and *Marmontel's* intended panegyrick of her subsequent conduct." As I have not these passages before me, I cannot appreciate the argument; but it seems,

I own, a little *récherché* to infer misconduct, and of an interested kind, in 1764, to *Madame du Deffand*, as proved by her subsequent behaviour to others ten years afterwards.

But I can judge of another topick from which you have drawn a similar inference, by a mode of reasoning which I confess appears to me adapted for another Island—even assuming that your statement of it is correct as a fact. "It is further confirmed," you observe, [that is, her interested failure of attentions to *Madame du Deffand*,] "by a late publication of her Letters, where we see a mind so entirely engrossed, not by ONE, but by a succession of great passions, as must, and by her own avowal *did*, make all other interests, occupations, and company, not only indifferent, but troublesome to her."

I must beg leave to comment upon this passage.

From a *succession* of passions, one should collect that in those Letters a SERIES of ten or eleven Lovers at least are brought forward.

The fact is, that she was enamoured of a *Marquis de Mora*, son to *Fuentes* the Ambassador from *Spain*, who died in Sept. 1772. That her passion for him, whatever may have been the date of its commencement, made all other interests, occupations, or company irksome, there is no hint whatever in these Letters.

Guibert became acquainted with her after the death of this her first Love. He consoled her in her grief, became acceptable to her, and her Passion.—I admit that her Letters to him, which are those of a *lunatic*

inspired, mark an attachment which did make other objects indifferent; but there is no *succession of passions* here. Strange as it is, the two Lovers are incorporated in her prepossession, one as living in regret, and the other as living in the charm of his manners and of his talents.—But what has this to do with *Madame du Deffand* in 1764?

There is no such proposition as that which represents that all excess of passion is justified by its violence; and, instead of having *no regret*, the Letters are full of it, even to the Lover himself.

I could not help smiling at your *succession* of *great passions* for *Mademoiselle de Lespinasse*, which at the most is that of *two*, if it may not be rather called the union of them, and was in fact only one as apparent in those Letters—when you have made so light an account of two juvenile amours in *Madame du Deffand*, followed up into her connection with others, at least into that with *Hénault*, when forty years of age.

What this cruelty of conduct was to *d'Alembert* I have not discovered. In those very Letters to her Flame, she speaks of him with tender affection—but confessing "that he does not interest her as he did, since her love to her Correspondent originated." Of *cruelty* I see no indication, but I do see and lament a good and feeling heart enslaved for the two or three last years of her life by an ungovernable ascendant.

I must beg leave to dispute the assertion "that she justifies every excess of passion by its violence;" and that she has no regret in leaving *Madame du Def-*

fand. That her attachment to the *Marquis de Mora* was not *interested*—her passionate regret, embittered by remorse for sharing it with her new Flame, who by the way had no wealth to recommend *him*—proves to conviction.

I observe in Mr. *Walpole*, in *Madame du Deffand*, and in yourself, a vein of contempt for *Marmontel*. You will hold me very cheap, if I confess that I think he was the most amiable, and the most virtuous, if not the most brilliant of all the Writers, and of all the men, whom the last or any age of eloquence, genius, or taste, has given to the world.

In every feeling heart he will survive the wittiest of the Infidels, be assured. Mother *Shipton* whispers that prophecy to the OLD GRANDMOTHER.

There is one peculiar merit in these Letters of *de Lespinasse*. Though she had been so connected with *d'Alembert*, an Atheist professed, I see no ridicule upon Religion, or even doubt upon it, except once where she says, "*Nature, ou je ne scais quoi.*" But there are, on the other hand, many allusions to God, and there is nothing profane.

But how do all these imputations mark that she had *interested motives?*

LETTER VII.

MADAM,

We are now at an aweful period of her life, and of all her loves, if they deserve the name. We have reached her 83d year. At this landing-place it is that our *Papillon-Philosophe*, having stated colds, rheumatism, fevers, and sudden death, as the offspring of the month, which is *February*, adds this pitiable wreck of gallantry exaggerated. "For those who escape from *these* calamities—the DELAY OF A POST is at hand, and it SUPPLIES THEIR PLACE!"

In the versatilities of her taste, *Racine* is now to have his full share—*Athalia* and *Esther* (particularly the former, which had made her *devout* for *half a day)* ingross her admiring passions—but she puts these two dramas in the same class with "seven or eight hundred verses of her Friend *Voltaire, et quelques autres brimborions.*" Mark the word—*baubles, toys,* like *Vers de Société.*

In April of this year, 1780, she accuses *Orlando* of *pretended* humility as the mask of his *indolence.* Of "*des gens aimables*" she cannot reckon up four!

Her style and her sense (where prejudices do not break in upon it) are as animated, graceful, and correct, as at any period of her life; but she hates "*les livres de morale — cette morale, je la haïs à la mort.*" She has four Readers, the invalid soldier, and three of her servants. If they could but read agreeable books to her she could be *patient.*

Upon the 22d of August she is going to die. Her account of her state is dreadfully interesting, as a characteristic portrait. Having described in a most eloquent phrase *le cœur enveloppé*, and having marked her opinion that her scene is to be terminated soon, we have these words from her: "Je n'ai pas LA FORCE d'en être EFFRAYEE, et ne vous devant revoir de ma vie, je n'ai RIEN à regretter."—She advises him (and *you* have proved that he took her advice) to *divert himself*. "They were lost for each other before.—You will regret me," she says, and the reason for it is whimsical, but full of deep sense, "*parcequ'on est bien aise de se savoir aimé*." Not a reason, however, much to the honour of the intercourse.

Let me now, Madam, before we take up *Voltaire* in the line of march which *you* have made for us, look a little at Mr. *Walpole*.

A lady, who is one of my particular friends, took your part the other day, and with so much eloquence, that, if I had been of Mr. *Walpole's* nobler sex, I should have been gallant enough to adopt her plea in your favour—but, as a bitter and cross old woman, I turned it against you.

She is of so amiable a character, that she would almost argue ill on purpose to cover a benevolent opinion. My Son told her one day "that she was at the Bar; and had received a retaining fee as an Advocate in every cause for the Culprit of the day, especially one of her own sex."

She desired I would give you ample credit for what you had *suppressed* in the answers of your Friend.

By the way, *except in Ireland*, it is a very singular *correspondence* in general; for it is a collection of Letters written by *A.* to *B.* and *unanswered* by him. You have indeed slipped into the Notes, extracts from the answers, and the apology to which I have just alluded points at them. "You see, my dear Madam," said this Friend of mine, "what a multitude of Mr. *Walpole's* Letters the discretion of the Editor, who possessed them all, has left in the cabinet. You may be perfectly sure that she thought they would reflect odium upon her Friend, if laid before the publick, either as being too irreligious for you bigots, or too indecent for prudes, or too satirical for us ladies in general."

"Well done, Apologist!" I answered. "If *they* are to be supposed, because they are withheld, *more* impious, *more* indecent, and *more* satirical, than what are *published*, what a secret is told by the suppression of them! — and is it not, so explained, *as* injurious to the late Earl, as if she had thrown them into the catalogue?

Before I touch upon these Extracts, which are very few, I must beg your memory's attention to the Fifth Volume of the English Works, in order to see how far the Mr. *Walpole* of the Extracts corresponds to the Writer of the Letters that are signed *Horace Walpole* in that entertaining and memorable Volume.

1740. "Intend I did to stay for a new Popedom; but the old Eminences are cross and obstinate, and will not chuse one—*the Holy Ghost does not know when.*"

"It is the top of a barren mountain, a little town at the foot of an old citadel; yet this was the residence of one of the Kings that went to CHRIST's birth-day."

Describing, or making-believe to describe, the relicks, he tells his friend "there is a set of gnashing of teeth, the grinders very entire—a bit of the worm that never dies, preserved in spirits—a crow of St. *Peter's* cock, very useful against *Easter*—the crisping and curling, frizzling and frowncing hair of *Mary Magdalen*, which she cut off on growing devout."

I single-out this badinage, because it marks at this early period of Mr. *Walpole's* life the taste he had acquired, or affected, of ridicule upon the New Testament. He was then 24 or 25 years of age.

In 1793 he was *seventy-five* and upwards. In a Letter to the same Correspondent and bosom-friend, he says to him, "Providence did not trouble itself about its being more expensive to us to make our hay over and over. It only took care it should not want water enough."

Before I adduce other passages, more impertinent in the *Voltairian* language of ridicule upon the Bible, I would remark, *en passant*, that in this volume, containing 675 4to pages, I discover by no hazard one religious principle or sentiment.

In 1747, he describes *George Selwyn* as telling Lord *Lovat*, in the Chancellor's voice, just as they

were going to put him into his coffin, "*Your Lordship may* RISE."

In the same year he makes *Noah's Ark* the subject of his wit.

"I have about land enough to keep such a farm as *Noah's*, when he set up in the Ark with a pair of each kind; but my cottage is rather cleaner than I believe his was after they had been cooped up together forty days."

1756. "Between the *French* and the Earthquakes you have no notion how good we are grown. Nobody makes a suit of clothes now, *but of sackcloth turned up with ashes.*" I hope this quaint image is wit, for I am sure it has no other merit.

The same year, "I go almost upon as sure ground as PROPHETS, who take care to let the *event* precede the *prediction.*"

1758. "If I had not cut one of my perroquet's wings, and there were an olive-tree in the country, I would send to know where there is a foot of dry land."

1760. "You lose Lady *Ann Connolly* and her forty daughters, who all dine here to-day *upon a few loaves and three small fishes.*"

1765. "I would not go so far if *Naples* was the direct road to the *New Jerusalem.*"

1770. "Lord *Besborough* would have carried me to the top of the column, to see all the kingdoms of the earth; but I would not if he could have given them to me.—The six days rolled away,—and the *seventh* is *my sabbath*, and I pro-

mise you I will do no manner of work, *I, nor my cat, nor my dog, nor any thing that is mine.*"

1774. "It is even melancholy to see her, when it will probably be but once more [this personage is Madame *du Deffand*]; and still more melancholy, when we ought to say to one another, in a different sense from the common, '*à revoir.*'—However, as mine is a pretty *cheerful* kind of philosophy, I think the best way is, to think of dying, but to talk and act as if one was not to die—else one tires other people, and dies before one's time."

This well-bred and graceful reflection upon death is a coat of a *Paris* make. The idea that we are to be *good company;* that for that purpose we are to converse and are to deport ourselves *as if never to die,* is an improvement upon Lord *Chesterfield.* It should have been dated at the Convent of St. *Joseph.*"

1777. "Is not the old wardrobe there still? There was one from the time of *Cain.* But *Adam's* breeches and *Eve's* under-petticoat were eaten by a goat in the Ark."

1789. "The Tempter himself would not have persuaded me, if I could, to have climbed that long-lost mountain, whence he could shew me even the *Antipodes.*"

He is particularly fond of this humour upon the Tempter; for, in a Letter to Mr. *Bentley,* in 1759, he says, "I take it to be the individual spot to which the Duke of *Newcastle* carries the Smugglers, and, shewing them *Sussex* and *Kent,* says, All this will I give to you, if you will fall down and worship me."

1754. "I am going to build *an altar* for it (a picture of Madame *de Sévigné)* under the title of *Notre Dame des Rochers.*"

In 1755, "About nine arrived such a flood, that we could not see out of the windows. The whole lawn was a lake, though situated on so *high an Ararat.* Presently it broke through the leads, &c. I had but just time to collect two dogs, a couple of sheep, a pair of bantams, and a brace of gold fish; for, in the haste of my zeal to imitate my ancestor, I forgot that fish could not easily be drowned. In short, if you chance to spy a little ark with pinnacles sailing towards *Jersey,* open the sky-light, and you will find some of your acquaintance. A pigeon brings word that *Mabland* has fared worse.

"*Horace Noah.*
"*Catharine Noah,* her ⋈ mark.
"*Henry Shem.*
"*Louis Japhet.*
"*Peter Ham, &c.*"

1756. "We seem to have taken-out OUR Earthquake in rain."

"Mr. ***** is at the *Vine,* but I do not expect to hear from him; no post but a dove can get from thence."

With Mr. *****, whom I remember to have seen, the most effeminate of men, as well as the most affected, though ingenious and clever, he is very much at home, in allusions of indelicacy, and of ridicule upon Scripture.

1754. "It serves for my own lamentation, when I sit down by the waters of *Strawberry*, and think of ye, O *Chute* and *Bentley*."

1757. "We have given ourselves for a day or two the *air* of an Earthquake; but it proved an explosion of the powder-mills at *Epsom*."

1765. To Mr. *Chute*, from *Paris*. "The good old Queen is attended by two or three old ladies, who are languishing to be in *Abraham's* bosom, as the only man's bosom to whom they can hope for admittance."

1766. From *Bath*. "They have boys and girls with charming voices, that sing hymns in parts to *Scotch* ballad-tunes; but indeed so long, that one should think they were already in Eternity, and knew how much Time they had before them."

I lay the more stress upon this impious banter, as reminding me of a most pitiable Epitaph on two piping Bull-finches, p. 389 of your fourth *English* volume. It ends thus:

> "But, when *the last* shrill flageolet shall sound,
> And *raise* all dicky-birds from *holy* ground;
> His little corpse again its wings shall *plume*,
> And sing *eternally* the self-same *tune*,
> From *everlasting* night to *everlasting* noon."

Plume, as the bellman would have told him, disclaims either *tune* or *noon* as rhymes.

But who can doubt, in reading this trumpery, that it means to ridicule the resurrection of the soul, and the Halleluiah?

The wisdom, in cases like these, and I have made the remark before, is to put an extinguisher over any such liberties with decorum and Religion; not, as you have done, to give us the mischief, and patch it up with an apology—and what is it?—an apology of his own to *Mason* (who had, as you intimate, MISCONCEIVED the passage)! You are delighted with it also, as a serious profession of serious opinions.—Before I mark what it is, I must comment a little upon a resemblance between Mr. *Walpole* and *Voltaire*. Both of them were courtly enough to make their topicks palatable, though at the expence of their genuine opinions. *Voltaire* does not say *ecrasez l'infame* to all his Correspondents: to many of them he is not impious at all. In the Letters of Mr. *Walpole* to Mr. *Gray* there is not an allusion which is profane—he knew his man. Aware that *Mason* was no Free-thinker, he is to put on a mask for him. But what is it? a covered impiety of another kind. He lays all Scripture aside, for he makes no allusion to it; and he interposes an opinion of his own, in ridicule of Halleluiahs in Heaven. He says, "it makes GOD like a King who takes a delight in hearing Birth-day Odes for ever." He says, "that he means *only* to ridicule it as the sole occupation of Angels or Saints"—which, by the way, nobody ever said it was.

But there is a remarkable passage in this Letter, which escapes from it, and which has eluded your discernment. He argues from the absurdity of this Creed that no part of it is revealed. His words are

these: "The lines were *intended* to laugh at that absurd idea of the beatified sitting on golden thrones, and chanting eternal Halleluiahs to golden harps. *When men ascribe their own puerile conceptions to the Almighty Author of every thing, what do they but* PROVE *that* THEIR SYSTEM IS OF HUMAN INVENTION?"

This was in 1783; and when he had followed *Madame du Deffand's* injunctions, by diverting himself, notwithstanding her demise, which, to do him justice, except as reminded of it by *Tonton*, he appears to have dipped in the accommodating stream of oblivion. It is possible that, being less in contact with her Atheism (for such I take the liberty of calling it), he may have relapsed into a more decent opinion upon sacred persons and things. He may have deserved what the Lady Infidel said of the Infidel *Voltaire*, that he was a *Bigot*, as being only a *Deist*. I cannot for the soul of me carry his compunction for the bullfinch elegy one step further.

But in 1783 he was upon the verge of a new love, as whimsical a successor of *Madame du Deffand* as if *Kitty Fisher* had left her settlements and her memoirs to the Bishop of *London*, or as if *Rigby* had left his *Burgundy* and *Champaigne* to Mr. *Wilberforce*.

Mrs. HANNAH MORE caught him in 1784, and became his *Deffand* spiritualized for twelve years. — Oh, Madam, what a contrast is here! The Letters to this honour of the sex (whose wit is equal to her piety) are as full of genius and gallantry, well understood, of manly feelings and principles of honour,

as ever came from the pen of man.—The Letters are twenty-five; and they seem written *con amore.*

In his Correspondence with Lord *Strafford,* from 1756 to 1790, he is less upon his guard; and there is much which is too reprehensible to be *copied,* and you may guess in what style. But Scripture does not escape, though his wit seems to have the curse of peculiar sterility upon these topicks. He hunts the ridicule, such as it is, into absolute *ennui.* We have twice before had an allusion to the fishes. In 1760 we have them again: "She danced a bad minuet, and went away, though there was a *miraculous draught of fishes* for their supper, as it was a fast."

1768. "If I can avoid running foul of the *Magi* that will be thronging from all parts to worship that Star [the King of *Denmark.*"]

1769. "*Adam* and *Eve* in their Paradise laugh at all these tumults, and have not tasted of the tree that forfeits Paradise, which I take to have been the tree of politicks, not of knowledge. How happy you are, not to have your son knocked o' the head by his brother *Cain* at the *Brentford* election!.....There is a Commentator that says, his life, that of *Methuselah,* was protracted for never having boiled a lobster alive."

1780. "Our new and now imprison'd Apostle has delivered so many congenial *St. Peters* from jail, that one hears of nothing but robberies on the high-way."

We have dropped our Hero, little *Tonton,* for some time; but he is here wittily introduced:

"He was just arrived; *Tonton* begs his duty to all the lambs."

Apropòs to lap-dogs.—There is very honourable mention made of *Rosette*, Mr. *Walpole's* own dog, in a Letter of his to his friend Mr. *Chute*. "Whenever I have an opportunity I visit gardens, chiefly with a view to *Rosette's* having a walk."

"*George Montagu* said of our last Earthquake, that it was so tame you might have stroaked it."

1784. "If there was such an inundation upon the earth, and such a furnace under it, I am amazed that *Noah and Company* were not boiled to death."

If Mrs. *Hannah More*, who was at this time his Passion, had peeped into Lord *Strafford's* papers, I am afraid that she would have dropped her Gallant.

In 1787, to the same Earl, "I do not know who is the Saint that presides over Thunder; but he has made an unusual quantity."

In 1788 is a Letter worthy of *St. Joseph's* Convent. "I am in a taking lest they should not appear before I set out for the *Elysian* fields; for though the Writer [*Madame de Sevigné*] is one of the first personages I shall inquire after on my arrival, I question whether *St. Peter* has taste enough to know where she lodges; *he* is more likely to be acquainted with *St. Catharine* of *Sienna*, and *St. Undecimillia*."

Lady *Hervey* is another of Mr. *Walpole's* petticoat friends, and was no *Hannah More*.

1758. Mushrooms having disagreed with Dr. *Shaw*; "a voice of lamentation was heard at *Ramah*

in *Claremont*—*Chloe* [the name of the Duke's Cook] weeping for *her* mushrooms, and they are not."

1765. Upon the wild beast of the *Gevaudan*. "It is a thought less than a *Leviathan* and the Beast in the Revelations, and has not half so many eyes, and wings, and talons, as I believe they have, or will have some time or other.

"- - - - - You would be entertained with his Duchess. She is chattering out of devotion, and making interest against the Devil, that she may dispose of Bishopricks in the next world."

It is to this Lady that Mr. *Walpole* says, and I beg the words may not be overlooked; it is in 1766; *Voltaire* DEMOLISHES THE BIBLE "to erect FATALISM in its stead!" which he describes as an ABSURDITY.

What is the inference from these words? It is the perfect Creed of *Madame du Deffand*, with whom he was then preparing his honey-moon—a disbelief in both.

In a later period of the same year, "Pray, Madam, wash away that *original sin*, *the gout*. What would one give for a little rainbow, to tell one one should never have it again?—Well, but then one should have a burning fever; for I think the greatest comfort that good-natured Divines give us is—that we are not to be drowned any more, in order that we may be burnt."

We have next in this Fifth Volume Letters to Lady *Aylesbury*—gallant, easy, polished, lively, and clever;—not a single thought which prudes could arraign, or coquettes turn into ridicule.

The Letters to Lady *Craven* are certainly not of a kind that prudes would circulate.

Here, Madam, I close Mr. *Walpole* of your Fifth *English* Volume; and, if he should be a very severe monitor to his Friend at *Paris*, we should have some doubt if he was the same person—but his identity is unequivocal.

LETTER VIII.

I shall now, Madam, (and you are my guide,) introduce Mr. *Walpole* in his *new* character of GUARDIAN TO LA PETITE FILLE at 70 years of age! — A *guardian* is an *adopted parent*; he acquires all the rights, but he incurs all the duties, of the character. If he discovers that his *ward* has been ill brought up, either at home or abroad, he endeavours to new-make the deportment, the temper, and, above all, the depraved or the mistaken principles of Morality and of Religion which have been thus implanted by the habits learned at a bad school. — As *we*, Madam, should reform the minuet step, or the *abord*, the *mauvais-ton*, the *gaussiereté* of provincial dialect, or the hoydening manners, *he* would (as being of the noble sex, and as the instructor of more elevated graces in the feelings of the heart) clear away all the weeds that he found *there*, and with a gentle force pull up every dormant vice of character by the root.

"But here, it may be said, the pupil was *too old.*" It happens that she survived her appointment of this guardian fourteen years.

"*She was too incorrigible,*" then.

To *this* plea for his apathy to her improvement there are two answers, and both of them are decisive.

First, We are told by Mr. *Walpole* himself, that it was *her wish to be devout.*

Secondly, In the next place, with *a pious awe* to *him* (such as *Milton* describes in *Adam* to Heaven), "*the pious awe that feared to offend,*" she is at *his* feet, implicitly governed by *him* when he interferes at all (which he too often does with captious tyranny upon feathers dancing in the air).

If she wanted, therefore, no *docility*, need I contend that she wanted no *capacity* for the *duties of Religion*, unless we are to suppose that she had no *talents* but for *infidelity*, and was to become at once an *ideot*, when prompted by *her Saviour to repent?*

It may be said, that he had no suspicion of her liberties with GOD, with our SAVIOUR, with Providence, and with a future state.—*Her* Letters to *him* disarm that apology: they are full of revolting blasphemies.

I have scarce a conception, if she had not the duplicity and cunning of an absolute fiend, that a richer soil could be found, upon which the reform of a character could have been raised and ripened by culture. If Mrs. *Hannah More* (of whom the Guardian was in his turn afraid) had been his coadjutor (unless your portrait of sincerity is incorrect)

what a noble interest would the *soul* of such an accomplished woman have created in their minds!

But Mr. *Walpole*, as we have proved, must have been *the hypocrite* with *her* for a benevolent purpose alone, with absolute power in his hands.

He had no such refinement in the feelings of his heart; and he saw, without an effort, this Passion of his old age, one foot in her tomb, upon the verge of it, not as a gate of happiness, but as a doom of punishment. He saw it — he looked in — but he despised the example of the good *Samaritan*. If he had found her *couleur de rose*, and happy, though in a delusion (like that of an *Armida's* bower), his good-nature might have tempted him to connive. He might have said, with his Friend *Gray*,

> —— Where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise.

But he knew that she had fallen amongst thieves, and he heard her *cries* from the pit. Then was the time of all others to have opened the book of life, and laid it before her—to have convinced her that it was full of comfort; that its burden was light; that simplicity, like that of a child, could follow it; and that joy came in the morning after the sorrows of the night.

But *was* it Mr. *Walpole's opinion*, that faith in Religion, as *revealed*, was necessary to happiness or to virtue?

We have taken measure of his Religion, quite undressed, in the *dishabille* of confidence.

I will in candour assume that he was *only* a Deist, and that he was not *half* so depraved as *Voltaire*; but, having made this concession (which leaves the intellect and the heart of your Friend in a pitiable state), I would ask every dispassionate Reader if this Infidel and Petticoat Philosopher, with her lunatic servility of impassioned homage to him, would have dared so to ridicule Providence, in addressing *him*, if she had not thought it would be palatable, or, at the worst, inoffensive, and buried in the charm of its wit.

But the censure does not rest here. — She gave him a thousand openings to enlighten her DOUBTS if they deserve the name, and chace into its den the monster *Ennui* by religious principles and sound arguments. He found her a *misanthropist*: — was it not worth his while to correct *that* obliquity of judgment? He must have been a dupe to her if he did not find that *she ridiculed all her friends*:—this was another *weed*. He never touches it but as a reply to her vanity and self-love as the root of it; he never censures the baseness and the guilt of it.—By inculcating what you and he are bold enough to say that she possessed, a passion for truth, he would have smoothed her way to *an acquaintance with its fountain*.

"Shall I read the New Testament?" (in a bantering way) she says to him.

"*Yes*—I conjure you to read it, carefully, dispassionately, and either alone, or accompanied by those who believe in it," would have been the answer of a

sincere, a compassionate and Christian friend.—HE GIVES NO ANSWER.

It is even a more pointed confidence between them at another period; for she calls upon him to instruct her in Religion; and he does it in a passage which you have given us, and which I am to suppose (for it is very serious) we are to accept *for his Creed.*

I will begin with it:—but, first, who can read without astonishment (before we come to the Correspondence with *Voltaire)* this passage in her Life, as you have written it—a passage for which Mr. *Walpole* is quoted,—without horror at the disingenuity, or contempt for the dupery of the assertion.

"From that time (the age of nineteen) till her death, at the age of eighty-three, she NEVER AFFECTED *scepticism,* and *always* wished to be devout, *as the state of the greatest happiness in this world.*"

Your four volumes are the *démenti* of both assertions:—scepticism at the best is her everlasting Creed; and her wish to be devout is not only insulated where it appears at all, but self-disarmed of any serious object.

Of her Pyrrhonism this very passage, in which Mr. *Walpole* gives her his Creed in opposition to her, is glaring proof.—The two passages will be found in your first volume.

Page 146, May 23, 1767, are these words, in a Letter of a person who NEVER AFFECTED SCEPTICISM, and WISHED ALWAYS TO BE DEVOUT:

"Ignorez-vous que je DE'TESTE la vie, et que je ne me CONSOLE point d'être NE'E? Je ne suis point faite pour ce monde-ci.—JE NE SAIS PAS, S'IL Y EN A UN AUTRE."

"Le NE'ANT, dont je fais grand cas, n'est bon que parce qu'on ne le sent pas."

She is afraid that what she has here said will offend Mr. *Walpole*, for its impiety!

"Nothing like it," you will say.—She tells him, "contentez vous de vous ennuyer, abstenez vous d'ennuyer les autres." She adds, "vous avez raison—changeons de conversation."

His answer to these oracles attempts no appeal against them; but gives this faith of his own, upon which I will trouble you with a comment of mine.

"Je crois une vie future—Dieu a tant fait de bon et de beau qu'on devroit se fier à lui sur le reste."

"Il ne faut pas avoir le dessein de l'offenser. La vertu doit lui plaire. Donc il faut être vertueux—mais nôtre nature ne comporte pas la perfection. Dieu ne demandera donc pas une perfection qui n'est pas naturelle.

"VOILA MA CROYANCE.

"Elle est fort simple et fort courte. Je crains peu, parce que je ne sers un tyran."

If *you* are not shocked at this Creed, I do not envy you, Madam, any of your gifts, talents, or charms.

First, Of the GOD *revealed*, and of the SAVIOUR, there is not a hint, though it would have been shorter still, if *brevity* recommends faith. Every word of it might have been said (and has been said

in more eloquent language) by those who said it before CHRIST was born.

But, in the next place, one cannot help smiling at the cheapness of its morality; as man or woman has only to say, "I do not MEAN to offend GOD, but I am not AFRAID of him—I am NATURAL, and therefore IMPERFECT."—There is not a self-indulging vice or crime that such a faith would not shelter; there is not one principle, the death's-blow to humanity or to honour, that would not here, as in a sanctuary, find its refuge.

In a subsequent Letter she evidently considers it as a *pendant* of her own Creed.

Page 156. June 6, 1767, she expresses her wish that the soul and body were the same; but she adds, *though she never affected scepticism*, "Je n'ai sur cela aucun système, et j'approuve extrêmement votre opinion, vos réflexions, et les conséquences que vous en tirez. *Ce sujet* [the distinction of body from soul] entrera dans nos conversations;"—but somehow or another we never at least hear of it again, and her DOUBTS proceed.

You have not, I am sure, forgotten that she had compared herself to *Montaigne*, and that she had said *he* was more like him too than he was aware—that *Montaigne*, *whom no idea fixed*, and *who rested in doubt*.

Is it *forgotten* that she had quoted Mr. *Walpole* as a misanthropist, page 104:—"Vous vous épanchez sur la haine que vous avez pour le genre humain."

Is it forgotten that she had ridiculed the Gospel,

uncensured by him; had compared him to the TRINITY — to GOD himself, page 64 — to our SAVIOUR, page 52?

But what is coming is a new and redoubled source of astonishment. The Reader will not believe his own eyes.

It is a long passage; but is necessary, as the portrait of a person WHO IS NO SCEPTIC.

When one sees the answer to it, one blushes for the heart that could frame it in answer to such an appeal; it is p. 312, vol. I. and is dated April 1769.

"DITES-MOI, pourquoi, détestant la vie, je rédoute la mort." — I should have answered, "because you are a misanthropist, and you are *impious*."

"RIEN ne m'INDIQUE que tout ne finira pas avec moi" — I should have answered, "*the New Testament* is the indication;" — "au contraire je m'aperçois du délabrement de mon esprit, ainsi que de celui de mon corps." — I will not repeat the contempt which I have expressed for this argument.

"TOUT ce qu'on dit POUR ou CONTRE me fait nulle impression."

What is the *pour*, and what is the *contre*? A future state. — If *that* is therefore a DOUBT between them, what is —

"Je n'écoute que moi, et je ne trouve que DOUTE et qu'*obscurité*?"

"*Croyez* — dit-on — *c'est le plus sûr*; — mais comment *croit*-on ce que l'on *ne comprend pas*?

"Ce que l'on ne comprend pas peut exister, sans doute; aussi *je ne le nie* pas. Je suis comme un sourd

et un aveugle né. Il y a des sons, des couleurs, il en convient; mais sait-il de quoi il convient?

" S'il suffit *de ne point nier*, à la bonne heure; mais *cela ne suffit pas.*

" Comment peut-on se DECIDER entre un commencement et une éternité, entre le plein et le vide? Aucun de mes sens ne peut me l'apprendre: que peut-on apprendre sans eux?

" Cependant si je ne crois pas ce qu'il faut croire, je suis *menacée* d'être mille et mille fois plus malheureuse après ma mort que je ne le suis pendant ma vie.

" A quoi se DETERMINER? et est-il POSSIBLE de se DETERMINER?"

If that is not scepticism, what is? — But let us read, with horror at the Confidant and the Confessor whom she had selected, her address to him as her guide into the way of truth.

" Je vous le demande—à vous qui avez un caractère si VRAI que vous devez par sympathie trouver la VERITE' si elle est TROUVABLE." — She ends in her playful style (though it is play with edge-tools),— "C'est *des nouvelles de l'autre monde* qu'il faut m'apprendre, et me dire si nous sommes destinés à y jouer un rôle."

To this question, as we shall presently find, his PROFESSED answer is NONE.

" Et c'est à moi que vous vous adressez pour résoudre vos DOUTES!"—Mark the word!

By the way, it is plain that his belief in a future state had either made no impression upon her as being his faith, or that she doubted the sincerity of

it; else why ask *him* AGAIN. It is plain too, that either they had never conversed upon this topick, as pledged by her to him, or to no effect.

He is, however, though he does not think it worth his while, to answer the appeal as made; is to say something upon GOD; and something which is to resolve her DOUBTS!

It seems a convention between them—that CHRIST is never to be named—or the *Bible*, unless to ridicule it. He, therefore, tells her his faith, a little diversified, but in substance the same as before, except as to the *future state*, which is *here* left in doubt, whatever he may have said of it before.

"Je crois fermement à un Dieu tout puissant, tout juste, tout plein de misericorde et de bonté.—Je suis persuadé que l'esprit de bienveillance et de bienfaisance est l'offrande la moins indigne de lui être présentée."

This picture of the DEITY is a most impious ingratitude; for it springs from the New Testament, and from nothing else. And it comes from a man who tells her that he hates all mankind, and loves nothing but his dog!

That Mr. *Walpole* was NO CHRISTIAN, is clear from this passage. Had he believed that in CHRIST we should all be made alive, he would have said, "the Saviour has told us that HE is the resurrection from the dead. I believe in it, for I believe in *Him*, and in the Gospel which He has left behind Him."

Where is *good-will to man*, the voice of Angels? —Where is mercy, and even love to enemies, ele-

vated into a moral precept, and sanctioned by the word of GOD?—Where, but in the LAMB who taketh away the sins of the world, is that mercy reconciled with justice unfathomable to the Pagan world?—Where, but in the last words of CHRIST, is a benevolent prayer for his tyrants and murderers?

But is curiosity never to be satisfied?—is possession of surprize never to be satiated? No;—we have a passage at hand, which is a picture of *Strawberry Hill*, incredible if you had not vouched for it.

Let us go to the second volume, and 1770.—In the first month of that year Mr. *Walpole* appears again as a Religious Philosopher. He had in vain resolved the DOUBTS of a person who *never doubts at all*, by two professions of his faith. He tells her his Creed again *en passant*; and, as it happens, it would have made her *doubt* if she had been credulous before, as far at least as *he* could influence her.

He ridicules the modern Philosophers of *Paris;* but, as you will see, not their tenets.

"La philosophie affichée cesse de l'être"—an admirable remark!

"Les charlatans de la *Grèce* et ceux de *Paris* sont également ridicules.

"Quand TOUT LE MONDE étoit dans l'AVEUGLEMENT, il falloit peut-être un effort pour se mettre au-dessus de prejugés.

"Mais quel mérite y a t'-il à n'en point avoir, quand c'est ridicule que d'en avoir?

"On sait si peu, qu'il ne demande pas beaucoup de

génie pour avouer qu'on IGNORE DE TOUT—et voilà le sublime des Philosophes modernes!"

Would not this infernal passage be a *pendant* for that, in one of her Letters to him, which laughs at the Philosophers for pretending they had invented Atheism? or for the other, which calls the *demonstration* that Fabulous Religion and the Bible have a perfect conformity, *belle decouverte!*

But here Mr. *Walpole* has tied a knot, which not all your ingenuity and generous predilection for him will, I fear, disentangle.

Who and *what* are these Philosophers, who are *above prejudices* when it would be ridiculous to have them? — *Professors of Atheism,* as he tells Mr. *Gray;* and *the enemies to all Religion,* as he tells Mr. *Conway.*

At a later period he tells her "that he is happy in the comparative degree to the condition of beggars, prisoners, and the sick. This, he says, gives him *true* devotion; he is thankful, and he is not envious." Of those who are devout he says, "they are usurers, who invest their happiness in the bank of Paradise, and refuse themselves necessaries here, to have millions in the other world." — Oh, Madam, these are trumpery jokes; the ridicule here is perfectly misconceived. What he condemns is the outrage of œconomy the best calculated: all excess degenerates into error; but the avarice, if it must be so called, which takes up with less *here* to have more in Eternity, is provident and well-reasoned: it is the accumulated interest of a minority, which

pays the minor fifty-fold for the *loss* of an income which he could not have *enjoyed.*

Such, indeed, is Mr. *Walpole's* aversion to a *Dévot,* that he has branded *Madame de Meaux* as *dévot et scélérat*—upon what ground of history I am at a loss to discover.

At another period he ridicules the happiness of a *Dévote,* who has a Confessor to give her hopes, who is not afraid of eternal torments for scolding her cat, who has cards at night, her apothecary, her little accounts, her sister *Dévote* who is to give her the lies of scandal to amuse her, who loves not a human creature, thinks it piety if she damns her neighbour, and assumes credit for benevolence if she gives a few halfpence to the poor on a Sunday.

If there is no other devotion but this, it is not a very interesting character, I admit; but was an Infidel to be the Confidante of this ridicule?

*** The First Letter respecting the Correspondence with *Voltaire* (viz. Letter V. in p. 212) has (through erroneous numbering by Mr. *Hardinge*, and the disarrangement of his Papers) been inserted among those relative to Mr. *Walpole*—it should have immediately followed this, as the VIIIth in the Series, and the intermediate ones have been numbered accordingly.

LETTER IX.

MADAM,

These are the liveliest of all playfellows.—Upon the 12th of April, 1760, *Voltaire* tells her, that our *taste*, and our *passions*, are *all* that can sustain us in this world. "*You* have substituted," he tells her, "for *the passions* your PHILOSOPHY"—(we know what PHILOSOPHY it was),—"*but it is not so valuable.*"

She was not, therefore, one of those ladies whom you have described in, I hope, rather too sweeping a censure, as the best company in *France*, whose *début* was gallantry, and the last act of their play—*devotion.*

Upon the 25th of April, 1760, he coquettes with her again. He sends her both verse and prose. We may judge of the former by what he says of it; which is, that she is to read it when she is in the mood for a *tale* in *Fontaine.* I suspect that it is a part of his indecent Poem entitled *La Pucelle.* He laughs at the Queen, for saying that "*he* is *impious*;" and he ends the *galanterie* in these words: "You have only to end your career gently; all the rest is *vanité des vanités, comme dit* L'AUTRE."

Who can abstain from disgust at this insult of ridicule upon Scripture in the words L'AUTRE?

In her answer, dated September 1760, she is very good-humoured and gallant. She confesses a little pique; but ends it by a most accommodating proposal to the Culprit, if they had been younger just

half a century, "*Venez, que je vous embrasse.*"—To encourage him still more, she tells him, "*je suis folle de vous.*"

Upon the 23d of July, 1760, in answer to a peevish Letter from him, but well-bred and gallant, she had written to him this impious paragraph.

Piqued at his preference of others to her, she had compared him to *Ananias* and *Sapphira*, telling him that, like *them*, he lies to the Holy Ghost. She introduces here the loss of her Friend — I suppose, alluding to *Formont*—and *Voltaire's* distance from her, as two irreparable and inconsolable calamities.

In a Letter dated the 6th of August, 1760, he adopts a very curious topick of religion. He says, that, after many reflections *upon the best of all possible worlds*, and the diminutive number of the *elect*, he thinks none are unhappy but those who are not perfect in their powers of digestion. He kindly and medically enquires into her state in that respect. "*Apropòs, Madame,* DIGEREZ VOUS?" This reminds one of Lord *Orford's* admirable report from a conversation which he overheard upon the Dauphin's illness in 1765, and which included the most indelicate of all details. It is in his best manner; but shares in some degree the indelicacy it arraigns, by *repeating* it, and with no reserve. Indelicacy, Madam, was never to my taste; and you must forgive me if I dare not quote the passage, though *you* have made it part of that Fifth *English* Volume, which *you* have not only published, but have improved by your notes; a volume in which,

to do them justice, it is a measuring cast between its indelicacy and its indecorum.

We have no answer to this *companionable* question, so that as yet we are left in the dark respecting these important functions of *Madame du Deffand*, and whether she was *happy*, or the *reverse*, upon that peculiar system of all human bliss; but, as we know that her juvenile frame and spirit enabled her to survive this date more than a fifth of a century, we may assume that she was *happy*, according to a patent in which the *ox* and the *cow*, if in good health and well-fed, have the unquestioned honour to be partners of *the firm*.

Sept. 12, 1760, his oracle is, "that we are either to be *amused* in this world, or to *commit suicide*."

She replies, and blames him for protecting his party, "who have nothing in common with *him* but ONE ARTICLE," (that of their PHILOSOPHY).

10th of October, 1760, he sends her a part of *La Pucelle*, to make her *laugh!*

27th of October, 1760, she addresses him again; and she tells him in a line from a song, "*that except him all men are equal;*"—"*that every thing but himself is tiresome.*"

In December 1760 he writes to her again.

To this Letter no reply appears; and it is a very mysterious fact, that, from the date of September 20, 1760, not a line of hers to him is to be found before we arrive at September 30, 1763, a period of three years.

In that Letter of December 9, 1760, he sends her

a new discovery which he has made in his Friend *Ezekiel*, and recommends him to her for *amusement!* The rest of this Letter is a pitiful critique upon *Shakespeare*; and it ends with an advice to this blind woman, then *sixty-three*, which is not perfectly well-bred or well placed: "TACHEZ d'avoir du PLAISIR; la chose n'est pas AISEE; mais ce n'est pas IMPOSSIBLE."

Upon the 22d of December, 1760, he interrogates how *her* President *(Hénault) manages* with seventy years of age! These allusions are not very gallant. He ridicules a very superior man, *Fontenelle*, and laments that "WICKED PHILOSOPHERS [meaning himself and his crew] have made religious festivals in *Italy* the subjects of ridicule!"

Upon the 15th of January, 1761, he alludes to a Letter from his Flirt in impiety, which does not appear, and in which it is to be inferred from this answer to it that she had ridiculed *Ezekiel*, whose part he takes with his accustomed irony of despicable wit upon subjects not amenable to it.

He cites passages from that Prophet, perverted as before, and made by this torture the victims of his derision. He again speaks of (that indecent *jeu d'esprit) La Pucelle*, and closes thus: "*Ariosto* is my God; all Poems *tire* me but *his*. The PENTATEUCH and *Ariosto* are now the charm of my life. But if I ever make the tour to *Paris*, I shall prefer *you* to the PENTATEUCH."

If it was "*her wish to be devout*," as we are

assured by Mr. *Walpole*, she had fallen into comical hands upon the road.

Upon the 6th of March, 1761, we find her playful Confessor at the Convent of *St. Joseph* again. He confers upon *Solomon* the title of Deist; again alludes to *La Pucelle*, and commends even *Rousseau* (against whom he bears in general the vengeance of an absolute fiend) in honour to his chapter upon *suicide*.

Upon the 22d of July, 1761, he tells her that he *assiduously reads the Sacred Book*; but that he loves *the Cinna* of *Corneille* much better.

But read, I conjure you, Madam, the following passage, which is a faithful extract from the same Letter; and then have the goodness to give my Son the advantage of *your* opinion—whether such words are those of a DEIST or of an ATHEIST. Here, to do him justice, though professing to be the echo of *her* Creed, he improves upon it, thus:

"It is so CERTAIN that we shall be most happy when ALL SENSATION IS FLED, that there is no PHILOSOPHER who does not EMBRACE that BEAUTIFUL idea, so CONSOLATORY and so DEMONSTRATED. In the mean time, live as happily as you can! *enjoy* to the utmost of your power! and *laugh* at every thing as much as you have a mind. I must repeat, over and over again, the same intelligence; and when I have told you that life is a child whom we must rock in its cradle till it falls asleep, I have told you all that I know.—A burgo-master, who is a perfect stranger to me, asked me (as between two friends),

whether in fact there is a GOD? and, if there is, whether he takes notice of us?—He desired an answer *by return of post!*

"Adieu.—I shall ever love you, till I give up my person back again *to its four elements.*"

He continues the accustomed vein of gallantry, and, as it should seem, *à pure perte*, unless the answers to him are suppressed.

But in the month of November, 1761, he is her *Comus* again; that is, he erects an altar of Indifference to Religion, dressed in flowers of sensual enjoyment.

"*Thoughts of death*," he tells her, "poison life; the *main* object is—*to suffer no pain.* DEATH IS A MERE SLEEP; IT IS NOTHING; it is only the IMAGE of it that AFFLICTS. Let us THINK of it no more, but live *au jour la journée.*"

This professes to answer one of her Letters, written in a low-spirited fit (and many such oppressed this wretched woman). But here let us pause.

"DEATH IS AN ETERNAL SLEEP" was a favourite aphorism of the *sans culottes*; and I never heard a doubt that by these words the future state of the soul was abjured.

Upon the 14th of February, 1762, he tells her of an old woman at *Geneva* who is 104 years of age. The wags have proposed a marriage to her; but *she loves her family too well to give her sons new brothers.*—He ends in these ludicrous words:

"Live! DIGEST! think! and laugh at the follies of the world!"

It is an amusing jump of the Atoms, that in the minute indelicacy of medical advice this Infidel is innocently a rival of the celebrated and superstitious Bigot *Samuel Johnson*, who writes to a *Miss Boothby*, with whom he was in love, a detail which I could not have read from an Apothecary or Physician of mine without resentment.

We have no more of him (as Physician of body or mind) in a long interval, a full year and a half. But he writes to her in August 1763, with spirit unimpaired, though with little of novelty, or of point even in his wit. She sends him an early answer, dated September 30, 1763. Her gallantry and wit have re-animated their vein: she tells a *bon mot* to his credit, and she tells it gracefully; but she relapses into the obstinate complaint of her incurable distemper, *ennui*, and solicits (with a beggar's importunity for alms) more amusement.

He writes to her the next month, and reminds her that she has four senses left, improved by a fund of original wit. He alludes again to *La Pucelle;* he wonders how the reader whom she employs *can* read such INSOLENT PHILOSOPHY; adding, that he is *afraid* of sending those *rogatons* by the *post*. He recommends to her a new Tragedy, "*Saul and David*," which is a version, as he tells her, from the *English*, but which is, I presume, *wit* of his own, aimed at the authority of Scripture. "It will *amuse you*," he says, "*for half an hour*, and will remind you of *the Jewish History, which they call Holy*

Writ:"—adding these words: "*Men are block-heads and fools* *."

Upon the 6th of January, 1764, *La Pucelle* again! He accounts for the delay of its arrival.

"Her President," he tells her, "is *gay*, but *he* is *very serious*. — GOD only consults *himself* in bestowing *his* favours!" — He soon falls into the Epicurean charm. "*Let us play*," says the Oracle, "*with life!*—but it is a game *at blindman's buff*."

She tells him in her answer that his *Pucelle* must not be named to the Queen by *Hénault*.

It is a Letter full of complaint and of misanthropy.

Upon the 7th of March, 1764, he laments that *Formont* is not alive to recommend him. He sends her what he calls "*fooleries*" to amuse her.

It appears in your volume, by her answer to it, that he had also written to her upon the 17th of March, 1764. But I cannot find the Letter.

In hers of March 7, 1764, she is enraptured with it, and she ends thus: "*You only I adore; all the rest are false Gods.*"

She thanks him, in answer to his Letter of March the 7th, 1764, and renews her graces of gallantry. She owes to *him* all her taste; *he* is her touchstone. "*You are charming*," she says to him; "in all styles." She gives him a subject for a moral tale upon ingratitude, and *swears* that *she loves him tenderly*."

His answer has the elegant vivacity of his best

* I observe, that Mr. *Walpole*, in his Preface to the Hieroglyphic Tales, p. 324, thinks himself an *English Voltaire* in *his* ridicule upon that History.

manner; but he says "that all *taste* is *involuntary*, and that we are nothing but *machines*; that all happens we know not how; and that every thing is like dreams, or their images." He wishes her to send him *her* ideas, which, he assures her, "will have more PHILOSOPHY than all the systems that rock us in our cradles. It will be the PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE" (or, as he *might* have added, and from *her*, THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE SENSES). He cajoles her into this experiment of her PHILOSOPHICAL treatise with infinite art, and promises to be *secret*.

She answers him, upon the 2d of May, 1764, "His Letter is CHARMING; but she has no PHILOSOPHY to send him, nothing but the old story—to lament, as the main calamity of life, that life it is, and that we are born." She adds, to the honour of her favourite *Néant*, the following reptile Creed.—I give it word for word.—"There is NO STATE, BE IT WHAT IT MAY [including, of course, Heaven itself], preferable to NON-EXISTENCE."

Again she makes him her idol; but condescends to put the genius of *Cicero* in the second class, and as next after him.

He writes to her again upon the 9th of May 1764; he disputes her Creed. "I agree," said he, "that *Néant* has good points in it; but I hold that it is impossible to love it for all its good qualities." He ridicules the *apparatus* of a religious preparation for death;—he recommends that we should not *think* of it as being at hand, and much less *be told* of it;—he laughs at the hypocrites (for so he calls them)

who attend the death-bed, and says they wish to make the dying as hypocritical as themselves;—he laments the death of *Madame de Pompadour;* but he comforts himself and his Friend by reminding her that *she* too was a PHILOSOPHER;—he wishes that *Hénault* would be a PHILOSOPHER too.

All this banter upon death, and upon the dying, is cold and vapid in him, as an Actor *aiming* at theatrical effect, compared with Mrs. *Quickly's* powers in the same line as the Historian of Sir *John Falstaff's* departure. For the simplicity of her mind, acting upon the libertine habits of her life, makes *her* impieties comic as well as natural. "*How now, Sir John?*" quoth I; "*What, man!* be of good cheer;—so a' cried out, God! God! God! three times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to *trouble himself* with any such thoughts *yet*," &c.

Her answer to this banter upon the terrors of death gives him pretty much at length *her Creed.*

"The hours of *sleep* are the *happiest* of the twenty-four."—She assures him, "that of all her sufferings her loss of sight and her age are the least." She reminds him, with her accustomed and keen address, not unaccompanied with zeal for all her favourite opinions, "that he has himself compared us to *machines,* and the sickly image of dreams. What are we," she exclaims, with a singular enjoyment of such a discovery, "what are we but *nothing,* and *a thousand times nothing?*—We should finish our course in VEGETATING AS MUCH AS WE CAN."

I really think, Madam, that *all Voltaire united (c'est beaucoup dire)* cannot surpass depravities like these, or betray more brutal opinions of that immortal spirit which must return to Him that gave it, and must give its account as a moral trustee at the judgment-seat of Eternity.

Here, Madam, I would close this Letter, were it not for a circumstance, which, a little to vary the scene at this period, solicits a momentary attention; I mean the portrait of this Lady as delineated in *English* verse by your Friend Mr. *Walpole* in 1766.

It is a very curious picture of the Painter, as well as the subject, who had flattered him till his mind was become as blind as her sight.

He commends her *wit*, her *memory*, her *fancy*, and her *judgment*, but which last he confines within so *very* contracted a circle as to make little better of it than a *Master of the revels:*

> "Where does *Judgment* hold *her* court,
> And dictate laws to *mirth and sport*."

N. B. My Son, the *Oxford* Scholar, is ungallant enough to say, that *Judgment* is not *feminine*—(but he is a pedant).

The Eulogist proceeds to *Reason*. His words, though few (and more gallant than poetical), are evidently embarrassed by an awkward subject:

> "Where does *Reason*—not the dame
> Who arrogates the Sage's name,
> And, proud of self-conferr'd degree,
> Esteems herself PHILOSOPHY —

But the Reason that I mean,
Slave of Truth, and *Passion's queen*,
Who DOUBTS—not DICTATES—SEEKS THE BEST,
And to PRESUMPTION leaves THE REST."

Here, with courtly artifice, he touches upon her antipathy to the PHILOSOPHERS; but forgets that, with shades of difference, *their* tenets are adopted into her own. I have touched already upon her FALSEHOOD; and Mr. *Walpole* himself, in prose, not only has told *us*, but has told *her*, that she was the victim of her passions, and measured all standard of character by her pride, by homage to it, or by the offence it received. But can we forget the picture he has drawn of her to his friend *Gray*? "*she has retained all her passions.*"—He has in the next line talked of her *doubts*, and softens them down into the most graceful humilities of character; but gives them two supporters, at whom *she* must have *laughed* in her sleeve—*modesty*, and *a wish to be enlightened*. A more obstinate self-conceit never inflamed a metaphysical disputant; and of her *wish to be enlightened* we may judge by the guard of ridicule, which precludes all serious access to her attention upon religious topics. But you shall tell us what Mr. *Walpole* means by the character of *presumption*, which he assigns to those who *believe* and recommend their *faith*.—He commends her *patience*, and justly, as it bears upon the loss of sight; but never existed a character less worthy of that *éloge* in all other features of it, as the picture to Mr. *Gray* has intimated.—Her *friendship*, as being neither *love*

nor *servility*, and her impartial division of taste between *England* and *France* in the choice of her Favourites, may be fair subjects of praise to a Gallant and a Wit, though a little exaggerated. But I, who am not jealous of her as a *Bel-esprit*, have no scruple to confess that friendship, covered by artifice and predilection, commenced in vanity, but sustained by a jealous demand of homage (if I must not call it passion), is no friendship to the taste of

LA VIEILLE GRANDMAMAN.

LETTER X.

MADAM,

In the reply to her Letter of May 16, 1764, in praise of sleep and of *non*-existence, her Correspondent half persuades himself to her opinion. He discusses it, and supports it. He calls her Letter a PHILOSOPHICAL one; but says, "it was NECESSARY for her to write it, and that she could not help it." He adds, "that it is *necessary* for him to answer it, and by telling her that she is to have courage—that she is to be governed by the Law of *Nature*"—(that is, *by her senses)*; that she is to despise all superstitions; and that she is also to feel the noble enjoyment of her superiority over fools. — Happy are THE MACHINES," he tells her, "which, impelled by their FATE, can thus mutually assist each other. *Her* MACHINE is the best in the world."

He puts this question to her, "Whether, if it were in her choice to see with her eyes or with her mind, she would not prefer the latter?"

She assures him in reply, May 16, 1764, that she *would not*; that *she* would prefer the *double want of sight*, the *interior* and the *external* eclipse united.

This degrading paradox, with obstinate and with lunatic ingenuity, she defends.—"If (she tells him) the conquest over SUPERSTITION [we know what *they mean* by that word] could be *all* that was required for *happiness*, it would in *her* be *ensured*. But she must live in the world, and she has no resources in herself."

Her inference from this ground of complaint is a coalition of blasphemy and of adulation to him.—"*Il faut être* VOLTAIRE, *ou végéter*."

She tells him, "that she is abandoned by her GOD, and by her Physicians; but that *he* must not *abandon* her."

What a wretched figure is here upon the scene! and what becomes of trumpery like this in her Love Letters to Mr. *Walpole*—not as the successor, but as the co-existing rival, of her *French* Confidante! Nor in her Letters to *Voltaire* is her homage confined exclusively to his *talents* or to his *religion*: for in this very Letter, as in many others, it professes to accredit in the same degree his friendship and sensibility—"*vous avez une âme sensible.*" Mr. *Walpole* must therefore divide her passion with him, or she cared for neither of them, and these high-flown compliments are words of course, to be

say reports of his other *Parisian* Friends, whom (except Madame *du Deffand)* he imperfectly knew.—But *he* is innocent of these imputations. What he says of those personages he says in the *dishabille* of confidence, opening its bosom under the veil of impenetrable secrecy to bosom friends. You, Madam, have opened this cabinet, and have courted the world into the domestic repositories of unsuspected honour and prudence.

To resume *Voltaire*. He assimilates and compares himself in this Letter to his Heroine, but gives her a decided preference over him.

In reply to this *galanterie*, upon the 17th of June 1764, she wishes to have him for her *Directeur*.—We are now upon the verge of her gallant and impassioned idolatry, conceived in terms very similar, but less playful and more servile, to her *English* favourite Mr. *Walpole*, who is her *Tuteur*, and upon whom she confers the inestimable privilege of controuling her as a child. To him we have seen that she assigned those exaggerated compliments, but with less gallantry and spirit, with less freedom, and with less heart.

In his reply, upon the 20th of June, he begins with a *badinage* too indecent for the repetition of it here.

He commends the PHILOSOPHY of Mr. *Hume;* and arraigns the Church authorities in *France*, who have burnt *Helvetius's* book, which is not half so bold.

In her answer she makes a very entertaining line of distinction between the *English* and *French* Infi-

del—"The latter (she well and shrewdly observes) is proud and coarse, fond of paradox, and a sophist;" and, she adds, "though ALL HE AFFIRMS appears to be JUST, his MANNERS offend."

She makes another excellent remark upon History; and I am not sure if there is not a little sly mischief in it, leveled at him. It is the bitterest of satire upon his crew, and let him escape from it if he can! "I do not like PHILOSOPHICAL HISTORIANS. It makes the Reader *suspect their facts.*"

This truth is better expressed in the original, and it has a fund of good sense in it, which tempts me to copy the whole sentence in her own words, at the fountain-head.

"*J'aime beaucoup ce que vous dites sur nos* HISTORIENS; *qu'est ce que* L'HISTOIRE *si elle n'a pas l'air de* la plus grande VERITE'? Mais quoique L'ESPRIT PHILOSOPHIQUE sort bon à tout et par-tout, je n'aime pas qu'on le fasse trop sentir dans l'HISTOIRE—cela peut rendre les FAITS SUSPECTS, et faire penser que L'HISTORIEN les ajuste à ses SYSTEMES."

But we have at last, and I cannot help smiling at the discovery, a hint of her state in the article of DIGESTION. It seems, that as it is well or ill performed, it affects her *conceptions* and her *style.*

She again wishes for him *alone* as her "*Directeur:*" "*Je ne trouve que vous* (she tells him) *qui soit digne de l'être.*" He is therefore to have the *monopoly* of her conscience and will.

Upon the 1st of July 1764 he writes to her in reply, and he abuses *Corneille,* who, to the honour

of her taste, was *her* Favourite, as he was of Madame *de Sévigné*, though with her accustomed art she dissembles her preference.

In answer, upon the 18th, with a Courtier's address and manner, in which I miss her frankness of character, she vindicates *Corneille* a little at the expence of his *(Voltaire's)* passion, real or simulated, *Racine*—then comparing HIM to BOTH of them, she gives him the advantage and superiority over each of them. I think too well of her taste, and much too ill of her sincerity, for the least faith in this compliment. But, if it was really her opinion, she is a *liar to her English Friend*, who is told by her, that both of those Dramatic Writers are superior infinitely to *Voltaire*, vol. III. p. 468, Letter 335. It is indeed a satire of the bitterest kind upon all his Tragedies. This indeed was after his death, and when he could not *bite*.

Upon the 26th of July 1764, *à propos* to compliments, he pays one both to *her* and her Veteran Swain, so beautifully turned, as well as conceived, that one laments the union of such infamies, and of such deceit, with so elegant a mind.

His Letter of Aug. 31, 1764, is not unimportant. He is very anxious to hear whether *D'Argenson*, if dead, has died LIKE A PHILOSOPHER—EN PHILOSOPHE. He arraigns all who die with circumstances of devotion, and seems piqued that it should have been reported of MONTESQUIEU. He is like a fallen creature of your sex and mine, who wishes to attract as many other women as her influence can reach into

similar habits or principles. In describing his own continuance, he calls it "*creeping upon the heap of mud* in which NATURE has placed all of us!"

She writes, on the 10th of September 1764, "that what happens of *ceremony* upon these occasions appears to *her* of *no consequence!*"

Sept. 21, 1764, he affects to be her *proselyte.* He commends an impious work of his own, his *Dictionary;* but expects PERSECUTION for it. He gives her credit for UNE AME FORTE, that can *bear* from *him* DES VERITE'S FORTES!"

3d of October 1764, he is endeavouring to discover the notable secret of DIGESTING WELL!—"He thinks IDEOCY happiness!"

Here, Madam, a circumstance intervenes, upon which I am led away from these two Profligates into better company, that of *Henault* and your own. The air is pure—let me enjoy it.

If there could be any thing like a sufficient antidote against all the poison which you have (innocently) circulated, it would be *Henault's* answer to *Voltaire's* compliment of condolence upon the death of *D'Argenson,* their common friend.

Voltaire's compliment of Oct. 20, 1764, is graceful artifice and falsehood—as we know, and *from him,* that he *hated,* and that he *despised,* the man to whom this compliment is paid.

But he cannot forbear to add a few words upon his own Works, and upon the lies, half-admitted and confessed, which he tells in disowning them.

If such a man could feel, the answer must have cut him to the bone.

Your note upon it reflects the highest honour upon your taste, and upon your principles.

Madame *du Deffand*, upon the 28th of December 1764, is proud in the main of this composition, as the genius of her autumnal gallant; but still, with her inseparable duplicity of character, shuffles and prevaricates between them, compromising her laurel, and with delicacy half insinuating that in the latter part of it, which is not only the best, but inferior to no eloquence of the kind, *he is a little superannuated.*

She begins, however, to rally her Correspondent. "You have DESTROYED ERROR," she tells him. We all know what is meant. "But what have you put in its place? IS ANY THING REAL? Is not every thing an illusion?—*Fontenelle* says, there are *corals* for every age." And then she intimates, but half in trammels to her flattery, that *Voltaire* plays the fool in attempts to make PROSELYTES!

With a vein of satire, and of covered sneer the counterpart of his own, after paying him lavish compliments for his power to captivate all the world upon every topick, she affects to lament that he is occupied upon subjects "which are so much RESPECTED, that we should never say A WORD ABOUT THEM, OR THINK OF THEM!"

She ends this Letter with an allusion to Mr. *Walpole*, her new Friend, but not by name; and her love to *Voltaire* is undiminished; for she says of her

correspondence with him, " c'est le SEUL PLAISIR qui me reste."

Here, Madam, I would pause, and breathe a little, though shuddering at the mischief that must arise from the vent of a pestilence like that, of such an intercourse between two such characters laid open to the world.

But there is an episode of horror at the INSINCERITY of these two Libertines.

HENAULT is for a course of years the PASSION of *Deffand's* Correspondent VOLTAIRE, in homage to *her* preference of him, as accredited by *her*.

She herself speaks of him to her Friend in terms of partiality and of *éloge*—of partiality unimpaired, when her passion for him as her Gallant had subsided of course—and it seems till *you*, Madam, took off the mask, a most amiable feature of her life.

In this Letter of December 1764, which alludes to his reply upon *Voltaire*, she is delighted with it, and with *him*. I suspect that she lived upon him.

He died in December 1770. She tells VOLTAIRE, after his death, " c'étoit un homme bien aimable." But she adds, " to him (of all the birds in the air), that her departed Friend had become *dévot;* though, to soften the GUILT and FOLLY of the change, qualifying it by the assurance to her friend the Infidel, that his REASON had never been CONCERNED, and that his HEART had never been touched."

Piqued in secret that she was not mentioned in his will, but not owning it, she relates merely as a fact the contents of that will. It appears to be per-

fectly rational. He leaves nothing to those whom she calls *his Friends*, and he might have excellent reasons for it. Of all human impertinence, that of blaming a will is the most unpardonable. Who can dive into the Testator's mind when it guided his pen so well as himself—or know with equal precision the light and shade of all the facts and characters, principles and feelings, which offered themselves to his intellect, or to his heart, at such a moment? Vain is the generous opinion of the Law, that his will stands for the reason of it, if his neighbours are to erect a superficial but imperious tribunal over him, assuming the dishonour to his motives in whatever he has done or omitted!

In a subsequent Letter she again speaks handsomely; and reports that, when he made this will, he was *entêté* with *Lespinasse*, who had become her enemy; from which it seems to be conveyed as the insinuated result that *she* had alienated his mind from *her*.

VOLTAIRE'S Letter, in reply to her first account of the will, is a feature of his base character, too decisive to be overlooked, or faintly touched.

His Letters to her up to that moment are full of this very man, of his genius, and of his worth. In one of them he makes *Hénault* the first man of the age, and himself the second. In that Letter, which is to him, he tells him, "that *his* goodness to him has made him forget all his persecutions"—calls him "AIMABLE ET ILLUSTRE." He adds, "that, when he is beloved a little by such a Writer, he is proud in

his desert, and concludes in these words: "*Quand je serai mort, dites—J'ai perdu un admirateur.*"

Yet, in his reply to the disconsolate Widow (if I may give her that name), he tells her, "that for thirty years he had thought him SOFT—'MOLLE'—and possessed of NO SENSIBILITY—'QU'IL AVOIT L'ESPRIT FOIBLE ET LE CŒUR DUR.'" He ridicules his Works, writes an epigram, and satirizes him. He calls him "a time-serving flatterer, a knave, and a hypocrite."

But what are the sentiments of the Turtle-dove he left behind him? She replies to this Windmill of a Courtier with decency, if not feeling, and with a sense of honour to the attachment, as well as to her Friend's merit. But she tells Mr. *Walpole*, THE DAY AFTER HIS DEATH, in a Letter which YOU have published, the effect of this event, in the following words: "J'AVOIS TANT DE PREUVES DE SON PEU D'AMITIE', QUE JE CROIS N'AVOIR PERDU QU'UNE CONNOISSANCE."

May no such perfidies, Madam, in that sacred intercourse between two Friends, which is profaned, and for ever betrayed, unless built upon esteem, and sustained by the habits of a generous confidence in the heart, be ever your fate! Except that of Infidelity alone, real or assumed, it is the heaviest curse that can fall upon the head of passengers through *this* world into the *next*.

I observe, in the Letters of *Madame de Lespinasse*, that she gives him credit for a *bon mot* at the expence of his character for sincerity. The *bon mot* is admirable, and one says of it, "*se non è vero è*

ben trovato. It represents him as apologizing to *D'Argenson* his Friend (and Brother-infidel, as we are to understand) for his new fit of piety, graced with a general confession.

"Jamais (said he) *on ne se trouve si riche que lorsqu'on déménage.*" I may perhaps not understand the language of this turn enough; but I confess that it appears to me no banter upon his piety. We are never so rich, he tells him, as in reducing our establishment. In a figurative sense, "I am richer since I made a sacrifice to the altar of those empty superfluities—Vice, Folly, and Irreligion."

But, assuming that he meant a new charter of impunity as the boon of absolution, or pointed at the number of sins he could without impiety withhold from the confessional; I would set off against this, not *so* understood, the fact of the Letter to *Voltaire.* If he was afraid of seriously vindicating his devotion to one Infidel, would he not even more have entertained that fear in addressing the other, who to equal impiety added such a formidable artillery of spleen and wit!

Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was of the philosophical *côterie*, and was enlightened at the foot of her *Gamaliel, D'Alembert.* It was for the interest of their Infidel Fanaticism that all devotion, but especially that of a convert, should pass for hypocrisy and political *manœuvre*, or for a solemn ridicule upon the faith it professed; but it is demonstration that *Voltaire* believed him to be sincere, or he would not have been so embittered against him.—

The Letter has nothing overstrained in it, nothing which might be arraigned as the pedantry of a counterfeit. It is the effusion of a calm and reasoning mind, *coulant de source*, and from the pure fountain of the heart.

LETTER XI.

MADAM,

If Letters, undressed and confidential, have at least the merit of *sincerity* and of *truth* (as we are assured in the Editor's Preface to *Lord Orford's English* Works), those of *Madame du Deffand* prove her disingenuity, her duplicity, and her falsehood. She defames to Mr. *Walpole* two persons, both of whom she had professed for near half a century to love. If they are *no* test of portrait, and of its resemblance to the life, you will have the goodness to inform us why you have published a series of them as credentials of accuracy, and as powerful auxiliaries to the history of the human character?

I cannot open this Letter with a more characteristic portrait of this old and blind *Armida* than she has given us herself, in her love letter to *Rinaldo —Voltaire*, of Jan. 14, 1766.

In her native spirit of mischief, and piqued, perhaps, at the detection of his perfidy, or jealous of his crew, she becomes a very entertaining champion of THE FAITH, against HIM and against THEM.

She begins by saying, "*it is of no consequence whether people are of the same Religious Creed or no.*"

Her next proposition is, "that SOUND MORALITY is the best rule of all Government."

It would make one smile to see *her* code of morals if extracted from *her life.*

She contends, and with powerful argument, "that FAITH is indispensable to POPULAR happiness;" and by "THE PEOPLE," she explains, "that she does not mean *the vulgar*, but the *mass of human creatures.*"

It is true that she calls it PREJUDICE, but she makes it a most *fortunate* one; for she describes it, "as the *resource in calamity*, and *bridle of conduct. It is therefore desirable* (she argues) *to leave the world* UNENLIGHTENED."

She defines "ALL FAITH to be a firm BELIEF in that which the BELIEVER cannot UNDERSTAND!"

She then, to banter it, represents it as a gift of "peculiar *grace* to the *elect*;" which is rather (as my pert youth of a son remarked) "a *lady-like* departure in reasoning from her system that *Faith* was a *popular* prejudice."

Her next whim is, to call *Professors* of Infidelity the regular Physicians, and Churchmen as empirical knaves.

"He and herself," she tells him, "are agreed in the search for *truth*. *He* thinks he has found it; she, that it cannot be found.

"*He* is of opinion, that before the time of *Moses* the soul was accredited as an immortal spirit; but

that *Moses* had no such Creed, or at least has not himself transmitted it.

"If it *was* adopted in these early days, what then?—is it the more *clear*, or is it the more *probable for that*?—What signifies whether it is *true or false*? If it were *true*, would it *comfort* us?"—It would at least not comfort *them* who thought, with *her*, that we suffered but *one* calamity, that of "*coming into the world.*"

She then gives him admirable advice, "to let men follow their common sense, which is to every one *his Law and Prophets.*"

From such theories her transition is to the PHILOSOPHERS themselves; and she falls upon them without mercy for their *pride*, and for their *intolerance*, a favourite theme of those very passions in herself.

She defends her *President*, though with a little, a very gentle, and, perhaps a counterfeited ridicule upon him. He has preferred of late *spectacles*, and *his own*. He is partial to these *new* favourites. He has *good eyes*; but he has taken a *fancy* to these *artificial ones*, and he does not *chuse* to part with them."

Such is the depraved heart of this Impostor.—Obstinate in her *Atheism*, she hates her own coadjutors (except *Voltaire*); and she hates them, not for their *Creed*, but for their *injuries* to her. "*She knows them well*," is her phrase; all which fury against *them* resolves itself into her hatred of *D'Alembert* and of *Lespinasse*, their idols.

During a considerable period (if the date of this

Letter, as you give it, is correct) she had received three Letters from her Friend. The first of them, dated March 1765, seems to point at a Letter from her, which does not appear, and in which an allusion had been made by her to his *passions*.

He tells her, "the *older* he is, the more it becomes a PASSION with HIM to disarm *St. Jerom*, *St. Augustin*, and *Pascal*, of *their* credit.—They deserve none," he tells her, "but are only subtle, though vehement advocates DE LA PLUS MAUVAISE DE TOUTES LES CAUSES."

He ends with a gallantry so much in character that I cannot help transcribing it:

"Well or ill, clear-sighted or blind, he shall retain a *heart* for *her*—he assures her of it.

"Life is a mere dream; but of all those flattering ideas *qui pouvent nous bercer dans ce rêve d'un moment*, the image of *her* merit, of *her* bright fancy, and of her INGENUOUS CHARACTER, makes the deepest impression upon *him*.

"He shall continue to entertain la plus respectueuse amitié for *her* to the moment OU L'ON S'ENDORT VERITABLEMENT POUR N'AVOIR PLUS D'IDE'ES DU TOUT."

Who will contend, after numerous passages like these in this Infidel's works, dressed or in *dishabille*, that *he* believed in a *future state* of recompense, or in the *immortality of the soul*?

In a second Letter of Oct. 16, 1765, he makes love to *Hénault* again, as well as to *her*.

He says, "WE ARE BORN UPON A CONDITION;

WHICH IS, THAT WE ARE TO EXIST NO MORE. *Cicero* calls death *only the end of sufferings;* and *Cæsar* was of the same opinion."

He sends her the *Philosophical Dictionary.* He announces to her more of *La Pucelle,* upon which he makes a bantering and a local pun, to the dishonour of his neighbours at *Geneva.*

He laments that she is not in good-humour with HIS PHILOSOPHERS; and wishes her to have more charity for THEM, as wearing HIS LIVERY.

But upon the 19th of February, 1766, he writes a Letter which is not a little curious in itself, and, for the turn *she* gives to it, is more interesting still.

He tells her "they are AGREED upon what is NOT, but that *he* is endeavouring to discover WHAT IS. He confesses IGNORANCE. He wishes her a life prolonged, and a GOOD STOMACH."

The passage relative to *Hénault* is too flattering to be overlooked. We have already jumped over time a little beforehand, and have seen how this flattery ends. "*Tell him*" (are his words in the Letter now before us) "that I shall *never* cease to esteem him *de tout mon esprit, et de l'aimer* de tout mon cœur."

Her answer to this Letter is a powerful trait of her character.

None are more acute in discerning the ridicule which is due to others—none more keen in probing their vulnerable follies.

Here she turns upon him with spirit; she delights in his "IGNORANCE," (which in effect had made him

her proselyte); "but he hopes to find out WHAT IS! He thinks it possible.—But is it NECESSARY?"

She recurs to her favourite aphorism, "that we have no guides but our SENSES." Armed by that position, she ridicules all *his* pursuits after *a phantom,* and renews the old story, that *life* is our *bane*; that *she* would prefer *néant* to any part she could ever play upon that stage, the world—yet that she has a horror at the image of death. She desires *him* to *explain it*—and she *loves* "*him tenderly!*"

Here, to do *Voltaire* justice, he is equally impious, but less irrational. They are AGREED in what IS NOT,—that is, they agreed in Atheism. But *Voltaire* affects at least a desire to substitute another cause and principle, which, according to Mr. *Walpole,* he discovered, or thought he discovered, in *Fatalism,* or *Nature.* She, having with him shaken off all faith in Providence, wishes to make a full stop, and refuses even to inquire into a substituted principle. This impiety is more *brutal,* and leaves him behind her, a Bigot in comparison.

We may as well here begin to contemplate Mr. *Walpole* again.—He was at *Paris* from the autumn of 1765; and her first Letter to him (which is, like all the rest, a love-letter of its kind) is dated the 17th of April in 1766.

In the October of 1765 he described her to his Friend *General Conway* as "A DEBAUCHEE, OLD AND BLIND"—not a very gallant picture of her! He ridiculed in that Letter the loud proclamation of the dishes made by her into *Hénault's* deaf ears.

It is remarkable that in that same Letter he describes *Hénault* as "*nearly superannuated*,"—that same *Hénault*, who in 1764 had written the Letter to *Voltaire*, a letter, which, for eloquence and grace of style, for sense, argument, and good principles united, admits of no parallel with any one of the numerous compositions which have sprung from Lord *Orford's* pen.

Mr. *Walpole*, in a second Letter, is profane enough to ridicule the PHILOSOPHERS, whom he justly represents, at least many of them, as aiming at the subversion of ALL RELIGION, and many others of them as menacing ALL REGAL POWER with a death's blow.

Your *note*, Madam, upon this prophetic sagacity in your Friend, is very interesting, and is very just.

By the way, it is a curious fact, that, in this free Correspondence to the dearest Friend of his life *General Conway*, he says not a word more of *Madame du Deffand* up to the very moment of his departure from *Paris* in May 1766; though it is plain from her first Letter to him, in that loving month of May, that her passion for him had then taken very ample strides; for she tells him, "SHE CAN LOVE NOBODY MORE THAN SHE LOVES HIM;—that she has a TENDER and a SINCERE HEART;—that we are all of us paid for our merits;—and that *she* has this RECOMPENCE at the end of her life." She begs him to persuade himself "that SHE IS MORE HIS THAN HER OWN."

It is in that (precious) Letter, quoted for another

purpose, that she *parodies* the words of *St. Augustine*, and says "*do but love! and then do—what you like best.*"

But let us resume *Voltaire*, the earlier Inmate of the bower. — He is inspired by her *galanterie*, and closes with her, as the real or affected proselyte of her Creed, "that notions upon which men differ so much (alluding of course to religious topics) are not at all NECESSARY."

"This," he tells her, "is PROVED (a short and summary demonstration) because they are concealed from us."

He then proceeds with renewed spirit into HIS plan of NECESSITY and FATE.

Let those read it who say that *he*, to do him justice, *believed in a God!*

"It was NECESSARY," he says, "for parents to love their children. They *do* love them accordingly. —It was NECESSARY to have some *general* principles of *morality*, in order to make the social world subsist. Those principles are accordingly the same in all civilized Governments.

"BUT WHATEVER IS AN ETERNAL SUBJECT of DISPUTE is of ETERNAL INUTILITY;" as impudent an oracle as even *his* impiety ever uttered.—What if men differ upon Religion: is it therefore useless?—What if they differ upon virtue in benevolence, and upon philosophical truth: are the *subjects* of their disagreement therefore of no use?—Men differ eternally upon *Governments*; that is, in debating *what* Government is the *best*:—is *Anarchy* therefore pre-

ferable to Government?—In truth, one suspects that it is mere gallantry to *her* opinions; for he says to her, after stating it, "Is not this, Madam, *your* notion? It is full of COMFORT; it overturns all SUPERSTITION; it gives REPOSE to the mind, that is, the PHILOSOPHICAL REPOSE of *intellect enlightened.*"

He tells her, "that her passion for life (wretched as it is), and her fear of death, are nothing but INSTINCT; that animals have it; and that it is an INSTINCT which is NECESSARY for our condition."

But, if he is correct in this coincidence with her, he is rather puzzled how to vindicate his own *assiduity*, though prejudiced, of research, and his own pride of Infidelity. He makes a very awkward plea for it. He tells her, it is *agreeable;* and is an exercise of the understanding, to EXAMINE CREATION, the eternity of the Universe, and many OTHER LITTLE TRIFLES of that kind; that we are by *nature curious.*

He ends with a gallantry to her, which is, "that NO truth is half so clear to him, as *her* claim upon his heart."

I must here do *him* justice at *her* expence, in the contrast between them. All *his* Letters to half the world are published, and I am not aware (as far as I have dipped in them) that he has reflected upon *her* to any *one* of his numerous Correspondents. He pays an almost implicit homage to her whims; he distinguishes her from every other human creature; and seems uniformly to delight in her, often speaking of her to others with enthusiasm.—*She* never

commends *him* to others, without a *but*, or an *if*, and much oftener speaks of him with contempt.

Nov. 13, 1766, he is tickled with more of her graceful compliments. "He has *destroyed* (she tells him) FANATICISM" — (we know by this time what is meant by the word in THEIR lips);—but she conjures him "*to write upon it no more.*" It is neither more nor less interesting than PAGAN MYTHOLOGY TO HER.

So that here she describes, without reserve, her *indifference* to the being and attributes of God, the immortality of the soul, and a future state of the moral agent, as resembling her indifference to *the Pantheon of Rome.*

She again, however, inveighs against the PHILOSOPHERS, though in *his* livery, and makes use of this infernal blasphemy in her mode of disinclining him to his creatures. "IT IS YOU that have CREATED them.—Imitate HIM who is the *oracle of your faith!*—REPENT of your OWN WORK!"—She is enraptured with his *brochures*, and calls him, by the happiest of all turns, *the Orthodox of Taste.*

He writes to her in a later period of the month; and his perfidy to *Hénault* being a most prominent feature of his depraved heart, I *must* quote the last words of that Letter:—"Je fais MILLE VŒUX pour vous, et pour Monsieur le Pr. *Hénault.*"

But his Letter of May 18, 1767, if it is read as it *should* be read, will never be forgotten.

It has been said of *Hume*, that he was a good *man*, if he was not a good *Christian.*

But in *Voltaire* all the vices of *Belial* were assembled, and redeemed by not a *single* virtue. His flaming zeal against persecution had not the *genuine* spirit of that very *toleration* which it professed, as I could prove to demonstration.

But his *morals* make one shudder; and this Letter of May 1767 is a living picture of them, which leaps from the canvas, though he miscalculated if he thought it safe in the hands of so dissolute a character as that of his Friend.—"YOU KNOW," he says to her, "THAT I SHALL EVER LOVE YOU; but you will say, 'SHEW ME THY FAITH IN THY WORKS!'"

He tells her "that he is going to put on his THEATRICAL habit of an OLD MAN, the character which he is to perform upon his own stage, and in which (if he is to be accredited) he was excellent."

I said that he was not even *tolerant;*—nothing proves that I am correct with better evidence than his delight in the expulsion of the Jesuits, and whom he ridicules when they are in the dust.

"There is a woman," he tells his Friend, "who acquires great renown—the *Semiramis of the North;* who marches 50,000 men in *Poland* for the purpose of ESTABLISHING there TOLERATION (as he calls it) and LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE!

"It is a perfect *unique* in the history of the world; and I can be answerable to you," are his words, "that it *will go far.*

"*To you,*" said he, "I can venture to *boast,* that *I* am a little in her good graces. I am her Knight for and against all the world.

"I am aware that people blame her for some TRIFLING PECCADILLO upon the subject of her husband! But these are FAMILY-AFFAIRS, and I do not meddle with them. Besides, it is not amiss that one should have committed a FAULT which is to be REPAIRED; it engages one to make powerful efforts, which may *force* the publick to admire and esteem one's character."

He rejoices in the expulsion of the Jesuits; and then, with his TOLERANT spirit, he adds these words: "But you will agree that *Catharine* has done better a hundred-fold in reducing the Church of her Empire to an implicit and exclusive dependence upon *her*, and upon her wages to the Ministers."

The answer to this Letter is admirable. It is dated May 27, 1767. It strikes out a vein of ridicule equal to the best of *his*, and by accident (perhaps at the impulse of a little petticoat jealousy) it is a ridicule which is here the test of truth, and of sound argument.

Her blue devils are destroyed. — *His éloge* upon *Semiramis* would make the dead burst into fits of laughter.—She repeats the softening account of these FAMILY AFFAIRS; and recommends to him the education of her Son, whom she calls NINIAS with infinite humour. This will be of more use to him, she thinks, than his Mother's bright example. She admires her ZEAL for TOLERATION, which, not content with planting in her own dominion, she sends *missionaries* to inculcate amongst her neighbours, *fifty-*

thousand of them, armed *cap-à-pied!* Oh, this after all (she tells him) is the only eloquence! and she wonders, archly, what the *Sorbonne* will say to it.

She then joins with him in ridicule upon the *Jesuits*. To humour him, she laughs at *Rousseau*; she makes love to him for his bust or statue; and assures him of *Hénault's* love to him.

At the period of this date, she had known Mr. *Walpole* a full year, and had written to him LOVE-LETTERS, *telles qu'elles*, every passing week. On the account of his illness in September 1766, she is like a perfect lunatic; has thoughts of sending her own servant after him,—who writes to him, and implores him to send a BULLETIN TWICE A WEEK!

In this whole period, containing twenty-eight Letters, not a hint ever transpires that she is *partial to Voltaire*. He is named three times, and the Reader will not believe me when I tell him what she says of him at some later periods. But at present let us confine ourselves to these.

1. Jan. 4, 1767. "Tell me if you would like to have *Le Philosophe ignorant de Voltaire*;"—of its merit not a word.

2. March 8, 1767. She blames him for asserting that *Shakespeare* had *more genius* than *Voltaire*;—and why?—not because it is not a just preference, but upon grounds of prudence alone—"it will bring upon him *French* criticism."

3. April 26, 1767. "You do too much honour aux SCYTHES (one of his Tragedies). They are not

worth criticism. It is the work of a novice, who does not even announce any talent or genius."

4. "I should never have sent you," she tells him in the same Letter, "*La Guerre de Génève* (a burlesque Poem of *Voltaire*); c'est un *rabachage*, a tiresome repetition of *La Pucelle*."

[She had, therefore, as it now appears, read that infamous and libertine Poem. You have apparently met with only the first canto. There is no second; but there is a third, inferior even to the first.]

May 17, 1767. "What! have you the effrontery —le front—d'être content du troisième chant de la *Guerre de Génève*.—Oh! cela me surprend bien. I could not have had the COURAGE to send you such a rhapsody, and such *infamies*, which are not redeemed par aucun trait de l'esprit."

5. Upon the 23d of May she writes again to Mr. *Walpole*, and quotes, word for word, *Voltaire's* Letter upon the BAGATELLE of murdering *Catharine's* Husband.

Mr. *Walpole's* answer is full of spirit, feeling, and virtue. Oh, that he had always written thus!

"*Voltaire* me fait horreur avec sa *Catherine*— le beau sujet de *badinage* que *l'assassinat* d'un mari! Il n'est pas mal, dit-il, qu'on ait une faute à reparer.— Eh! comment repare-t-on un meurtre? Est-ce en retenant des poëtes à ses gages? en payant des historiens mercénaires? et en soudoyant des philosophes ridicules à mille lieues de son pays? Ce sont ces AMES VILES qui chantent un *Auguste*, et se taisent sur ses proscriptions."

These are strong expressions; but we do not find they offend *her* who is making love to one of these AMES VILES at this very period, and for ten years to come. These ATTACHMENTS, and these complicated PERFIDIES, in a character thus insulated, for the virtue of SINCERITY, are not a little puzzling to the sober intellect, and the single-hearted simplicity, of

THE OLD GRANDMOTHER.

LETTER XII.

MADAM,

AFTER the keen banter upon *Voltaire*, which closed my preceding Letter, in which the tempered and graceful severity of her wit is countersigned, but with less command of temper, by her new Passion Mr. *Walpole*, we hear of the *earlier Cicisbé* no more till Feb. 1768; but then "*he loves her with all his heart.*" He tells her, in a pathetic spirit of confidence, that in *him* "la *faculté digérante* is annihilated." But he thanks NATURE—(mark the word, it is not spilt accidentally!)—for so long a life. He gives the Petticoat Evergreen joy of a good stomach;—*he* is *dead*, but from the bottom of his tomb he is gallant, and says to her, "je fais des vœux pour vous—je suis occupé de vôtre état." He is in a rage with NATURE for giving eyes to *him* when *she* is *blind*.—This ALONE makes him DETEST

the ROMANCE which asserts that we are in the best of all worlds. If that were so, we should not lose *the best of us* before we lose the rest. Infinite is the number of sufferers, but NATURE laughs at individuals. If the machine of the Universe follows its appointed course, the little blisters *(les errans)* its inhabitants do not interest HER in the least.

March 30, 1768, he tells her, that when he has but a theme or a subject, as, for example, when his object is to know "si l'âme des puces est immortelle—si le mouvement est essentiel à la matière—si les Operas Comiques sont préférables à *Cinna* et à *Phèdre*—ou pourquoi Madame *Dénis* est à *Paris*," his pen "va comme une folle."

He complains that a Mr. *Brown*, a *Scotchman*, has *accused him* of going to *confession*.

Her answer, dated April 10, 1768, is incomparable. She never enquires into themes like the soul of his flea, and such other topicks, which do not interest her curiosity if she does not understand them;—but she calls upon him where *her* curiosity *is* interested;—she wishes to know if he has really gone to confession, and has received the Sacrament. She then treats with all the ridicule which is due to it that compromise of impious ridicule and of servile cowardice.

His *Princess of Babylon* is come—"*qui m'a fait grand plaisir*." We must not forget these words: they are sincere, of course;—it is her character, you know.

She calls him "THE ONLY MAN OF HIS AGE." She trembles at her peril of losing "*celui qui étoit peut-être le plus aimable.*" Who is meant here?—"*je vous* le donne en douze." Let *her* tell us—"*le pauvre Président.*"

To *him Voltaire* had written a Letter of extreme impertinence on the subject of *Toleration*, on which HENAULT had published his thoughts.

Without shewing *Madame du Deffand* this Letter, he desires her to acquaint him that he has not read the Supplement.

She encourages him to write away, and let his pen run wild, *courir comme une folle.*—Many comments occur upon this letter.

1. She expresses no horror at the infernal profanation of these holy rites, but plays with it.

2. She commends this impious *brochure*, his *Princess of Babylon.* But what she *really* thought of it (she whose passion for TRUTH was incorruptible, as you have told us in her Life), you and Mr. *Walpole* shall tell us. In a Letter to him, copying this Letter from *Voltaire*, she has these words:—"Je n'ai point encore reçu cette *Princesse de Babylone*, mais je l'ai lue. Il y a quelques traits plaisans, mais C'EST UN MAUVAIS OUVRAGE—et contre son ordinaire FORT ENNUYEUX."

3. She alludes in a very affecting and a very amiable manner to her *French* husband, who was yet (and her sincerity was incorruptible each time) no loss to her the day after his death, but whom she

then tells Mr. *Walpole*, that she had not LONG DETECTED as not being her friend.

July 3, 1767, she is at *Ferney* again. "He thinks, perhaps, that he is rid of her; but no—he is never to part with her."

She tells him of a *galanterie* in her Friend Mr. *Walpole*, who has printed at *his* press *Cornèlie, Hénault's* Tragedy. She is bold enough to compare it with *Œdipus*, written at the same age (that of youth) by *Voltaire;* and she loves them so equally, the two Authors and Friends, that between them she can have no partiality.

She again makes love to him—"PAR DESSUS TOUT JE VOUS AIME."

To this Letter his reply bears date July 13, 1768. He in effect admits that he has conformed himself to those holy ceremonies; but, with mock-heroic solemnity of complaint against the world, he adds, "that if he does not conform, he is an Atheist; and is a Hypocrite if he does."

Upon the subject of *Bleterie*, who had offended him, he is implacable against him (though protected by *Choiseul*, to whom nothing is more abject than his flatteries). He says, after marking his vindictive obstinacy, "on croira que je suis dévenu dévot; car je ne pardonne pas."

He confesses that he is a coward upon the subject of his *Writings*.

Aug. 16, 1768, is a Letter to him from *Armida*, full of the most high-flown compliments upon his Letter to Mr. *Walpole:*—"C'est un chef-d'œuvre de

gout, de bon sens, d'esprit, d'éloquence, et de politesse."

LOSING SINCERITY, and jealous of her new Hero's fame, she tells the man who despised him the most infamous lie, to the dishonour of her *Twickenham* flame — that Mr. *Walpole* is become *his* convert upon *Shakespeare*.—" Il faut lui pardonner ses erreurs passées. L'orgueil nationel est grand dans les *Anglois*. Ils ont de la peine à nous accorder la superiorité dans les choses de gout, tandis que SANS VOUS nous reconnoitrons en eux toute superiorité dans les choses de raisonnement."

She ends like a young coquette—" Adieu—vous êtes UN INGRAT si vous ne m'aimez pas."

In the mean time she tells Mr. *Walpole* that she sends him nothing from *Voltaire*, who says the same thing over and over again! " What *Boufflers* had predicted upon the effect of age is come to pass; these writings are as flat, superfluous, nay, as tiresome, as if they had been written against Witches and Magicians."

But she gives him worldly and mean advice upon his quarrel with *Voltaire*.

Upon the 21st of July, 1768, addressing Mr. *Walpole* again, she calls the Letter by *Voltaire* to him extremely POLITE; she gives it no other praise to him, but warns him against *Voltaire*.

Let us here make a landing-place upon the topick of sincerity.

Mr. *Walpole* is much and is justly offended by *Voltaire*, who represents to the Duchess of *Choi-*

seul that Mr. *Walpole* had obtruded his Works upon him—when the fact was, that *Voltaire* had solicited a copy of the *Historic Doubts*.

It gave Mr. *Walpole* (you tell us in your Fifth Volume) such a contempt for *Voltaire's* DISINGENUITY, that he dropped all further correspondence with him.—Alas, Madam, before we part, I must lament that you have yourself, by *your* passion for truth in opening every lock to it, stamped this character of disingenuity upon your Friend; you have made him appear self-detected, in a degree full as memorable, and upon a subject of more delicacy a thousand-fold, than such a feather as the difference between *Voltaire's* account of Mr. *Walpole's* book and the fact.—But I will not anticipate the episode here.

This remark, however, cannot but arise upon the circumstance which has been stated of the lie to *Voltaire* against the honour of her new Friend, and a lie to which he gave no countenance, either direct or implied.

But so capricious are *his* opinions of *sincerity*, that, having a contempt for *Voltaire* because he represented that he sent him *Richard* unsolicited, and such a contempt for him as to determine him against all further correspondence, he makes no remark upon his Friend's lie when it came to his knowledge, though an act of mean perfidy in her homage to *Voltaire*, that "IT WAS HER GOOD-NATURE!"

And, *apropòs* to SINCERITY.—Again I am a little surprized that you did not feel some twinges for Mr.

Walpole's credit when you read his flattery to *Voltaire*:—"without knowing it, YOU HAVE BEEN MY MASTER; AND, PERHAPS, THE SOLE MERIT THAT MAY BE FOUND IN MY WRITINGS IS OWING TO MY HAVING STUDIED YOURS."

But what shall we say of the following passage in a second Letter to VOLTAIRE? It makes the turn given by the fib of his Confidante more likely to have deceived the Philosopher. — "The admirable Letter you have been so good as to send me is a proof that you are one of those truly GREAT and RARE MEN, who know at once how to CONQUER and to pardon."

"It is your BENEVOLENCE, and your zeal for softening the manners of mankind; it is the doctrine of peace and amity which you preach, that have raised my esteem for you even more than the brightness of your genius. *France* may claim you in the latter light, but all Nations have a right to call you their countryman, *du côté du cœur*."—After such prodigality of homage, is it conceivable that Mr. *Walpole* should be desperately offended against a demi-god like this, because he had superadded the feather of an unsolicited book? Is not this what Scripture has called "straining a gnat, and swallowing a camel?"

Another circumstance occurs in our peep at this fugitive Correspondence between the two *Voltaires*. The elder of them bestows upon his Adversary and Rival no penurious cup of his impious allusions to the Bible. He compares him to JESUS CHRIST; but with an advantage to Mr. *Walpole*, who could not

with propriety say, "*My Father is greater than me.* - - - - - - In my Father's house are many mansions."

One should have hoped that a person of Mr. *Walpole's* taste, if the decency of Religion had no influence, would not have replied with such inordinate flattery to a Letter containing these words: — "Vous voulez qu'il *ait été beau garçon*, et même galant homme. LE BENEDICTIN CALMET A FAIT UNE DISSERTATION POUR PROUVER QUE JESUS CHRIST AVAIT UN FORT BEAU VISAGE."

Are these topicks of benevolence? Is it the doctrine of peace? is it zeal for softening the manners of mankind? is it that affinity which makes him the countryman of all Nations *upon the side of the heart?*

Oh, Madam, I cannot love these men or women of extraordinary talents and graces, who are impious to their GOD, and false to one another. Give me the society of good sense and good principles. Nothing pays for the want of them to the estimate of that unfashionable œconomist,

THE OLD GRANDMOTHER.

A SHORT CRITIQUE

ON THE

WRITINGS OF MADAME DE STAEL.

IN A LETTER TO THE LATE JOHN W*****, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am afraid you will think me an *Egotist* (though I hope you will never think me *an Egoist)* if I give you *my* thoughts of *Madame de Stael;* but, in our friendly intercourse, it may, I trust, be received as no impertinent air, if I confess to you that I think her much too fond of antithesis, too sententious, too refined, and in her metaphysics too visionary. I also think her Translations of Poetry, with some brilliant exceptions, *heavy in hand.* Having said this, I feel myself a most grateful enthusiast for the beauty, the genius, and the *agrément* of at least half the work.

N. B. There is one phrase in her quite new to me. It is the word *juste,* used adverbially as *we* use the word *just* (as for example—" it is *just* as I told you," &c.)—though I perceive the word is *good French* in that sense, because I see it in *Antonini;* but it is not *familiar to me.* [*Exit the* Egotist.]

I have recovered *Madame de St. Laurent,* who is always delightful, as well as accurate, in her keys to every lock.

" EGOISME *n'est pas un mot nouveau!* On le trouve dans quelques écrivains du Siécle de *Louis XIV.* Il signifiait simplement alors l'affectation à se citer

soi-même, à parler de *soi*, à dire '*je*'—'*moi*'—'*mes* biens'—'*ma* naissance,' &c.; dans ce sens il correspond, je crois, au mot Anglais *Egotism*.

" Mais l'usage s'est introduit de faire signifier encore autre chose à ce mot: *l'Egoisme* est quelquefois le défaut de ceux qui rapportent tout à *eux-mêmes*—Ce mot signifie alors—SELFISHNESS.

" Le mot *Egoisme* est dans le Dictionaire de l'Académie ainsi qu'*Egoiste*, et même *Egoïser*, qui peu d'usage.

" Dans quelques ouvrages de Philosophie *Egoisme* et *Egoistes* ont encore un autre sens. Ils s'appliquent à cette doctrine suivant laquelle il faut *douter de tout excepté* de sa *propre existence*, et aux Philosophes qui l'ont professé (tels que *Berkeley)*."

I am terrified at the sight of her shaking hand, and must enquire after it.

Antonini has overlooked *brillamment*—I cannot find in *him désapprendre*, [dediscere] to *unlearn*—yet *Madame de Stael* has them *both*. *Dépasser* is in her to *supersede, put away;* and she applies it to the sublime thoughts of a Poet: " Elles *dépassent* [vont au delà] les bornes de l'art." But *Antonini* says, the word *only* applies to the removal of *clothes*.—" *Il ne se dit qu'en parlant des habits, des rubans*, &c." [Aussi terme de Marine, *dépasser un vaisseau*.]

She has the word *madrigalisque*, a word of her own. I am quite convinced that her *French* is affected, and is not pure. " The *German* Comedians have no pretensions to elegance, *et s'établissent* dans le naturel avec une energie et un *aplomb*

qui *déjoue* très bien les graces récherchées."—*Un aplomb* is a *perpendicular line*—and the verb *déjouer* is only a verb *neuter* in *Antonini*, which imports " terme de Marine, qui se dit d'un pavillon qui voltige au gré du vent." If *déjouer* is to mean "*makes fun of*," or "*plays off*," I see no authority for it; and passages like these, besides their inaccuracy and their affectation, make her sometimes *very obscure*. But her beauties are out of number, and these are feathers in the air.

There is every thing to recommend the following passage—elegance of ornament—pathetic—originality—ingenuity, and philosophical depth of sentiment—fancy—and impressive eloquence: " La jalousie qu'inspire un mort est un sentiment plein de delicatesse et de vérité. Qui pourroit en effet triompher des regrets? Les vivans égaleront-ils jamais la beauté de l'image céleste que l'ami qui n'est plus, a laissé dans nôtre cœur? Ne nous a-t-il pas dit, '*Ne m'oubliez pas*?'—N'est il pas là sans defense?—Où vit-il sur cette terre si n'est dans le sanctuaire de nôtre ame? et qui parmi les heureux du ce monde s'uniroit jamais à nous, aussi intimement que son souvenir?"

I have another *Egoiste* or two for you; but I do not think you returned the last. I send you an admirable *Ariel*. I have rallied him upon the *Saturday*. Do not say for your life that I told you of this Letter to me. Depend upon it, and I do not say it invidiously, that *Madame de Stael* is an affected Writer, and *precieuse* in a very uncommon

degree.—Le *tableau* qu'elle *improvisoit* (a dancer) is not *French*. There is no such word as *improviser*, and as an *invented* one I should confine its analogies to *recitation*. The term *désaccord* is not good *French* in any sense, and is never used at all but for *such* a *désaccord* as that which I lament between Mr. *W****** and me. But you will find that I have marked several words as being at least out of use, and some which have no existence in the best age of the language. I must add, that when she is very *sublime*, she is out of my reach; and when she is *abimée* in her metaphysics, out of my depth. If you can *understand* the good sense and philosophical sentiment of the following passage, I wish you joy: "La rêverie délicieuse dans laquelle il nous plonge (the art of Music) réveillant le sentiment de L'INFINI ..... *L'esprit* est *condamné* à la *variété*; c'est sa *misère* qui en est la cause: mais LES ARTS (she is treating of Music) *comme* le SENTIMENT ont une ADMIRABLE MONOTONIE—celle dont on voudroit faire un MOMENT ETERNEL." If I *dared* I would call this by its appropriate word—*clouds*.

To resume a better subject, *Ariel*—I am not in despair. She and he will grow older; but she the *most*, and the *best*, for *him*. My fear is, that at some cruel turn the husband will appear upon the scene; and we are at present rather prone to conviction upon proofs that are equivocal, but, as long as your Father lives, we are safe from any outrage of indiscretion.

To shew you how fair I am upon *Madame de Staël*, I give you these passages, which you and Mrs. *W****** cannot admire more than I do: "L'Ange *tutélaire* (it is the Angel of Mercy) que *Sterne* a peint avec tant de grace, ne pourroit-il pas verser une larme sur les défauts d'un bel ouvrage comme sur les torts d'une noble vie, à fin d'en effacer le souvenir?" — "Les souverains despotiques ont toujours fait plus de peur par ce qu'ils cachoient que par ce qu'ils laissoient voir." — "La fatalité des Anciens est un caprice de destin; mais la fatalité dans le Christianisme est une vérité morale sous une forme effrayante."

"Il est si beau D'AIMER et *d'être* AIMÉE, que cet HYMNE DE LA VIE peut se MODULER A L'INFINI sans que le cœur s'en éprouve de lassitude—ainsi l'on revient avec joie au *motif* d'un chant embelli par des notes brillantes."

"*Zerbin* promet de ne plus s'occuper des beaux arts, &c. &c.; de rien enfin qui ne tende a faire triompher L'EGOISME sur *l'enthousiasme*.

"Tous les rôles comiques, c'est à dire EGOISTES, et Sensuels, tiennent toujours en quelque chose de l'animal."

"On aime l'auteur qui ose prendre corps à corps la prudence, *l'égoisme*, toutes ces choses prétendues raisonnables derriere lesquelles les gens médiocres se croient en sureté, pour lancer des traits contre les caractères ou les talens supérieurs."

REMARKS

ON

A PASSAGE IN HERODOTUS;

OCCASIONED BY

"AN ACCOUNT OF THE REMAINS OF THE WORSHIP OF PRIAPUS, LATELY EXISTING AT ISERNIA, IN THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES, 1796."

I MUST observe a peculiarity in these oracular exhibitions; *viz.* that in the title-page one of them is introduced, and at the end of the work another; which two are of the most glaring and brutal indecency conceivable. Nor can it be overlooked as a feather in this evidence, that, amongst other impieties in the course of the work, is an obscene representation as an idol, with ΣΩΤΗΡ ΚΟΣΜΟΥ for its inscription.

I must also observe, and without asperity, that if such a collection of ritual obscenities, and of grossly-sensual images, under the mask of antient symbols, could be considered as an acquisition to modern learning, a single copy deposited in the *Museum* would have been a more judicious and a more delicate mode of preserving this *treasure*, than to circulate printed copies of it, few enough to animate curiosity*, numerous enough to pollute minds of a superficial cast, who may have obtained access to them, with ludicrous, familiar, and revolting pictures.

* The work was handsomely printed in quarto, and given occasionally as a present; but was not exposed to sale.

I believe it was never doubted that idols were indecent in the dark ages of the world, or that *phalli* in particular were used as parts of the exhibited ceremonial in the worship of some divinities, and at some places, or that in the Feast of *Bacchus* they were familiar to antient usage.

It was not perhaps known, till Sir *William Hamilton's* correspondence on the subject, that even at this day similar indecencies prevailed in the *Neapolitan* region.

But let me ask, in what part of *Herodotus* do we find that a living goat was *kept at Mendes*? If *Larcher's* version is the best, and the *goat* was thus honoured, there is not a hint that he was *kept in that city*. It only appears that in the *Mendesian* district, of which the City and its Temple made a part, this one goat was particularly honoured.

In what part of the passage does it appear that he was kept *as the image of the generative power*?

The cause of these honours happens to be given us by *Herodotus* himself, in the very section before us. According to him, they worship the goat because *Pan* is represented with a female goat's face, and with a male goat's legs, by painters and sculptors. — Upon which passage *Montfaucon* has observed, and which throws a discredit upon this whole passage, that no statue of *Pan*, extant or described, conforms to this picture.

But surely the next passage in the context is very material. "Why," says *Herodotus*, "they give him this portrait, which they do not themselves be-

lieve to be just, it is not pleasant for me to report." —What can this mean, but the delicacy of the reporter, who revolted at a reason which conferred odium and ridicule upon one of the gods, in representing him as lascivious, which, as we know, became his poetical and fabulous character in *Greece* and *Rome*? *Pindar* has a beautiful thought built upon this kind of delicacy. Having told the history of *Pelops*, he adds, " but it would be unseemly if I were to call any one of the immortal gods a sensualist in the taste of human flesh.—*I abstain.*"

But, if *Herodotus* may illustrate himself, this partiality for the goat, and for his likeness *Pan*, was not universally *Egyptian*.

In the section which names the *Mendesians* first, they are discriminated from the worshipers in *Thebes*, a city which *Herodotus* visited, and where, perhaps, his reporters imposed fables upon him to their discredit and ridicule, a city of the most incredible wealth and splendour. He says, that in *Thebes* no scruple was made of sacrificing goats, but sheep were consecrated: and he gives a reason for it so ludicrous, that we may judge of other fables told him in *Egypt* by this. —*Hercules* would see *Jupiter*, whether he would or no; and the god, I suppose to laugh at him, appeared before him in the skin of a Ram. Hence *Jupiter Ammon*.

The animals that were sacrificed were held in abhorrence. Consequently at *Thebes* the *Mendesian* goat was reprobated; and, *vice versâ*, the *Mendesians* killed sheep, whilst the goats were spared.

Upon this diversity of *Egyptian* favourites amongst the animals, extending even to cats, *Hume's* observation is very arch—that a government of the wolves could not agree with a government of the sheep, or cats with dogs, &c.

This diversity, and *Herodotus* marks it, proves that one local habit, like this *Mendesian* homage to the goat, may be a local whim or peculiarity, not affecting even the general, and much less the universal, character of *Egyptian* worship.

Pan is, in general, the most ridiculous of the gods; he is generally in the suite of *Bacchus;* and appears once in better company, as the minister of *Ceres.*

It appears in *Herodotus,* that *Pan* was a god absolutely new in *Greece,* and was adopted there as a new superstition for a political view during the invasion of *Greece.*

To resume the *Mendesian* goat. — I ask where it appears in *Herodotus* that naked women presented themselves to him, &c.?

All the versions agree in representing it as one insulated prodigy of a single goat, and of a single woman. I am not Philosopher enough to dissect the possibilities of this intercourse; but we all know what infamies of this nature have been circulated as true.

So ignorant a Naturalist was this very *Herodotus,* that he tells, without scruple, of a hare produced by a mare, and of a lion as the offspring of a man.

But now let me ask where it appears that *Herodotus* either saw, or could have seen, this goat? —If he had seen it, or had meant so to represent

the fact, he would have *said* that *he saw it*, as he has often said with respect to the other phænomena.

Ignorant, indeed, of *Herodotus's Greek* must the Writer be who interprets ἐπ' ἐμεῦ "in my presence." It imports, as all the versions understand it, *meó tempore, meâ ætate, meâ memoriâ*—"in my æra," "since I was born," &c. We have the same phrase in his first book, sect. 5, and with a similar import.

In the seventh book, sect. 170, κατ' ἐμε is *meó tempore*. And ἐς ἐμε is familiar to *Herodotus*.

Where does it appear that this (*viz.* intercourse of the *Mendesian* goat) was a *sacrament* of the *ancient Egyptian* church, and that it represented the *incarnation* of the Deity?—Not in this passage; nor, I will venture to assert, in any other of that Historian.

But it happens, and I am surprized that it has been overlooked by this reporter of *Priapian* mysteries, that *Herodotus* alludes to the victim carried in procession during the worship of *Bacchus* or *Osiris*, and by *Melampus* transplanted into the mythology of *Greece*. He tells you the allusion is a mystery, but he says no more; it was not pleasant, I should think, to reveal it.

The following is *Larcher's* note; and I recommend it earnestly to the attention of those who fancy that in the *Priapian* worship is a symbol of the divine character.—*Larcher adds* to the original, "*mais je ne* dois pas la *rapporter*."—"Cela n'est pas dans le *Grec*," says that judicious Critick, "mais le sens y mêne—ce n'est point, comme on le voit, par pudeur, mais par scrupule, et pour ne point

reveler les mystères, qu'*Herodote* ne dit pas la raison de cette vilaine coûtume.

" *St. Clement d'Alexandrie* va y suppléer; mais comme il s'est servi des expressions qui pourroient nous paroitre trop libres, je les mettrai en Latin; cela fera nécessairement une bizarrure, que je prie le lecteur d'excuser.

" Je vais reveler hautement, dit ce père, vos mystères secrets, sans rougir de publier ce que vous ne rougissez pas d'adorer. *Bacchus* desiroit ardemment déscendre aux enfers, mais il en ignoroit le chemin. *Prosymnus* promet de le lüi indiquer, pourvu qu'il lui accordat une récompense. Cette récompense n'étoit pas honnête, mais elle l'étoit pour *Bacchus*. Erat autem merces venerea. *Prosymnus* explique sa demande. Le Dieu l'accorde, et fait serment de tenir sa promesse s'il revient. Ayant appris le chemin des enfers, il partit, mais à son retour il trouva *Prosymnus* mort. Tum vero amatori ut debitum solveret, ad monumentum ejus se confert, et muliebria patiendi desiderio flagrat. Cum ergò ficulneum excidisset ramum, instat virilis, offirmat, et ei insidens promissum persolvit mortuo. On porte dans les villes des phalles en l'honneur de *Bacchus*, à fin de conserver la memoire mystique de cette action.

" La même raison," says *Larcher*, " se trouve aussi dans le Scholiast de *Lucien*, de *Syriâ* deâ, sec. 16; mais avec quelque legère difference. Cela rend raison du choix qu'on faisoit du figuier pour les statues de *Priape* — voyez le commencement de la satyre viii. du premier livre d'*Horace*. *Arnobe* rapporta la même chose en termes plus indécens."

What *Larcher* adds reflects great honour upon himself. " Je croyois," says he, " dans le tems ma première édition, que le zèle des *Pères* contre le Paganisme les avoit quelquefois emportés au delà des justes bornes, et qu'il leur avoit fait souvent adopter des fables qu'auroient désavouer les Paiens; mais *Arnobe* cite *Heraclite*, ancien auteur; et d'ailleurs, *Pausanias* nous apprend que *Polymnus (Prosymnus)* montra à *Bacchus* le chemin des enfers. Si ce voyageur garde le silence sur le reste de cette fable, il y a grande apparence qu'il l'a fait pour ne pas dévoiler la turpitude de ses dieux. Je ne dois pas cependant dissimuler que *Plutarque* donne une autre raison de ces phalles qu'on portoit en procession. J'en ai parlé un peu plus haut*: on peut y joindre celle-ci que rapporte encore le même auteur. *Isis* rassembla les membres épais d'*Osiris* excepté le membre viril, qu'elle ne peut trouver. Il avoit été jetté dans le fleuve, et le *Lepidotus*, le *Phagrus*, et l'*Oxyr*, enclins l'avoient sur le champ devoré; et c'est par cette raison que les *Egyptiens* ont principalement en horreur ces poissons. Elle consacra en sa place le phalle, qui en est une imitation, en memoire de quoi les *Egyptiens* observent encore une fête."

* That on the birth of *Osiris* a voice proclaimed that the lord of the universe was born; others that *Pamylus* was told of it, and that he educated *Osiris*; that a feast was instituted, like that of the *Phallephori*; that a statue of the god with a triple phallus made part of the ceremony, to mark that he is the generative principle, and multiplies what comes from him by that principle

AN ADDRESS

TO THE

LANDED INTEREST OF BRITAIN,

BY A LATE MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT,

SECLUDED FROM THE BUSY WORLD,

UNCONNECTED, UNATTACHED *.

At a period so advanced in the parting step of life that I am disabled even to offer the risk of it in arms — no longer holding a seat in the Legislative Councils of the Realm—excluded from all political habits and connexions—the Vassal of no Patron—the Dupe of no Party—in the dissolution, or decay, of all personal attachments to the World — I contemplate the scene around me with a zeal in which I give place to none, for the Altar, and Throne—for the National independence, genius, and character of the Land in which I was born, whose blessings I fold in my arms upon the verge of the tomb, whose parental claims upon me live and glow in my heart, whose challenge I accept, and with an emulating spirit which leaves behind it, reprobates, and abjures, the apathy of Age.

* Written early in 1804, but now first printed from the Author's MS.

Never has the public virtue of *Britain* since it acquired figure and weight in the balance of power (unfashionable words, but which I am not *yet* old enough to deride) been more elevated, or more enlightened, than at this critical period.

Many reasons have been discovered, or stated as if they had been ascertained, for the unexampled atchievement of *six little months*, in producing a band of military Patriots, devoted in the cause at stake, and panting for the conflict.

But with all due respect for individuals, or principles, which are little better than flies of state upon the wheel that makes the dust, compared with such an effect—I cannot so degrade this high spirit of three hundred and eighty thousand men (accoutred and arrayed), as to divide *their* pre-eminence with any *such* competitors for the wreath of honour;—that spirit which has converted every male subject of competent age into a Soldier, not only without impairing the energies of constitutional freedom, but animating and raising them to an eminence unparalleled.

It is *the constitution of the Government*, and the *genius of the Country*, which (under the wings of its Altar and Throne) have produced this miracle in the political hemisphere. They have stamped its memory upon tablets which never shall fade—but when the Historian's record, and the heir-looms of the Patriot, are cherished no more.

I am willing to admit (and the concession is made with pride) that upon *our* Throne there is a King (may

the Almighty be thanked and blessed for the gift!) endeared by domestic virtues, eminent for political courage, and the faithful Guardian of his *Trust* for the *Liberties of the Subject.*

That he is beloved, and with filial attachment, I should be a dishonest observer, and cold reporter of the feelings which I attest every day of my life (and share with my own) to dispute.

But I am *too proud an Englishman* to believe that any *personal* eminence, however brilliant, of the Sovereign who "*can do no wrong*" (not because he is clothed with *divinity*, but on account of the debt which his Ministers are to settle with an acute and jealous Creditor), has brought this Giant's panoply of a Nation's arm into the field.

As long as I exist, I will never accept Lord *Bolingbroke's* "PATRIOT KING;" that is, I will never accept him, as compensating by personal merit for the removal of those checks and barriers which the deep and provident sagacity of *political freedom* in this Land has interposed against the power of abusing *trust*, inseparable from the nature of *man* *.

To no *such* King have I sworn allegiance.

No such King since the Revolution of 1688 has

* "What spectacle can be presented to the view of the mind so rare, so nearly divine, as a *King* possessed of *absolute power*, neither usurped by fraud, nor maintained by force, but the genuine effect of esteem, of compliance, and affection, the free gift of *liberty*, who finds his greatest security in this power?"

Idea of a Patriot King.

ever claimed this impious pre-eminence of credit for absolute perfection clothed with absolute power.

It is the peculiar honour of the Race that sprung from the House of *Brunswick*, to have rejected with disdain all such idolatrous conceptions of *their* office and rank in the scene—elevated as it is.

Nor is it a base and venal homage, but a manly debt of honour to the Sovereign who at present wears this Crown, to say of *him*, that he *reigns* by his *covenant*, in *fact*, as in theory he must*; and that he has no right which can touch the Cottager's roof, or derange a feather of legal independence vested in a subject of *his* Dominion.

Horace, addressing himself to *Augustus*, affects

* The nature of his government is not only *regal*, but *political*. He cannot, therefore, make any alteration in the laws of the land.—*Fortescue, chap. ix. De Laud. Leg. Ang.*

In the Dialogue just quoted between *Fortescue* and Prince *Edward*, the Judge is interrogated how it comes to pass that some of his, the Prince's, ancestors preferred the *Roman* Law? He answers, with his accustomed and shrewd simplicity, that according to the *Roman* Law the mere will of the Sovereign is imperative, but the Laws of *England*, he adds, admit of no such maxim, or of any thing like it. A King of *England* is obliged by his Coronation-oath to the observance of the Law; he does not bear sway as a King merely, but in a mixed and political capacity, which our Kings heretofore have not been well able to digest, because they are deprived of the right which those Kings have who govern by an absolute power; for which reason, your ancestors would have shaken off this political government so as to exercise the absolute regal dominion, or to be at their full swing, and do as they liked.

to remind him that "he *commands*, because he *subjects his* Empire to that of *the Gods*."

This was a courtly Poet's ingenious fiction, which, under the mask of insinuated advice, paid the most exquisite of all compliments to an artful Tyrant, whose nominal divinities were in fact the commodious implements of his despotism *.

It is praise of no such description to the King of *Great Britain*, if *he* is told that he reigns *by the Law* which reigns *over Him* †; that is, through a

* The Bishops and Municipalities of modern and subjugated *France*, in their homage to the first Consul, have taken the hint from another passage in the same Poet; who puts *Augustus* into the company of demi-gods, with a difference in *his* favour, that altars are made for *him* during his life.—Many are the analogies of character and of conduct between this Emperor and the First Consul, who has occasionally compared himself to him. The former (in the words of *Tacitus*), under the mask of declining absolute power, vehemently "wished for it." Having corrected abuses, he offered in form every thing to the Senate and the People. Several exclaimed, as with anger and resentment; others, prompted by opinion, or overawed by fear, conjured him to retain the command; upon which he counterfeited a reluctant compliance, but only for ten years, to regulate every thing, as if by constraint. At the desire of his fellow-citizens, he kept up this farce, varying the intervals between ten years at one period, and five at another, till they subsided in the *decennium*, or the ten years of despotism, which enabled him to levy armies, to raise money, to undertake wars, or to make peace, and command all the forces of the Republick, to have the power of life or death, and, in other words, to do every thing which the Dictator could have done.

† "*Legibus minor imperas*"—"by your subjection to the Laws you reign"—was the motto of a Serjeant's ring. I think it was

Government by Law, which is intrusted with **Him**, and is in that view superior to Him.

It is the *Law* that acts in *his* executive arm as the First Magistrate. He is the champion of right in every corner of his Realm; and there is not a power, an immunity, a "*down upon his plume*," but under a sacred and vital trust for the happiness of the governed.

That comparing *Him* to the Despot of the Continent, we are animated with additional spirit by the contrast (like that of *Hamlet's* two pictures), I adopt as a natural sentiment. But it is not cold, or invidious, to say, and it is true, that even such a contrast alone would never have armed the Island into a military array of three hundred and eighty thousand men within a period of SIX MONTHS.

Upon the Ministers of the day I forbear to say a word — not as courting, not as fearing them, not as their enemy, not as attempting a base and mean compromise of opinion respecting them—but as elevating *my* thoughts above them, or above *any* individuals and parties in this homage of mine to *their* superiors, the inalienable *Spirit of the Constitution*, and the inspired *Genius of the Country* at large.

As little will I touch upon other and subordinate questions, respecting the measure of confidence in this new array, or the comparison of its efficacy to

that of the eloquent and accomplished, but ill-fated Lord *Macclesfield*. It was a dignified compliment, and beautiful image. *Solon* said, it was the best Government, in which the subjects obeyed their Prince, and their Prince the Law. *Stobæus*.

that of a regular force*, the nature of the compact, and the distinctions of Liberty submitting itself to discipline.

These are discussions which, if conducted with temper on *both* sides, and with a generous conflict of political, of legal, or military talents, may be of infinite use in the Cabinets of Statesmen, or *in the Senate* (from which I cannot but think it would be unconstitutional and mischievous to exclude them).

But they are topicks which are lost and buried under the subject which has interested *my* feelings, and has determined me to vindicate, as well as I can, the *Palladium* of national defence, not only against all adversaries, but against all competitors.

If the *Constitution of Britain* could be extended over all parts of the earth, I, for one, should not be jealous of that extent, but should love and venerate every *domestic* fountain of these blessings to *us* the more.

Happy, indeed, would be the condition of the world, if the other civilized inhabitants of its na-

* So long as the Army is paid, as in this Country it is, by the Legislature; the dangers resulting from it are done away, or so tempered as to be innocent of mischief in its effect upon the *balance of power*. But without any invidious distinction, the Army, as being *paid*, may be called Mercenaries; and in that view what Lord *Bacon* says (in his forcible though quaint language) applies to them: — "As for *mercenary* forces, all example shews, that whatsoever estate or Prince doth *rest* upon them, he can spread his feathers for a time, but will mew them soon after."

tional communities were competitors with us in their zeal for a constitution similar to this *.

Deprecating the effusion of blood, I lament that our Adversary has received so false an impression of the arms that will oppose him.

But I lament, even still more, that he is not well-read and versed in the history, genius, and spirit of that *Constitution* which he affects to despise, and threatens to destroy.

I am persuaded that he is ignorant of its genuine features, or sees them with a perverse and jaundiced eye; and that he has no conception of its enmity against *all* Tyrants (foreign or domestic), or of its elastic energies in making that energy available.

Perhaps, when he sees what it really is, he may wish, upon sound motives of policy, to make *his*

* There is a very curious Letter by the celebrated *Voltaire* to the Marquis *D'Argenson*. It bears date the 8th May 1739.—After paying him some very high-flown and *French* compliments, he has these memorable words:—"For, EXCEPT as to the power of the Monarch, which a person of *your* condition and of your name cannot but *wish* to see UNLIMITED,—*except*, I say, as to the limits put by *her* on that Monarchy so loved and so respected by *us*, is not *England* a subsisting evidence to the wisdom of your ideas? The King, with his Parliament there, is the Legislator, as he is here *with his Council*. All the rest of the Nation is governed by its Municipal institutions, which are sacred as the Parliament itself. The love of the Law is a popular sentiment and passion, because all are interested that it should be obeyed."—Such was the force of prejudice, or fear, upon the enlightened genius of that Philosopher, as he called himself. The Legislator in *France, with his Council*, bears a fatal resemblance to the first Consul at this hour.

Consulate resemble *our Throne,* instead of panting as he does for the exportation of *his* desolating principles into an Island which has not one Slave to pollute the soil.

It has been said, that a Tyrant has countermanded a Sentence of Death, which he knew to be unjust, at the sudden impression of Dramatic eloquence in a theatrical scene. May not the sober and the honest, though beautiful, colours of Truth, in a picture like that which the Genius of *this* Government presents to the mind, reform the miscalculated projects of Ambition, allay its heat, and soften its antipathies to the Heaven-born Independence of Nations or Men? *The Vision* of this problem (if it is nothing better) is worth an experiment.

I have said that our high spirit was *enlightened.* I am proud of *the fact,* and recall no part of the *éloge.*

But we are *too* happy to contemplate enough, and for ourselves, the source of those enjoyments. They are, like the Beauties of Nature, smiling around us, and so familiar to us, that we consider them as expletives, or as attracted by *our* merits, and as a kind of homage to *our* dominion over them.

"Stand still," said *Elihu* to *Job,* "and consider the works of GOD!"

We are too prone to the impious apathy which overlooks them, brilliant as they are. We are active enough in making the powers of Nature administer to our enjoyments; but there we rest. We taste the cup, and we accept the gift; but the obla-

tion of adoring thanks and praise too often is *deferred*, if it is even *understood* as the condition of the boon.

Thus it is in our use of that inestimable *Charter* of Political Freedom which is conferred upon us all. It is enough that we *have it;* but we think it waste of time, either to analyze it, or to feel a just pride in it as the fairest patrimony we inherit, or to admire in a general view its provident care of all the rights that interest human affections the most and the best.

May I not, therefore, hope to be of some little use, in bringing home to *careless* admirers the peculiar and the *reasoned* principles of the good they possess? May I not endeavour to improve their taste for its charms, and their zeal for its honour? to elevate their views? to make them richer, by appreciating their treasure, by exploring the mine from which it sprung, and by computing the advantages to which it leads upon a fair statement of the balance?

"*Oh, too happy if they would but have known their blessings,*" was a Poet's complaint in the *Augustan* age. And against whom was it leveled?—against the *Roman* Peasant, who was at the mercy of a Tyrant.

And what are those blessings, which the *ungrateful* men did not *feel* enough to be conscious of their *existence?* They are exaggerated, of course, in the artifice of recommending,

(with all appliances, and means to boot,)

a favourite theme. But they are worthy of attention, for a better purpose than for that of admiring

the Picture or the Painter's address. Nothing will better open the subject which I have taken for this Address to the *Landed* (as well as the *Commercial)* Interest of *Britain.*

" To *them,*" says the Poet, " at a distance from the conflict of arms, a genial and grateful soil pours upon their floor what sustains them with ease. They have security of rest, a life which never deceives them, rich in a variety of treasure; they enjoy perfect ease in the ample territory of their farm; they have their caves, and their living lakes, their lowing herds, and their gentle slumbers; their youth is patient of labour, and familiar to an humble competency; they have their Household Gods, whom they consecrate, and their parents, whom they venerate."

Lucian, with his accustomed fancy and wit, banters the *Pagan* Deities of his day, and the despicable Idolatry of that Worship which in the marble or brazen figure contemplated the God whose name it bore. " Examine," said he, " the interior of this figure! Look under it, behind, or within it, and you will find the Divinity made up of the homeliest materials."

What is the *Roman Peasant* of those days, when the *Muse* takes her leave? Alas, he had good reason for his apathy to *such* blessings.

A little word or two *overlooked* by the Poet (who was unfortunately a *Courtier too,* as well as *Horace)* dissolves the charm.

Whatever these treasures were (and I will not undervalue them) I am sorry to remind him of two

little defects in the Peasant's *use* of them. First, they were not *his own;* and, in the second place, he was *himself* not *his own.* In other words, he had neither *Property* nor *Freedom.*

What the Poet adds, in a *Philosophical* sense of the words, happens to have been the literal and the local fact.

Justice, when it *left the Earth,* made its *last* abode upon it with men like these. That *Justice* had *left* the *Roman* Peasant, admits of no dispute. The Collector of Taxes had no rule in his *domiciliary visits* of the Cottage but the exigency of the Court; and there was not a single contest, either Criminal or Civil, which, if it escaped from the petty ordeals of Despotism, could ever be released from the unbridled and capricious will of the Imperial Tyrant.

Let us turn from this picture to that of the *English Peasant.*

He has *Property* and *Freedom;* but his *Property* cannot oppress or touch that of others, and his *Freedom* is not the license of mischief, but the civilized freedom of being *subject only* to a GOVERNMENT BY LAW.

Is he a *tenant?* Let him pay his rent, and keep the covenants of his lease (covenants not obtruded upon him, but the conditions to which he gave his voluntary assent)—he is free as air, and his landlord neither can eject him, nor molest his enjoyment.

cates, who exert their eloquence and their address on both sides. The Judge gives a fair statement of the evidence; he puts the real question upon its true footing *, marks the weakness or strength of the impression made upon it on either side, comments upon the deportment of the Witnesses, and then consigns the decision to the Jury. He receives it from *them*, and forms it into the Judgment of the Court.

If the Witnesses are perjured, they are punished, and branded with infamy.

If the Juries, or any individual amongst them, act upon criminal motives in the verdict, they are indicted, and their punishment is exemplary.

If the Judge is corrupt, or a tyrant, he forfeits the patent which he has dishonoured, and is liable to impeachment, as well as removal.

If the injury is done to the Peasant (for of *him* I am treating still), and the aggressor is challenged into Court as a *delinquent*, no wealth or power can screen him from the example which he owes to the public honour and security. Indifference to persons,

has liberty of excepting to the competency of the Evidence, or credit of the Witnesses,—the Judge, the Jury, the Parties, and the Counsel, propounding occasional questions,—*bolts out* the real truth much better than when the Witness only delivers a forma series of his recollections uninterrogated."

Hale, History of the Law.

* "When there appeareth on either side an high hand, violent prosecution, cunning advantages taken, combination, and power, then it is the virtue of a Judge to make inequality equal." Lord *Bacon*.

and sacred homage to rights, form the genius of the Courts in which *his* fate will be determined. He is weighed in the balance, and as guilt or innocence preponderates, the sword is *drawn or withheld.*

If the *Peasant* is accused by malice, or a malevolent spirit of oppression, the guards over him are so multiplied that all the world around him seem to be his friends.

He is convened before a Magistrate; and if he can make it appear by evidence that he is innocent, the complaint is rejected, and he is not even imprisoned for the purpose of making him amenable.

If he implicates himself by words unduly obtained, with menaces or promises at a moment of *peril* (which all *accusation* imports), the admission is interpreted as a sacrifice to hope or to fear, and the Jury must not *hear* what he *said.*

It would be needless to enumerate the securities for liberty of person, residing in those checks which a Law, the Champion of Liberty, has placed over the Magistrate's power of commitment—or the advantages resulting from the immediate redress by *Habeas Corpus*, a writ which commands the Gaoler to adduce both the Prisoner and cause of commitment, so that it may be determined by a superior tribunal whether he shall be remanded or liberated.

If he is tried, the charge is laid before men of a higher class than his own, but sworn, by an oath of peculiar solemnity and jealousy, against injustice; men who are intelligent, experienced, and clear of all prejudice. They are generally Magistrates, who

are conversant at least in the most prominent rules of Legal Evidence; rules which in our Code have nothing pedantic, but are principles of justice and of reason, implanted in every heart by its Creator and Judge, like those which *Tully* describes, when he says "they are the same at *Athens* or at *Rome*."

It is true that he is not heard before *them;* but they find it is *no true Bill,* unless they are convinced by sifting the evidence against him that he is guilty as far as that evidence extends, and would be duly convicted by them as Petty Jurors, if that evidence could not be disproved on his part when called upon for his defence.

He has in treason or felony the right of *challenging* to a very ample extent (without reason assigned) the Petty Jurors when their name is called and their persons appear.

He is to examine the Witnesses adduced against him by himself or by his Counsel. The Judge is well called *his Advocate,* by which, however, is only meant that he is to rescue him from all undue advantages arising from his inexperience or want of address.

He is then to be heard with patience. He may impeach Witnesses who have been heard against him, by evidence to their want of credit in the world, or by disproving what they have sworn, or by accounting for it, without prejudice either to them or to himself.

The Judge continues to be his friend, and the Jury are cautioned. They are told, that a doubt is

mercy; that presumption leans to innocence; and that by the evidence alone they must be thoroughly convinced of his guilt, before they pass the doom upon their Fellow Citizen *, which their verdict against him will import.

If he is convicted, and the Court are persuaded of his innocence, the King interferes, and pardons him.

We are assuming his innocence; and it is therefore superfluous here to mark the power of softening punishment, either vested in the discretion of the Court, or in that of the King at the instance of the Judge.

If he is acquitted, and malice appears, an action is open to him for it. If the oppression was concerted, and a confederacy against him, the Conspirators are criminal, and punishment awaits them.

In the application of the *rule* to the *fact*, mercy is ever prevalent; and formalities, but indispensable to that precision which Criminal Justice requires, will save him if *they* are overlooked.

The Judge is open to the public eye and the public ear. If *they* dishonour him, he never can escape from punishment, and the Judicial Seat will no longer endure his presence upon it.

The Witnesses are protected if they are honest, though punished if they are corrupt or malevolent. If they are interested, they are not even heard; their

* "Judges ought, as far as the Law permitteth, to cast a severe eye upon the example, but a merciful one upon the accused." Lord *Bacon*.

evidence cannot be withheld, except where sound policy makes it wise to suppress it. They must attend, and their credit in general depends upon their independence of controul or undue bias. On the other hand, perjury, when imputed by judicial forms, has a guard over innocence; for the single oath against the culprit, although credited in preference to his own, is not held ground enough to convict him, because it leaves a doubt in the judgment of Law which oath is true.

The Witnesses are protected in another view, of extreme delicacy, and upon which, it seems, a doubt has recently arisen how far it extends. Though I have none, it would be unfit that even a Judge, which I am not, should hazard an opinion till the case judicially comes before him. For here another ground occurs of honour to the administration of Justice in this land. The Magistrate is criminally indelicate, who gives what are called *Extra-judicial* opinions, or judgments upon a case, real or supposed, which is not before him.

The shelter to which I allude is the safety of the Witness, in refusing to answer a question which has a tendency to accuse him of an offence by his confession of it. This point is perfectly agreed; and the debated one is upon the effect of his refusal, as bearing upon his credit.

No *General Warrant* can imprison the person or the papers; and upon every such imprisonment the party attached may be sure of redress, by the effect

of that inestimable writ called *Habeas Corpus*, which I have already described.

It is hoped that I may here be indulged with an appeal to this age, and the latest posterity, in honour to the memory of a *Patriot*, as I can truly call him, *the late Earl Camden*. His judgment upon the *seizure of Papers*, corresponding to the tenor of his life Judicial as well as Political, is a monument of his inflexible zeal for the Liberty of the Subject, and of his clear spirit in the discussion of its principles.

I have touched hitherto upon the advantage of *Trial by Juries*, in familiar practice, and with a reference to cases in which the *English* Peasant may be implicated.

What is the result?

Equality—that abused and polluted word, but which I feel it a duty of honour to redeem from the obloquy to which it has been consigned by its false Advocates, or by the fear of it as a word of danger. As well may we refuse to handle the pike against the Regicide and the Atheist, as to make use of that precious word, so far as it is applicable to the rights which it protects.

Equality of *Justice* and *Protection* between the High and Low, the Rich and Poor—formidable to guilt, propitious to innocence—the support and the organ of that Liberty which is governed by *rule*, and is at the mercy of no *personal* caprice—must never be disowned by *a Subject of Britain*.

Other Equalities are as much prohibited by the Law of Nature as by experience, and by the common interest.

Montesquieu, in the same Treatise to which I have before adverted, and who admires our Constitution as much as he dares to do, has a very judicious and striking passage upon this topick. There is in general so much of antithesis, of point, and of conceit in this admired Author, that I am half afraid of quoting him; but there is, I think, a fund of good sense in the following remark:

"As distant as Heaven is from Earth, *is Equality*, well understood, from *extreme Equality*."

The former does not imply that *all*, or that *none*, should command; but that we should obey or command our equals.

By *Nature* indeed *all men* are equal; but they cannot retain *this* equality—when they are *social*, they *lose* it; and they recover it in a *Government by Law*.

Here too, and before I leave *the Peasant*, I must remind him of two elevated instances, by which it appears that men of the highest and proudest rank in the King's dominions—men of hereditary honours, and of almost unbounded wealth, have been proud of the part they have taken in promoting Agriculture, and have improved its resources, at their own personal hazard of the cost, into a new fund of the public wealth.

Amongst the wreaths which public affection, the noblest of all human recompence, has with grateful enthusiasm heaped even upon *their* tombs, none will be so bright as those which perpetuate the *Marquis of Rockingham* and the *Duke of Bedford* as friends of the *Peasant*.

So little invidious are those distinctions of Title here, which the Levelers of the Continent, for the sake of their own savage tyrannies, have exterminated * with such *Gothic* fury, to make room for an *Attila*, who puts madness into method, adds mockery to oppression, and plays with every tie of honour which he has undertaken to revere!

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†If I am told that we must keep *India*, and that we must either abandon its resources, or insure them to us by powers like these; I answer, let *India* perish, and let the Constitution remain inviolate. As well could it be argued that he who said this devoted all our *Indian* wealth to bankruptcy, as that I was an enemy to commerce.

The *English Merchant* is another favourite of the *Constitution*. He is another envied character of enterprize, and of honour; of ingenuous ambition; of ability incalculable. His returns are above all

* This was written before his Janissaries were turned into Dukes.

† Some introductory lines are here lost.

price to every other class of life around him, but most of all to the National Revenue.

"For their *Merchants*, if *they* flourish not (said Lord *Bacon)* a kingdom will have good limbs, but empty veins."

Base, or falsely and mischievously reasoned, are the attempts to disunite the *Landed* and the *Monied* Interest of this Country. They cannot exist apart, and they abjure every competition but that of trying which of the two can serve the publick best in the pursuit of their well-earned recompence for talent and for labour.

The Laws of *Trade* and *Commerce* are as exemplary and wise in *their* principle as the Code which protects the interest, and guards the liberty, of *the Peasant*.

The Revolution of 1688 has re-instated the genius of *Commercial* Freedom as well as that of Political Independence.

Ascending from the little and Provincial market up to *the Royal Exchange*, how sacred is *British* contract! how pure its credit! how elevated the rank it fills in the world! how enlightened are the judgments upon it! what guards against fraud are those which its policy and prophetic discernment have interposed! what arts and manufactures are opened by its enterprize! what looms, canals, and furnaces, are spread over the land, under the sanction of that jealous freedom which animates the other springs of public wealth!

Here again, in letters of gold, over every shop, every loom, and warehouse, is written by the heart in characters of gold—that Constitution of *Great Britain*—which hates monopolies, and counteracts by its influence all selfish avarice—opens honourable conflict of adventure, and converts every personal advantage into public use—has no mercy to the dishonest, and is the guardian-angel of the unfortunate.

I close the account with a more delicate subject, but which it behoves all of us, in some degree, to discuss—I mean Political Freedom.

Some wizards have represented this to be an awful mystery, with a curtain before it, which the vulgar and profane are not initiated enough to open.

It is a libel upon it thus to arraign it. Simplicity is the ruling feature of it; and that simplicity is its vital strength.

The leading principle is the union of generous confidence in a sound and liberal discretion, to the salutary checks of an opposing, a vigilant, and jealous power vested in the guardians of the public interest and freedom.—*Responsibility* is the charm that binds all these powers into a system of *trust for the public welfare.*

The powers of the Monarch are as amenable to that controul as those of any subject in his domi-

nions; not by the invasion of his Regal office and pre-eminence, which are as integral parts of Liberty as our exemption from their abuse—but through the controul of that public accuser the Nation at large, whose voice must and will be heard; not in tumult, and what are called in *France*, by a detestable phrase of their coinage, *the duty of insurrection*; but in the check of the Elective Privilege upon the organ of its choice.

The right of Impeachment, in which the Commons accuse, and the Peers determine upon their honour, in the face of day, the guilt or the innocence of State Criminals.

But, above all, the Right of Juries to defend the Liberty of the Press, by vindicating its honest ardour, and correcting its abuse, unfettered by that Court which told them *once* in our day that it was no province of theirs to examine these questions, is a check upon bad Ministers, if they should exist again, which is likely to guard us against the mischief by the terror of this relief to it.

A new measure has taken place upon that subject. Reasons of personal delicacy disable me to observe upon it, more than to remind the publick, that it was represented by the adversaries to it as the Charter of Sedition.—I appeal to the good sense of the Country if a single mischief has resulted from it, either in the dangerous impunity of a single offender, or in a conflict between the Juries and the Bench.

I abstain from all discussion (because at this moment I think it would be invidious) upon the extent of Toleration either to Dissenters or Catholicks—or upon the two celebrated Bills upon Aliens and Traitors, in debating which I myself took the liberty of giving my sentiments to the publick—or upon the Suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*, which in moments of critical peril the Legislature has adopted.

I will only observe, that not a period has, in my judgment, existed, which has found the mass of the people so animated in Loyalty as at this hour; and that, as far as I have observed, Religious Dissent has not in this Island weakened a single arm of the National Defence.

I am equally convinced that, if I were to engraft upon the conduct of Dissenters, excellent as it is, an earnest proposition for the *immediate* exemption of all Dissenters from every degree of restraint which is at present retained by the ascendant of the Church, I should affront them—as if I insinuated that all their exertions had been calculated for the *purchase* of this indulgence by a semblance of public spirit, and as if their zeal would cool if the remedy in view should be suspended.

But, without meaning distinctions of an invidious nature upon so delicate a subject as that of Religion, I am not ripe for the conclusion, that an establishment of the Catholic Religion in *Ireland*, under its existing circumstances, would either be a wise or just measure. I use the word *establishment*, because in

every such question *terms* are of use, and the substance of them too. Nothing is more unlike than Toleration is to Establishment, or than Emancipation to Empire. But the shades of argument, and the extent of the indulgence, may connect, and may a little confound them. I will, however, say in general, and I hope that all Dissenters will be satisfied with me for that Creed, that I carry Toleration as far as Mr. *Locke* has done; and that I think *Euclid* is not sounder than all his tenets upon that subject.

Leaping, however, out of all these entanglements, I allow to the Government, and the Executive, as well as to the Genius of the Constitution, very ample credit for the unequivocal test of public spirit which has been given by Dissenters of all descriptions.

I come now to a more elevated subject, that of the Religion *we* have professed, and of its advantage in promoting the Cause we have so much at heart.

We are CHRISTIANS—and, without any discussion of different Creeds in the pale of Christian profession, men peaceable, gentle and easy to be intreated, without partiality and without hypocrisy, full of mercy and good fruits.

We have the New Testament before us. If *Socrates* brought wisdom to every man's business and his heart — how affecting are the lessons of a Redeeming God! How touching is the simplicity of their address to the homeliest capacities!

how beautiful is the picture which they have drawn of Peace on Earth and Good-will to Men in the same breath with Glory to Heaven! Was ever morality so engaging, and yet sublime, as that union of all that animates or graces the human character upon earth?

We have a Religion well described in words that were inspired.

Shall I be told that Catholicks are Christians, and that our Invaders are distinguished from us by a shade of difference?

There is not a zealous Catholick in *Europe* who would not regret with indignation, if his choice were free, the libel upon his faith, which represents the modern Religion of *Paris*, real or assumed, as a genuine profession of that Creed. It is practical and cold Atheism, engrafted upon the levities of the Infidel, converting the eternal interest of Religion into a name for the policy of the hour, and ascribing its attributes to an unprincipled Adventurer.

But let us not be afraid of asserting prouder advantages in the pure and the reformed system of the National Church. Without invidious distinctions, may it not be said that it is equally distant from the sensual epicure, and from the degrading torture of monastic penance—that it has neither external and meretricious foppery of dignities, nor the leveling rage of distempered fraternities—that it unites a becoming zeal for itself to the most ingenuous and manly discussion of its principles—that it gives a

dignified repose to the character, and sheds over every scene of life a cheerful ray? But, above all, does it not inspire the heroism of its votaries with a zeal in which they emulate the King of *Sweden*, who died upon the bed of honour, as pure in his faith, and as amiable in the benevolence of his heart, as he was matchless in the resources of his genius and courage. An eternal and striking contrast in the annals of the Philosophical Historian to be set in opposition against another King of *Sweden*, a Tyrant and a Madman, who consulted nothing but a lust of Empire, aimed at nothing but aggrandizement, without principle or wisdom, and fell in the moment pushing his *Quixote* fortune to desperate extremities.

But they have a rooted antipathy to abuses of power, corruptions of trust, the insolence of upstarts in office, and the petulance of despotism.

Yet none exist upon earth who observe the differences of degree in the social and political scale with more delicacy. They *feel* what the Poet of Nature has touched with his masterly pen as if endowed with prophetic sagacity.

Their conduct upon the subject of the Revolutions at *Paris* never can be enough admired. I mean still the mass of the public mind.

They were struck with a generous enthusiasm for the rights of their natural, habitual, and rooted Enemies, but *men* who had been the victims of Tyranny in all its baneful oppressions and pestilent varieties—corrupt avarice, profligacy unexampled,

justice venal and cruel, police inquisitorial, and the *lettre de cachet*.

They remembered a Revolution of their own in 1688, and were dazzled with traits of similitude between the two precedents. Their principles were sound, but their logick was a little too rapid and superficial.

They looked with respect and with hope at the assemblies of the people organized; they generously wished that a Constitution like their own could be established upon the Continent, and spread over the civilized earth.

But, when they marked the sanguinary Leveler at his work, their tone was changed. This was no Liberty of theirs, and they abjured the counterfeit. They lamented that a golden opportunity was lost, and they felt themselves blest at home. They saw this meteor of the day, the inverted pyramid, with abhorrence; and they saw that an armed power assuming Imperial sway was of all Tyrants the worst—but they were deceived, for scorpions followed whips, and the shifted crasies were, as being more insecure, more cruel. They saw the pestilence in part contaminating the purity of *British* virtue and spirit—with hearts alive, awake, and alert, at the minutest particle of oppression, they saw their *palladium* suspended, and the discussion of political sentiments by assemblies of the people put under very humiliating restraint. They saw this, and the good sense of their judgments gratefully acquiesced

in this vigour of the Legislature for special and for temporary exigences.

The ultimate result has been, but still originating in the same National character, a conviction, fifty thousand-fold assured, that practical wisdom and practical blessings, the *accumulated* adjustment of natural rights and of political duties, improved by the sober hand of experience, are never so valuable as when compared with blind and visionary theories of abstract and philosophical right;—that in *their* Constitution they have the best plan of Government ever known to civilized men;—that Reform should never be discouraged, upon fair and cautious trials of it; but without abrupt innovations, even in times that are fit and ripe for the experiment.

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*They determine to exist no more, unless they can preserve unimpaired the Religion, the Monarch, the Land and the Commerce, the Liberties, the Good Sense, the Virtues, and the National Spirit, of *Great Britain.* They consider all these inestimable treasures at stake in the Constitution of their Government, and menaced by those who hate them, as putting *their* follies to shame, as checking by an example of dignified happiness the Giant's career of mischief in the world.

* Previous to this concluding paragraph, there is another small *hiatus* in the MS.

INTRODUCTION

TO

AN ENQUIRY INTO THE COMPETENCY AND DUTY OF JURIES IN THE CASE OF A PUBLIC LIBEL *.

"Have Juries the right or competency to examine Law when part of the General Issue, and to found their General Verdict upon their own opinions of that Law?"

We may venture to ask it aloud in these days, without any fear of the Recorder of *London* †, or of the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas ‡.

The former is not like one of his Predecessors, who fined a Jury because they refused *his* Law, and pronounced a verdict of acquittal against what *he* called 'plain evidence;' and the latter bears no resemblance to Lord Chief Justice *North*, who called that fine by

* This short Essay, written in 1772, formed part of the Introduction to a very elaborate Treatise, on which Mr. *Hardinge*, in the prime of life, had bestowed considerable attention, but which, it is believed, he afterwards burnt. See the Biographical Mémoir, in vol. I.

† *John Glyn*, esq. was at that time Recorder of *London*. He had been elected in 1772, and held the office till his death, in 1779.

‡ Sir *William De Grey*, Knight (afterwards Lord *Walsingham*), was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas from 1771 to 1780.

the gentle name of "a mistake which carried great colour with it," though *Bushel's Case* was only six years old, in which the same Court had, upon deliberate argument, given their opinion, and that of all the other Judges of *England*, that such a fine was illegal*. Precedents, however, had been cited, in that Case, of the supposed exercise of this illegal power; but they were treated with little respect by Lord Chief Justice *Vaughan*, and, as far as he justified them, distinguished from the doctrine to which they were applied at the Bar, and which he refuted with sound argument.

Lord *Hale*, indeed, intimates that the *Court of King's Bench* might possibly have acquired such a power in *criminal* cases, even a verdict against evidence, by *long use*; but adds, that it could by no means be extended to other Courts, of Sessions, of Gaol Delivery, Oyer and Terminer, or of the Peace, or other inferior Jurisdictions, though later practice, which he refuses to countenance, had so extended it. He observes, that he had seen arbitrary practice go from one thing to another: that the fines upon Grand Inquests began; that then they set fines upon the Petit Juries for not finding according to the directions of the Court; and that afterwards the Judges of *Nisi Prius* proceeded to fine Juries in Civil Causes, if they gave not a verdict according to directions even in points of fact †.

In *Bushel's* Case, however, no such distinction is received between the Court of King's Bench and

* Pleas of the Crown, vol. II. p. 313. † Ibid.

other Courts; and the reasons given against the power by Lord Chief Justice *Vaughan* either prove nothing, or prove that the King's Bench has no more this power over a Jury than a subordinate Court.

He says, it has been always admitted that, *where Attaint lies* (which is in all civil suits), the Jury cannot be fined for not following the Court's direction in matter of Law; because, if the Attaint should acquit them, they ought not to be punished at all; and if it should convict them, they ought not to be twice punished for the same offence. If they do follow the Judge's direction, &c. 148——And to what end are they subject to Attaint*, and the villainous judgment, for *their own* verdict, if the Judge can by fine and imprisonment force them to find *his* verdict?—The Attaint supposes a discretion, yet abused: the power to fine admits of none but that of chusing to be fined or not. He then argues, that, in *criminal* suits, to which the Attaint was not applicable, Juries were equally insured by Law against this punishment; for that, although a peculiar argument of Justice might press against it in *civil* causes, for the reason just mentioned, unless the Law before the Attaint was known† had exempted

* Lord *Hale*, p. 310, is very singular in his opinion that the King has an Attaint in criminal suits. He adds, that the party convicted has not, because he has been convicted by *two* Juries. He quotes for this, 10 Henry IV. Attaint 60. 64. *per Thorn.* which, as *Vaughan* observes, is the only case for this opinion, and is not warranted by Law.

† The first Statute of Attaint is Inst. the 1st, c. 38 (in Pleas real). At Common Law they only lay in Writs of Assize.

the Jury from it in *criminal* ones too, he desires to know what subsequent Law has exempted them; and how it comes to pass, if *no* Law has exempted them, that no Juries have been ever fined for their verdict before the time of Lord Chief Justice *Popham*, even if *he* fined them for the verdict *alone*, which is doubtful; "yet surely," says he, "this latter age did not first discover that the verdicts of Juries were many times not according to the Judge's opinion and liking."

He says, the direction of the Court in matter of Law made no difference (and the same had been held in *Wagstaffe's* Case); for that, unless the Jury are agreed upon the fact, the Court has no room for his directions in matter of Law—and it cannot appear that they are so agreed before the verdict.

This punishment of Juries had a solecism in it, not pointed out by Lord Chief Justice *Vaughan*. If the Jury were legally punished for presuming to decide the Law in their general verdict, why was that very decision permitted to operate uncontrouled in criminal suits, and in civil, unless rescinded by another Jury upon Attaint? Was not this to admit the right, and to punish the exercise of it in the same breath? Or, in another view, was not it an injustice to the party against whom the verdict was in force? for if that verdict was wrong, as built upon a jurisdiction usurped and wrong, so as to expose the Jury to penalties, it should have been rectified by the Court, or adjudged a nullity. Else they are accessaries after the fact, and the party injured by the

original offence has no relief. I ask if the Court have in fact ever corrected a general verdict in criminal or civil suits, because it implied a decision of Law as well as Fact? There are cases, indeed, in which the Jury by their verdict itself have made a separation of Law from Fact; and, having decided both, have been corrected in the Law by the Court if it has been erroneous, though it has operated.

If this practice of Courts was a legal rule in its principle, if it was good upon their *decision* of it, which I cannot allow, it proves no right in the Court to correct a general verdict; and it proves, by a distinct and obvious inference, another point, upon which some arguments might be founded, that Juries are not liable to any legal check for judging of the Law, and that their law operates.

But it is enough here to say, that such cases do not affect a general verdict; and we may safely rely upon it as clear and admitted Law, that a general verdict, though founded upon ill decided Law, cannot be rectified or set aside by the Court upon that ground.

ADVERSARIA.

RICHARD III.

THE Statutes were first in *English*, in the first year of his reign—the Second Chapter of this Law enacts, that the subjects of this Realm shall not be charged with *Benevolence*; and the preamble recites that many families had been ruined under those pretended presents to the King, but which in reality were taxes, and extorted.

In *More's*, or, according to *Buck*, Dr. *Moreton's Richard III.* the Duke of *Buckingham* says the name of *Benevolence*, as taken in the reign of *Edward IV.* signified that every man should pay, not what he of his own good-will list, but what the King of his good-will list to take.

Henry VII. soon broke this Law, 11 *Henry VII.* c. 10.

Henry VIII. demanded a Benevolence from the City of *London*. One of the Common Council objected, citing this Act of *Richard III.* He added, in *Wolsey's* presence, that some persons coming before his Grace might, through fear, grant so much as not to be able to pay their own debts, and their families might rue the indiscretion of such a lavish grant.

To this no answer was made by the Cardinal; but as to the Act of *Richard III.* he said, that *Richard* was an Usurper, and a Murderer of his Nephews, and that the Laws of so wicked a man should not be enforced.

To which the Common Council answered, that, though he did evil, yet were many good Statutes made, not by him only, but by the consent of the whole Realm in Parliament *.

The Third Chapter enacts Bail—and goods not seizable till attainder.

He was a good Legislator for the ease and solace of the common people.

He meant well to the Constitution and Liberties of the Subject.

Bigamy is capital in *Spain* and in *Denmark*.

Tenants had procured leases for years; could afford to improve them; and reap the honest fruit of industry. Rents paid in money—they must at times have had some, or linen, or spoons †.

LAND (REAL ESTATE), PERSONAL.

". . . . . *Or otherwise* settle Lands of £.500 a year, &c. on his wife."

Decreed by Lord Chancellor *Macclesfield*, with the assistance of the Judges, that this Covenant bound the Land, and that the words "*or otherwise*"

* *Stow.* † *Barrington.*

were intended in favour of the Jointress for her further security in case the power should fail or prove deficient; they should not therefore prejudice her.

LAND (REAL ESTATE) *.

Articles to settle Land for Portions, if covenant to settle in six months, and that Covenant broken, so that damages at Law recovered for the breach, yet party to whom Portion is due should come upon the Land first, and not to resort till a deficiency there to the Personal Estate—compared to a Mortgage. But Sir *J. Jekyll* said it was ill compared. There the Land is only pledge for Money—here original agreement is, that Land should raise the Portion. He cited the Case of *Coventry* and *Coventry*, 2 P. W. 222.

White v. *White*, Term. *Pasch.* 1688.

Several particular *Legacies*, subject to particular charges—surplus of Personal to the Wife—Heir brought Bill to have the Personal Estate applied in ease of the Real by *Residuary Legatee*. Decreed, and *per Cur. Not yet settled*, whether the Heir shall not have the Personal Estate so applied, even against a Legatee of a sum of Money. Q.?

* 2 P. W. 438. *Edwards*, &c. *v. Freeman*, &c.

PORTIONS,

secured by Settlements out of Land, or articled so to be, not payable out of the Personal Estate *.

Articles to sell Land for settling £.5000 upon a daughter at 18, or marriage—daughter 11 years old claimed her distributory share of the Personal Estate, exclusive of the £.5000—decreed that the £.5000 shall go into hotch-pot—first, Sir *Joseph Jekyll*: "design of the Statute to make the Portions equal, as far as they can be estimated—to do what a good and just father should do. This equality not confined to *voluntary Settlements*.

TRUST (INFANT).

Richard Freeman covenanted for himself and his Heirs, that, upon request of the Trustee, he would settle within six months certain lands to himself for life, then to Trustees, &c. &c. remainder to Trustees to raise portions. Sir *Joseph Jekyll* held, *inter alia*, that the Infant *cestuyque* Trust was not here to be hurt by the laches of the Trustee in omitting to make this request †.

* *Edwards*, &c. *v. Freeman*, &c. 2 P. W. 437. Hil. 1727.

† Hil. Term, 1727. 2 P. W. 438. *Edwards*, &c. *v. Freeman*, &c. *Trevor* v. *Trevor*, vol. I.; and *Frederic* v. *Frederic*, vol. II. p. 710.

HONOURABLE DECISION

OF AN

ACADEMY AT AMADAN.

THERE was at *Amadan* a celebrated Academy, whose first Rule was framed in these words:

"The Members of this Academy shall think much—write little—and be as mute as they can."

A Candidate offered himself—he was too late—the vacancy was filled up: they knew his merit, and lamented their disappointment in lamenting his own. The President was to announce the event; he desired the Candidate should be introduced.

He appeared with a simple and a modest air, which is the sure testimony of merit.

The President rose, and presented a cup of pure water to him, so full, that a single drop more would have made it overflow. He accompanied this emblematic hint with not a single *word* explanatory of it; but he marked upon his countenance the deepest affliction.

The Candidate understood that he could not be received because the number was complete, and the assembly full. But, without losing courage, he began to think by what expedient, in the same *kind of language*, he could explain that a supernumerary

Academician would put nothing out of its place, and would make no essential difference in the Rule which they had prescribed.

After a moment's pause, observing at his feet a rose, he picked it up, and laid it gently upon the surface of the water, *so* gently that not one drop of it escaped.

Upon this ingenious reply, the applause was universal; the Rule slept, or winked in *his* favour.

They presented immediately to him the Register upon which the successful Candidate was in the habit of writing his name. He wrote it accordingly, and he had then only to thank them in a single phrase. But he chose to thank them without saying a single word.

He wrote upon the margin the number 100. This was the number of his new associates.

Then, having put a cypher before the figure 1, he wrote under it—"*their value will be the same*"—0100!

To this modesty the ingenious President replied, with a politeness equal to his address.

He put the figure 1 before the 100, and wrote, "*they will have eleven times the value they had*—1100."

THE SYMPOSIAST,

AND

THE SUCKING WHIG.

IN LETTERS ADDRESSED TO "THE ANTI-JACOBIN."

The Author of the following Letter views the transaction which cost his Grace of *Norfolk* his Lieutenancy, and Militia, in a totally different *, and indeed opposite light. And, as we pique ourselves on our fairness, we shall not withhold what is urged in defence of a *Toast* so much quoted †, and, as we are told, so liable to misinterpretation. —We confess, we prefer the following construction to any we have before seen of a favourable sort—Mr. *Fox's* not excepted ‡.

LETTER I.

Mr. ANTI-JACOBIN,

Really, Sir, I cannot help agreeing with Messrs. *Tooke* and *Fox*, that his Grace the Duke of *Norfolk's* dismission from the two offices of high trust which he so well became, is a very unexampled outrage upon the convivial, or, as Mr. *Tooke* most happily expresses it (in one of his Επεα Πτεροεντα), the SYMPOSIASTIC *Liberty of the Subject.*

* Alluding to a Letter printed in the same page of the Anti-Jacobin, signed, A FREE-MASON.

† A memorable Toast given by the Duke of *Norfolk* as Chairman of the Whig Club. See p. 367.

‡ Anti-Jacobin Newspaper, March 5, 1798, p. 133.

It is evident that, when a Toast was given which has offended Courtiers and Placemen, the whole company were in high spirits. The heart, Sir, of excommunicated Whigs may surely, at moments like these, demand a kind of privilege to be, according to the expression of an agreeable Atheist, now guillotined *—*Sans Culottes*—if not quite *stark naked.* Such parties are no Theatres of Morality, public or private, much less of Allegiance; and what enjoyment is left us of Clubs at a Political Tavern, if, though select in their numbers, congenial in rank, and united in the social fraternity of the Members,—Inquisitors of *Downing-street,* and Spies of Mr. *Wilberforce,* can, "*by colour of a ticket* purchased," hold the invisible sword of *Damocles* over the Chairman's defenceless head—watch every little sentence of playful Treason—take notice of a Pun, if it should be rather impious; and find *Regicide* or *Atheism* in a Bumper Toast!

If this is to go on, I presume it will soon be enacted, in the genuine spirit of the two celebrated Bills, that every Chairman of a Club must have a Licence to give a Toast, signed by Mr. Justice *Addington* upon the margin of such Toast, with all its proper *italics* and punctuation.

What, in the first place, can be more disingenuous, than to select *one* Toast insulated from all the rest, instead of taking the context of the whole string, and setting off against it others less exceptionable†?

* *Anacharsis Clootz* said in *France,* "*mon ame est Sans Culottes.*"

† This humane principle of Justice was of use at the *Old Bailey.*

It is no less illiberal to select one so very mysterious, and in which there is no harm (unless "more was meant than met the ear," or in print meets the eye); then, to put the worst construction upon it; and, last of all, to make a report of it in the Cabinet Newspapers, which give a marked emphasis to words or syllables, and omit a part of the sentence which may have divided the two members of it. In a report of written words, if the colon or other stop could be thus omitted, your Paper, Sir, would not be innocent.

But what says the Toast itself? "OUR SOVEREIGN THE MAJESTY OF THE PEOPLE." The words in the abstract (for I deprecate the magick of *inuendos)* are a little quaint, but very *innocent*, and perfectly *constitutional*, with or without stops—(for I will take it both ways), "OUR SOVEREIGN THE MAJESTY (or the KING) OF THE PEOPLE!"—In other words—*the King —not of Slaves—but of the People who are Free Men.* Suppose an interval, or stop, after the word *Sovereign* —it marks the sentiment better still—" *Our Sovereign*—that is, *the (Majesty* or) *King of the People!*"

I am perfectly aware that Mr. *Fox*—who was *not present* (any more than myself), but is a more logical Expositor of *any* words that are in his way—represents the Duke to have meant, " that OUR King, *i. e. George the Third*, owes the Majesty of HIS pre-eminence to the People, as a part of the Legislature who settled that Crown upon *Him:* and moreover that, ever since that Act of Parliament, it had been tacitly implied; that we have no such thing as

a Monarchy belonging to us, on any other terms, or by any other tenure, than we have a Turnpike Road or an Inclosure."

The Exposition is very ingenious; though I cannot find it struck any of those Auditors, Echoers, or Drinkers of the Toast, among whom it passed: but was reserved for the commanding talents and spirit of a *Leader*, who tells his *Followers*, at the distance of a week or ten days, what they *might*, *could*, or *should*, have understood and intended.

I have inquired with unremitting assiduity, whether *our* (which I beg you will print in Italics, that *I* at least may be better understood) was or was not marked by the high born Chairman with any particular emphasis of tone. But in this point every *Symposiast* Reporter gives a different account, according to the number of bottles taken off by each at the moment of hearing the words, and the comparative strength of their respective heads with a reference to any such given amount of bottles. But I recur to my own solution.

With or without emphasis, the words only say, that *our King is the King of the People.* By this construction, it *might* mean only that he is King (as far as he *is* King) not of *other* States, but of *this.* —Surely a very harmless truism! The most that it *can* mean is—*the King of bold and Free Men; —of a People invested with Rights;—not of Slaves.*

And shall we then suffer the Attorney General to step in, and *inuendo* away all the candour of so plain an Exposition; by contending (as he must do,

if he means to impute blame to the Toast) that "*His Grace of Norfolk* (if sober) meant that *our King is the People;* or that *we have no Sovereign but in the Majesty of the People:* that is, in other words, that we *have no King at all* (in TITLE), but that all *his* power is in the *power of Subjects* OVER HIM, *and over one another?*"

Was ever disingenuity like this? Yet this Attorney General *has* the gift of reasoning; but (as Falstaff said) "*his potations are thin.*" I doubt if he is a Member of a single Club.—He certainly neither drinks nor swears.—*His* midnight lamps are more contemplative and studious than those of the Duke, but less animated and brilliant.

Such a man will never do for the SYMPOSIARCH—the Master of Revels to the Whigs, the Controller of the merry Politics of a Tavern. And without some such *forced* construction, there is (as I think I have proved) nothing in the Toast, but what you, Sir, might drink yourself, not only harmlessly, but (if the wine were of the Duke of *Norfolk's* choosing) beneficially; and what I, Sir, if you would admit me of your party, should be happy to drink with you.

Yours, A SYMPOSIAST.

LETTER II.*

Mr. ANTI-JACOBIN, *March* 25, 1793.

I have the most ingenuous desire to be a WHIG; and the mystic import of the term is with *me* the reverse of an objection; for I have the honour to be one of the *Illuminated;* and should have been of the *German* Tribunals, if I had lived in those days; or of the *Eleusinian* Mysteries, a little earlier.

My passion, however, is to be a WHIG; and a Member of that Club which has united the modern, or selected, *Reformers of the Party* itself, in a convivial and political monopoly of the name. — But I am young, very young in my trade; and am as yet in want of ostensible theories, and ready answers to impertinent questions.

Half-indications of something which is never thoroughly explained, heighten the social enjoyment, and improve the political effect of all public-spirited Fraternities. They are, as Mr. *Sheridan* (that enlightened and pleasant Whig) has well described them—"*finely confused, and beautifully alarming.*" They are the very soul of Reforming Societies, from the WHIGS (upwards or downwards) to the *United Irishmen:* WHIGGISM should be like a Telegraph, so contrived that few should be in the real secret, and that many should be masters of the repeating signal.

You, REVEREND SIR! (for that you are, or will

* Anti-Jacobin, p. 157.

be, a Dean, is apparent,) are a TORY of course. This creed of yours is the opposite of that which is professed by the WHIGS: "*Littora littoribus contraria.*" If you will therefore tell me what a TORY is, I may catch a little glimmering light of *darkness visible* (and I *would* not have more if I *could)* into that mysterious fraternity that looks up to the Duke of *Norfolk* as the High Priest of its solemnities.

I will tell you in confidence, though an Adversary, that at present, when I am asked what it is to be a WHIG? "*J'y perds mon Latin,*" as our pleasant *French* neighbour so happily expresses it.—I am asked, Is a Man *born* a WHIG, or is he *made* a WHIG? and by what process?

Is he once a WHIG, and a WHIG for ever?

Does it go in families?

Can it be in *abeyance*?—or lost?—or surrendered?—or forfeited?

Can a WHIG be divested of the name by other WHIGS, who are more numerous or better united, and give the *ton*?

Is it in the power of Clubs to monopolize it by a sort of patent?

Can a *Minister* be a WHIG?—and what makes a *Ministerial* WHIG?

If a *Sans Culottes* is *culotized* into a Moral and Political Agent, does he become, or cease, to be a WHIG?

Can a TORY confessed, who takes part with his enemies against their common enemy the Minister, (if both in Opposition), become a WHIG by *contact*, or *vice versâ*?

Is every WHIG a *Republican* at heart? Is he, or can he be, a *Royalist*?

Is he a Parliamentary Organ of the People out of doors, or the Member of *another* Parliament, who are to check the *custodes ipsos* in the visible Senate?

Is a WHIG, acting with his Brethren, but in the shape of TORY *measures*, whether in or out of place, a WHIG still?

Upon the analogies of contrast, as a TORY must be a zealot in belief, or, in other words, a *High Priest*, is it necessary for a WHIG to be an *Atheist*, or a *Free-thinker* at least?

These are critical questions, and perhaps not easy to be answered: I *would* not have them if I *could*, satisfactorily: but I would have the answers, like the explanatory words in *Johnson's* Dictionary, full as hard of solution as the words to be explained. But the mystery is heightened, when the interrogatories apply to persons; and when I am asked, Is the Duke of *Portland* a WHIG?—Was he ever a WHIG?—or, can he ever be a WHIG again? So as to the Earl *Fitzwilliam;* and, above all, with reference to that striking and beautiful anomaly of genius and virtue, Mr. *Fox*. But I reserve this part of the subject for my next; and am,

REVEREND SIR,

Most respectfully yours,

A SUCKING WHIG.

LETTERS

ON

THE O. P. CONTROVERSY

AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, 1809.

EXTRACTED FROM THE COURIER NEWSPAPER.

LETTER I.

Mr. EDITOR, *Nov.* 17, 1809.

I am of no side in the popular conflict at *Covent Garden* between the Managers and the Publick; nor (between ourselves) am I at all solicitous for the discovery of arguments, founded in reason, or in justice, on either side. It is troublesome, and a hindrance of business, paramount in its value, to examine the Debtor and Creditor accounts of these papers in a dispassionate balance.

But, though I am *indifferent*, I am not *impartial*; for, having youth and spirits in my favour, I incline upon all occasions to the *attack*, if it is calculated for (innocent and playful) *mischief*, especially if it is accompanied with (my passion) *Wit*.

I should therefore lament as a calamity the termination of these amusements, by defeat, by fatigue, by compromise, or the *veto* upon the door. They keep up our spirits in gloomy weather, and with bad news from the Continent. We have a dismembered Cabinet, and provisions are dear! Let us not be robbed of O. P.! and of its animated playfellows!

What is a hat or wig the less to a man who loves the pugilism of these lively competitors for the cockade of the night? As to me, I have lost my *coat* in one of these frolicks; and I did not miss that implement of dull exterior, in the fascinating charms of the contest.

I have not a conception of more *wit* than I have seen upon many of the uplifted *placards;* and I do not object very much to *indecorum*, if it is but *good fun.* — I have convulsed my sides with laughter at "*The House that Jack built*"—at "*The Key*"—at "*The Coffin of N. P.*"—at "*The Bull tossing Mr. Kemble*"—and at many similar allusions, full of picturesque effect.

I would not have three words of the performance *upon the boards* overheard; and consider this mercy to the Actors, male and female, as the most judicious veil over their defects; a kind of extinguisher not very unlike that of Death. All the substituted performances in the Pit are above price (*Old* or *New*)—they are voluntary and free—are wild and capricious, but full of heart and spirit.

Nothing, however, has delighted me so much as the dear little Sparrows, with *placards* annexed, an

exquisite stroke of satire, in which the *salacious* character of the birds evidently points at the *New Boxes.*

But I beg leave to suggest an improvement; and, if it is adopted, though I am fond of the birds I am going to recommend, the aviary of them in my possession is at the service of my Half-price Confederates. What think you of *Pigeons?* Here will be a double allusion—first, to the male and female, the *Orlando* and *Rosalind, in pairs*—and, secondly, to the *pigeon-holes* over them.

The high spirit of Mr. *Clifford,* never too proud, at the call of Liberty and of Eloquence, to consider any subject as commanding them, transports me; and Mr. *Weinholt,* who goes night after night for the self-devoting object of being beat and robbed, will, I hope, live to after-ages, a counterpart and rival of *Curtius,* who *leaped into the gulph.*

Yours, FUN-ALIVE.

LETTER II.

Mr. EDITOR, *Nov.* 29, 1809.

I had packed up, and had booked my *Pigeons,* with a full direction to the *O. P. Committee,* when I saw the account of a "*Rule to shew cause*" why certain Friends of mine should not have "*an Information*" filed against them in *the Court of King's Bench*—as *Conspirators.*

I draw in *my horns*, under the impression of something like a doubt — (not very familiar to the habitual temper of my animal spirits)—whether a *Pigeon-fancier* to the *corps* would not (by a severe construction) be deemed *an accomplice.*

The birds are at home again; and, though I am half ashamed of owning it, I have discontinued my attendance in the Pit.

The Law, I am frank enough to admit, is a good sort of a dull thing enough in the vulgar accuracy of its rules and principles, called *Justice;* but it has no *taste*, and least of all for *popular wit*—the National character of this merry little Island, the genius of laughter, and which faculty (but with all imaginable deference to my neighbours upon the Continent) appears to me the only unquestionable *Right of man.*

Justice—I was told three or four years ago at school (in the *Pagan* seminary there)—was *blind.* I was in hopes to find that she was *deaf*, and would "*refuse*, like the adder, *to hear the voice of the Charmer*" personated by the *King's Attorney General.* But she has pricked up a set of ears, very hostile, I fear, to the eloquence of a *Watchman's rattle*, or of the *Dustman's bell.*

Never having as yet held up either my *head* or my *hand* at *the Bar* (though I despair of neither), I would not precipitate my appearance; but wait for the happy moment that will shew me as I am; born for no common atchievements, and *the heir* (without asking leave upon *St. Bennet's Hill)* of the

celebrated *Gracchi*, who commenced their career by heading *a row* against a new price of admission to the seats—at least as *Plutarch* (in *English)* informs me.

At present, as my time is not come for enterprize, I shall encounter my Lord *Ellenborough* and Co. with nothing but my *pen;* which (as *my* nerves are strung to more animated implements) you would consider, if I had the honour of your acquaintance, to be unexampled self-denial.

When I had marked the courtesy of the *Dii Minores* unto Mr. *Clifford* in *Bow Street* (as to a man fire-proof by a sort of patent against the Police), I little dreamt that Sir *Vicary Gibbs* would make no bones of him; and that the Court of King's Bench would grant what *they* call *a Rule* (which I conceive to be something like a regulator of smokey chimnies) against *him*, just as if he had been a common man, though he has the eloquence of *Demosthenes*, and the high spirit of *Horne Tooke*.

Oh, that I could but anticipate *his* defence, and weave it beforehand into mine, who am the self-created Advocate of all *public spirit*, like that which has made so graceful, and so dignified an appearance in the *Covent Garden Pit!*

I was much pleased with the circumstance which has recently come to light. It marks an *esprit de corps* in our Police Magistrates, which makes the absolute necessity of a *Macedonian phalanx* against them, too obvious to be disputed.

"*We* never," said a Magistrate in *Marlborough Street*, "give ear to a complaint which *our Friends*

in *Bow Street* have rejected; and *vice versâ*. It is a point of *étiquette* between us."

This novelty in the administration of Criminal Justice rather tickled me, when I saw it in the papers; because it is a combination of high-spirited men, to have no will of their own, but follow the leader.

Catiline, if I recollect, (who did not happen to be a Police Magistrate) represents to *his* followers, "that *friendship* is the determined and the implicit assent of the will, and of the taste, amongst all its united heroes."

These are the noble sentiments of the *Pit*. *O. P.* is a "*ruse de guerre;*" but the real object is, that whatever shall be *the fun* of the minute, runs like wild-fire through the *corps*—no questions asked—be it a hustle, a sham fight, a sow-gelder's horn, or a cough, and a *sneeze;* upon which last happy thought, a few words before we part finally. At present, I am again, Yours, FUN-ALIVE.

LETTER III.

Mr. EDITOR, *Dec.* 1, 1809.

I have bought a *Jacob's Dictionary*, and can see nothing in it which disables me to *damn*—(the technical word)—any theatrical performance; an amusement which, for the sake of *the fun*, I have practised with some address.

Now it appears to me, that, if I can *damn* the whole Play, I can *damn all* the Actors in it with impunity; and of course *the Managers* who pay them.

Again—it seems to be admitted, in theory and in practice, that I can *damn* any one individual Player selected by me for that purpose.

And for this doctrine, I call Mr. *John Kemble* as my first witness, who told Mr. *Bull* (that is *me),* "that, because he the said Mr. *Bull* did not approve the celebrated *Catalani's* appearance, the agreement with her should be canceled;" an *argument* which obtained universal and thundering applause.

Now I ask *the Attorney General* whether, if I can, without reason assigned, banish that Performer, and send her to *Coventry* (as well as to *Bath),* I may not, with equal *justice,* that is, with equal *power,* give *all the other Players* a similar *hint* of the *same oracle,* so as to make it understood and felt?

If these points are agreed (and who can dispute them since the affair of *Runnymead?)*—surely, Mr. *Editor,* it is another link of the chain, to disable *every* performance, *every* night of a theatrical amusement, which for any reason (whether actual or assumed) *offends the Liberty of the Subject at Half-price.*

Another very material topick occurs to me. If the *Constables* had let us alone, the *fun* would have died away. But these *myrmidons* constituted part of the Audience; and they inflicted a variety of legal *assaults* upon *us,* for the mode of expressing our opinions!

Then, as if those invitations to contest were not goading enough, men of science in *Pugilism* (a most popular talent), by a singular *accident*, were enlisted on the side of Order and Police, converting, of course, the Pit into a Ring for a Battle.

I come now to a difficulty of the case on the part of the Managers, and of their dapper little Counsel, which I defy *them* or *him* to remove—I mean as to the *implements* of *opinion*.

If I had those gifted powers of *hissing* which are given to a Serpent, or to a Goose, who shall tell me that I may not use them, from the moment of drawing up the curtain at a Theatre to the moment of dropping?

If the right of *hissing* is given to me (which is coeval to the cart of *Thespis*, and has never been discontinued), will the *cat-call* be withheld? That it was an implement in use to the age of *Addison*, he has told us himself, in a very humourous treatise upon it. This little machine is, in truth, only another vehicle of *opinion*, given by the Auditor to the Actor, a kind of *language* to him, and a very intelligible *figure of speech*, intimating the determination to hear him no more.

Coughing, I am told, is practised in the House of Commons with admirable effect, when the Orator is tedious. This artifice (for such it is) counterfeits a misfortune (which the visitation of coughing is), to disturb and silence the Performer; who, perceiving that he is not heard, after straining his voice to overcome, if it could, the *expec-*

torating pitch, becomes at last mute by force, and abandons the contest.

Now, if there *is* a difference between the vocal implements of hostile opinion, respectively, I should prefer the *cough*, because it is *equivocal;* and this heightens the *humour*, without prejudice to the *mischief*.

It brings me, naturally, to its cousin-german, the act of *sneezing loud*. Of all the devices that *we* have adopted, the majority of us admire this invention the most; and I should like no better *fun* than to hear it *argued*, that I must not *cough* or *sneeze* at *Covent Garden Theatre*, unless I have a medical certificate in my pocket, that it forms the habit of my lungs, or of my nose, at my own fire-side.

Experience, for ages past, has introduced a monosyllable in criticism on *the boards*, I suppose because it is very short, as illustrating this other eloquence, or dispensing with it, by an equivalent—I mean the little word "*off!*"

If I can use that word (of three letters) *once*, I can use it (in parity of reasoning) as long as I have breath, and so as to disable the performance.

Another mode of *disapproving* is *new*, and therefore demands a little more vindication—I mean those "*fasces populi*," the uplifted *placards*.

But let me ask any dispassionate judge of the *catcall*, the *hiss*, the *cough*, and *sneeze*, whether a paper on a pole, containing a *sentiment* or a *picture* annexed, can be *more* hostile, or *more* disabling, to the Performer?

It has, in the mean time, one advantage peculiar to itself, as the receptacle of *Genius* and *Wit*.—It forms a new *Comedy* in truth, and of so playful a kind, that Mr. *Kemble*, if he was not the victim of it, could not forbear to enjoy it.

Never existed a more animated proof, that "*Fancy* is the daughter of *Liberty*."

Yours again, FUN-ALIVE.

LETTER IV.

Mr. EDITOR, *Dec.* 3, 1809.

I hope, with all my heart, that every one of these *placards* will appear in the *King's Bench*, on *the day for shewing Cause*; and, if I am not very much deceived, "the *Bench*," to use *Horace's* metaphor, will "*break-up*" in "*a fit of laughter*."—I know, and I respect, the *simile* of "*grave as a Judge*;" but I have *seen Judges laugh*, as well as *Chancellors dance*.

It is idle to ring the changes upon those implements of sound which have not been hitherto enumerated. They are, all of them, so many *dialects* of the word "*off*;" nothing more.

Groans are more solemn and pathetic in their sound, and may give the impression of a temper less prone to mirth or playful revenge. But I can assure the by-stander, that *we* have not a shade of malevolence attached at any time either to a *sound*,

or a *picture;* that we only mean, by them both, a point of contest (like what is called an *amicable* Bill in Chancery) with our adversaries, and the most efficient as well as diversified and grotesque mode of asserting it.

That our good-humour, for example, is not impaired by these *groans* or *shrieks*, no better proof is necessary, than to observe how *tragi-comic* we are (like some Dramatic Authors); and that we often shift the melancholy tones into a sudden fit of the *horse-laugh.*

But I hope it will not be overlooked in *the Rule to shew Cause*, that *we* are, under the veil of satire, keen reformers of *incontinence*, naturally inferred as the *actual*, because it is the contingent, and practicable use of the *New and Private Boxes.*

Here Mr. *Jacob* a little terrifies me, because he tells me that I am liable to be *hanged*, if I endeavour to *suppress all brothels*—by *force.* But still, if it is only *such* force as may *damn* (theatrically I mean) the Actors and the Performance, it is not, I apprehend, the force which Mr. *Jacob* arraigns, but is a marked and spirited mode of expressing *popular judgment.*

If *conspiracy* is the mischief, it is more extensive the more it spreads into numbers; and consequently, if, night after night, *every one* of the Audience takes a part against the *Managers* (like that which has been taken by *us)*, the sense of the *public mind* would be rendered amenable to *pains and penalties* of *conspiracy;* whereas Mr. *Fox* has told

us (in his posthumous work), that, whether I am a *Revolutionist* or *Traitor*, depends upon the extent of the *power* which I possess, and that success or failure constitute the only difference.

But I am slipping into *Politicks*, which I hate, because there is no *wit* in them, and because, jumbled as they are with *legal penalties*, I do not feel myself at home in them.

A word upon the *Thames-Ditton Patriot*, Mr. *Weinholt*. I have only an *O. P.* knowledge of this great and good man. But, from all that I have heard or seen of him, *Greece* and *Rome* "hide their diminished heads" before him. Whether he succeeds in *the Rule*, or is imprisoned, are feathers of difference to *him*. He is free as air in spirit; and his fame is a *corpus cum causâ*, which no fetters can reach. He may be a *Defendant in the King's Bench*, but he is *Plaintiff in Europe*.

It has been said invidiously, to the dishonour of Heroes, that none of them are such to their *valet de chambre*; and the vulgar obloquist may contend that every man who is a Hero in a Political Tavern is not *therefore* a Hero in the *Court of King's Bench*. But who will tell me that Colonel *Wardle* has lost one cubit of his glorious height as a Reforming Patriot, because the *new Trial* of *Wright* against *Wardle* has been refused?

I remember hearing when I was a boy, and this gave me the first image of an *appeal to posterity* against legal penalties—that, when the late high-spirited Bigamist, her Grace the Dutchess of

Kingston, was advised by her Counsel to make her Defence better calculated for the Judges, the Peers who were to determine upon it, she answered, "What care I for *Westminster Hall*? This composition, which is my own, is for *Europe*, and *the World*. What I lose in *argument* is made up to me in *eloquence*."

Noble creature! said I to myself, *you* shall be the model, prompter, and genius of my ambition.

These are *our* feelings in *the Pit*. Present Ages are not worthy of *us*—like the *Dutchess*, or *Madame Roland*, we look to *posterity* alone, with whom *Clifford* and *Weinholt* will make *Brutus* and *Cassius* appear fumblers by comparison.

Yours for good, FUN-ALIVE.

LETTER V.*

Mr. EDITOR, *Dec.*... 1809.

Some evil-disposed persons have represented that I was the *voluntary Comedian* who appeared in the Pit on Friday the 8th of this month in a *tie-wig* †.

* Only Four of these Letters (it is believed) appeared in *The Courier*. The Fifth and Sixth were probably intended to have been sent, had not the O. P. war reached its termination, which it did on December 14—when it was agreed between Mr. *Kemble* and Mr. *Clifford*, that the Pit should be reduced to 3*s*. 6*d*. the former rate of admission. EDIT.

† A Wag was ushered into the Theatre by a host of O. P.'s, dressed in a full-curled Lawyer's wig. The *Bow Street* Officers ushered him out again, to the great dismay of his companions, who left the Lawyer to combat the Law. EDIT.

Envy is no passion of generous competitors. I disclaim the honour conferred upon that acute Satirist, and the niche it has obtained for *him* in *the Temple of Liberty*, which, though it *may* for a time be *the King's Bench Prison*, will hereafter be an amphitheatre too spacious to be inclosed by the hundred gates of *Thebes*.

The Rule, to which three of my four *O. P.* Letters advert, has been made *absolute*, as they call it. A singular word, Mr. *Editor*, in this *free* Government! I do not like it—and apply to it the appeal of *Lear* to *Edgar* in his rags, "You will say it is *Persian*; but let it be changed!"

That it is, however, as interpreted, a most companionable word, is proved by the fact; *viz.* that *O. P.* took it (as *Bobadil* says) "*in fair sort*," and made no opposition to it by evidence, or by argument—as much as to say, "With all my heart, Mr. Justice *Clement!*"

Here then are the Bench and the Accused in harmony (of the golden age) together; and this beauty of temper is ensured by the most approved *cosmetic* —that of *silence* on both sides.

"*I do not sleep to all*," said *Mæcenas* to another Courtier who was taking liberties with his wife, at which he had connived in the Emperor, affecting a nap.

"I do not throw away my *Philippics* upon a *Court of Judicature*," says *O. P.*—"I reserve it, hermetically sealed, for another Stage. I shall dance before *twelve* Judges of the *Ballet*, instead of the *four*."

This amicable adjustment of *preliminaries* between the Judicial Prætor and his *O. P. Conspirators*, a little whimsically, reminded me of a congenial courtesy in that same Court at the end of their *Fifth Act*, when a respectable Physician was to be hanged for shifting his allegiance, by a little misconception, to *another King*.

One of his Majesty's Counsel, wishing *him* to name *the day* for his execution, described it in a beautiful turn of speech, as, "*any* day—most *agreeable* to the Doctor!"

It reminds me also of another anecdote, which an Attorney's Clerk, one of the *O. P.* Committee, often relates with pleasant effect.

A simple-hearted and credulous Fox-hunter of the good old school asked a Serjeant, who dishonoured his profession by his wit, if he expected much business upon the Circuit—"No, Sir," he answered offhand, "very little, as far as I collect. We had *three or four murders* upon the Calendar—but, I understand, the parties have met, and have *made it up*—they are *compromised*."

In the midst of this *O. P.* philanthropy, and of this courteous deportment at the top of the Hall, my attention was called away to another Court of Judicature, in the same venerable *area*, but more in the centre of it.

There discord was the harmony; and "*the issue was joined*," as they call it, between the Bar and the Court—which expression, rather whimsically, imports the conflict of opposite averments.

But the result was (Heaven bless the day in the *O. P.* Calendar!)—that *Clifford*, the *Erskine* of his day, wore the cockade in a suit against the accomplished Mr. *Brandon*, Inquisitor of *Bow Street*, and *Prompter*—of the *Police*, who had carried this Luminary of eloquence and freedom to the bar of Mr. Justice *Read*. But that amiable Magistrate (who had read *Lord Chesterfield's Letters* to his family the whole day) wished him a good night—with a minuet step, and by way of judgment upon the very same offence, which, as the guilt of common men, had by some accident or another attracted the unpleasant alternative—between immediate bail at a late hour of the night, or immediate lodgings in the *Poultry Compter*.

This courtesy of a discerning Magistrate enchanted Serjeant *Best*, who made an *éloge* upon it, never surpassed; which proved not only the goodness of his feeling heart, but the convenience of the topick for the interest of his Client.

The Court entirely differed from the Advocate, though in terms of the most graceful compliment; and the Jury differed in *their* turn from the Court, though in a manner equally polished.

If they had not been *cloathed*, I should have said, "Here are the *Sister Graces*, playing with an apple of discord."

But, my dear Mr. *Courier*, I am upon tender ground; and am not, like a Peasant of the *Alps*, improved by the difficulties of the road. *You* must help me over it; and you *have* done it in part

already, with your accustomed address, by accusing the Report, though it is by adoption your own—and then disputing the *Oracle,* in those parts of it which you do not happen to like. I have caught this mantle as it fell; and, though I cannot wear it as *you* wore it, shall not look the worse for it in my next.—*Apropòs,* there is a high spirit of honour in our *Committee;* and though you are not always our friend, you are such a picturesque Historian of the *Pit-achievements,* that we take the liberty of adopting *your* health as *a toast.* It has often done the honours of *O. P. Claret* upon the lip of,

Yours, FUN-ALIVE.

LETTER VI.

Mr. EDITOR, *Dec*... 1809.

"A Man," says the Libeller (and quoting for it the Bench), "may hiss an *Actor* and a *Theatrical Composition,* at the moment, and *in the act of hearing them.* But, if *he makes a party with A. B.* to do either of these two things, he is a *conspirator,* and may be severely punished for it."

First, I should like to see *a case in point* (as the *Attorney's Clerk* somewhat pedantically terms it) for this doctrine; which, if it is true, makes a perfect end of *April-fools* (who are to be had in *all months*), and of *quixxing,* or (in a word of three letters) *fun* with *malice prepense.*

I can assume, by the aid of this argument itself, that an *Actor* and *Play deserve to be damned;* for else, to kill them at one blow the first night would be *murder*—whereas it is *no crime at all.*

Let me, for the next link of the chain, hear them, and give them a *hint,* that, if it is the same to *them,* I had rather not hear them again—("I gave him a *hint* of it," said a Naval Officer)—"*I knocked him down.*" Let me, armed by the Libeller's doctrine, *hiss them off,* Actors and Play.

But, finding the same Actor and Play forced upon me the following night, *I conspire with A. B.* to damn them a little better upon a second visit; but still in hopes to kill them soon—to kill them well, and put them out of their pain.—The Lord have mercy upon me! I am a *Conspirator!* If this Oracle of the Libeller is *Crown's Quest Law,* the more an insult of the Actor and Manager is confirmed by habit, and vindicated by contempt for the popular judgment, the more a determination against them by the Audience will be disarmed by *robes and furred cloaks.*

But the absurdity of the *Libel* has more than reconciled the *Attorney's Clerk* (who is no fool) to its effect. Enlightened by *him,* we toast the Libeller, and give him three cheers (which is more than he will get from King *John),* for he has told us two notable truths.

First, That, in order to be safe and sound, we must kill the Actor and Play at *the impulse of the moment,* so as to leave no breath in either.

Such, indeed, has been very much our object. But, somehow or another, our "*dead men*," like those of *Bayes*, have been "*all alive and merry again;*" making it necessary for us, in self-defence, to kill them over again.—Henceforth it is to be understood that we are to do all *possible mischief at once*; and for this humane reason, that, in proportion to the extent of the mischief at one sitting, the less of mischief remains to be done upon a future day.

I never saw *a Riot* more playfully encouraged.

Secondly, The other doctrine is, that all the legal mischief to these two Conspirators (*A. B.* and myself) arises from the act of Conspiracy; so that, if I go (without seeing him or consulting with him) *to hiss again*, and if he does the same, both of us equally determined upon the enterprize, but without concert, it is "*Whoop! do me no harm, Sir Vicary!*"

Upon the same line of argument, if the Audience go night after night with predetermined hostility against King *John*—but *A. B.* conspiring *with himself alone*, and every man his own Fun-maker, without any badge of craft, such as night-caps, and O. P. in the hat—*they conspire the best, who do not conspire at all*—so that a *Bull* is no bad reasoner, and *Aristotle*, if he was an *O. P.* would feel no shame at the adoption of this logick, by

His and your admirer, FUN-ALIVE.

MINUTES

OF AN INTERESTING

CONVERSATION AT WINDSOR,

AFTER THE KING'S RECOVERY, IN APRIL 1789*.

IN A LETTER TO A NEAR RELATION.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *April*.. 1789.

I ARRIVED at the Queen's Lodge at twelve; and was carried to the Equerry's room. Colonel *Digby* came to me, civil, and gentleman-like. He chatted with me for half an hour; and, when he left me, said, "he would let the King know, through General *Harcourt*, that I was there." In a few minutes I was gallanted up stairs into Madam *Schwellenbergen's* dining apartment. There I found General *Harcourt*, who is a very agreeable man. He told me, "that, when the King (who was going to the Castle, to receive the Address of the Clergy) should come out of his apartment, he would let Him know, and receive his commands."

In a quarter of an hour two Royal coaches came to the door; and an Equerry handed the Queen into the first. The King followed her, without a thought (apparently) of *poor me*. Princess Royal and Princess *Augusta* followed. This filled the first coach.

* First printed in the "Illustrations of Literary History, 1817."

No. 2. had Princess *Elizabeth* and a Bedchamber-woman. Then, afoot, my Friends *Digby* and *Harcourt*. When they were flown, the Porter came to me, and said, "General *Harcourt* had named me to the King; but that His Majesty, being in a great hurry, had said nothing: That, if I pleased, I might wait till His Majesty's return; which," the Porter said, "would be in AN HOUR AND AN HALF." This, I thought, was as much as to say, "If you go, you will not be missed." In half an hour Mrs. *Schwellenbergen's German* Footman came to lay the cloth, and produced the dining apparatus. For want of occupation, I formed an acquaintance with *him*, and learnt that Madame *Schwellenbergen* sat at the head of the table; the Misses *(Burney* and *Planta)* right and left of *her*, and any Visitor at bottom.

The room is pretty enough, and clean; but furnished with a cheap kind of paper, and linen curtains. Observing a large piece of *German* bread, I *fell to*, and ate a pound of it.

The hour and a half having expired, the Regals returned; and then I heard the Queen most condescendingly say, "*Do find out Mr. Hardinge, and beg of him to come and see us!*"

Her Butler out of livery came in to me, and desired me to follow *him*. I went through a very handsome apartment into another, most beautifully fitted up, with a cieling of the modern work, "done," as the King told me, "in a week." Into this room I was shut; and found in it, standing by the fire, without any form, the King, Queen, three Princesses,

and this Bedchamber-woman, whoever she was, for I have not made her out, but liked her very much (because she seemed to like *me*).

It is impossible for words to express the kind and companionable good-humour of the whole Party: I almost forgot that any one of them was my Superior.

The King looked fifteen years younger, and much better in the face, though as red as ever. He said a number of excellent things, and in the most natural way.

The Queen, with amazing address and cleverness, gave a turn to the conversation, and mixed in it just at the right places.

You will not believe me when I tell you that I passed half an hour (at least) in the room.

The Princesses looked, as they always do, the pink of good-humour. The Princess Royal had a very fine colour, the two others were pale.

The King did a very odd thing by the Princess Royal; but I loved Him for it. He said, "He would ask *me*, as a man of taste, what I thought of the cieling;" and then called upon the Princess Royal to explain the allegorical figures on the cieling; which she did, blushing a little at first in the sweetest manner, with a distinct voice, and great propriety in her emphasis. This one trait would of itself demonstrate how very kind they were.

The King began by asking me, "How I could run away from *London*, and give up my fees?"—I told Him, "that I *never* minded fees, but *less* when they interfered with my sense of duty to Him."

The Queen then came up to me, and said, "You have less merit in the visit, because a little bird has told me that you are on your way to your Circuit."

This produced the topick of my *Circuit*; and the King said, "that he understood *Moysey* * to be a good man in domestic life."

We then went slapdash into Politicks, Queen and all. The King laughed heartily at the *Rats*, by that name; and said, "they were the boldest Rats he ever knew, for that all the calculation was against them. *Even* ****** said, *it was probable I should recover*—not that I *am* recovered, according to *some* of them. And yet I have read the last Report of the Physicians, which is a tolerably good proof that I am well.—By the way, your Uncle † is considerably better; and I flatter myself that *my* getting well has done him good."—I then said, "that I had left him in some alarm, how he was to wear the *Windsor* uniform with a tie-wig over it, from the fear that he should be mistaken for an old General that had fought at the Battle of *Dettingen*."

The Queen said, "*Oh, I plead guilty to that; and I see you enjoy it. I said,* HARDINGE *will enjoy it; for, though he is very good-natured, he loves a little innocent mischief.*"

The King then told me the whole story of the conference with *Pitt*; commended the House of Commons; and said, "His illness had in the end been a perfect bliss only to Him, as proving to him how

* His Brother Judge on the *Brecon* Circuit. † Lord *Camden*.

nobly the people would support Him when He was confined."

This tempted me to say, "that it was no Political Debate; but the contest between generous Humanity and mean Cruelty, and it interested Human Nature." The King seemed very much pleased with this idea, and worked upon it. I commended the conduct of the Bishops, and it made them laugh. Said the King, "You mean to commend it as a *wonder!*"

He talked over Lord *North*, and the Duke of *Portland*. He talked of the Chancellor, of *Loughborough*, and Mr. Baron *Hotham;* and said, "You are almost the *only man who love the land for its own sake.*"

Then we talked of Mrs. *Siddons*, *Jordan*, &c.; and the Queen said, "*Siddons* was going to *Germany*, to make the *English* find out by her absence that she was good for something." Then we flew to *Handel;* after which the King made me a most gracious bow, and said, "I am going to my dinner."

I was near the door; made a low bow to the Females, and departed.

DESCRIPTION OF A VISIT AT CASTLE HILL.

IN A LETTER TO SIR RICHARD HARDINGE, BART.*

My dearest Richard, *Milbourne House, Aug.* 15, 1811.

That I may lose no drop from the cup of pleasure which I enjoyed from seven in the evening of October the first to eleven, and from eight the next

* First printed in the "Illustrations of Literary History."

morning till eleven before noon, at *Castle Hill*, I shall record upon paper, as memory can present them, all the mazes of my enchantment, though the *consummation* is past.

In the afternoon of October the first, and at half past five, I followed my servant, undressed, and in boots, on foot, a short half mile from *Ealing Vicarage*, to the *Lodges* of the *Duke's Palace*.

Between these *wings* I was received in due form by a Porter in livery, full trimmed and powdered. He opened his iron gates for me; bowed, as if I had been the King; and rang the alarum-bell, as if I had been a hostile invader. I looked as tall, as intrepid, and as *affable* as I *could*; but I am afraid that I was not *born* for *state*.

The approach to the Palace-door is magnificent, graceful, and picturesque; the line of the road, flanked by a row of lamps the most brilliant I ever saw, is a gentle serpentine. It commands to the right, through young but thriving plantations, *Harrow-on-the-Hill*, and carries the eye in a sort of leap to that eminence over the intermediate ground; which is a valley better unseen, for it is very tame. The Lodges are quite new, and in Mr. *Wyatt's* best manner.—A second gate flew open to me; it separates the home-garden from the lawn of entrance. The head-gardener made *his* appearance, in his best clothes, bowed, rang *his* bell to the house, and withdrew.

When I arrived at the *Palace-door*, my heart went pit-a-pat. The underwriters would not have

insured my life at seven minutes purchase, unless tempted by a most inordinate *premium:* an aspen leaf in a high wind stood better upon its legs than I stood upon mine; indeed I am not sure it was not upon my head instead of my legs.—I invoked all the *Saints of Impudence* to befriend me. But think of *little me!* attended by six Footmen! three of a side! and received at the head of this Guard by the House-steward! a venerable *Frenchman* of the old Court, and of the last age, who had very much the appearance of a *Cabinet Minister*. He conducted me with more solemnity than I wished up stairs into my toilette-room. At the door of it stood the Duke's Valet, who took charge of me into the room, bowed, and retired.—In this apartment I found my own servant.

The exterior of the house has an elegant, and a chaste, as well as Princely air. You can see "*Wyatt fecit*" upon every part of the *effect*. But the interior struck *me* infinitely more, even in this bird's-eye view of it. I was all astonishment; but it was accompanied with dismay at the aweful silence which reigned, as well as the unexampled brilliancy of all the colours. There was not one speck to be seen.—I would not have *sneezed* for all the King's dominions. Every thing was exquisite of its kind, in the taste of its outline, proportions, and furniture.

My dressing-room, in which there was an excellent fire, attached itself to the bed-chamber, and was laid open to it by a folding-door. These are *the Regent's* territories whenever *he* is at *Castle Hill*.

My toilette was *à peindre*, and there was not any thing omitted which *could* make a *youthful Adonis* out of an *old Hermit*—but the mirror was honest, and *youth is no birth of art.—A propòs* to the *mirror*, in the dazzling variety of looking-glass.—I was more than usually ashamed of the dumpling figure it presented before me at every turn; I even thought it was a family resemblance to that of *Sancho* in *Barataria*, when I was better acquainted (by this *force* upon me) with my own exterior.—My servant (who is in general cavalier, keeps me in order, and gives me only two or three jerks with his comb) half scared at the new and the Imperial honours of his little Master, waited upon me with more deference, and with more assiduity than I had ever marked in him before. He called me once or twice *My Lord*, as upon the Circuit; and I half expected that he would say, *Your Royal Highness*. The comb of the *Male Grace* had scarce begun its help to the *Male Venus* personated by *me*, before a gentle tap at the door alarmed us both. We opened upon a messenger, who told me in *French* that His Royal Highness was dressing, but would soon do himself the honour of taking me by the hand. Opening by accident one of the doors in the bed-chamber, painted with *traillage* in green and gold, I discovered, in an adjoining closet, a running stream and a fountain. I began to think I was in the *Elysian* fields. The bed was only to be ascended by a ladder of steps, and they were dressed in flowered velvet. There was a topical cold-bath; and at night hot water for

my feet, if they should happen to wish for it. Pens, ink, and paper of all descriptions, made love to me; books of amusement were dispersed upon the tables like natural flowers. I was in my shirt when His Royal Highness knocked at my door. Not waiting for my answer, he opened the door himself, and gave me a shake of the hand with his Royal fist, so cordial, that one of my chalkstone fingers, had I possessed them, would have begged him, if he had not been the Son of a King, to be rather *less affectionate* in *that* shape. I hurried on my coat and waistcoat in *his* presence; and then he walked before me into the Library. All the passages and staircase were illuminated with lamps of different colours, just as if a masquerade was in train. I began to think more and more of *Sly* in *Shakespeare*, and said, like him, to myself, "*Am I indeed a Lord!*"

This Library, fitted up in the perfection of taste, is the first room of a magnificent range, commanding at least a hundred feet. All the contiguous apartments in that *suite* were lighted up, and were laid open to this apartment. By a contrivance in the management of the light, it seemed as if the distance had no end. You can have no conception of the cost, of the beauty, or of the magic. They left indeed *behind them* painful and moralizing reflections; but I was dazzled at the moment, and was not sober enough to be in train for them.

The Duke, amongst other peculiarities of habit, bordering upon *whim*, always recommends the *very* chair on which you are to sit. I suppose it is *a*

Regal usage.—He opened a most agreeable and friendly chat, which *continued* for half an hour *tete-à-tete.* So far it was like the manner of *the King* (when he was Himself), that it embraced a variety of topicks, and was unremitted. He improved at close quarters even upon his *pen;* and *you* know *what a pen it is.* The manly character of his good sense, and the eloquence of his expression, were striking. But even *they* were not *so* enchanting as that *grace of manner* which distinguishes him. Compared with it, in my honest opinion, Lord *Chesterfield,* whom I am old enough to have heard and seen, was a Dancing-master.

I found the next morning at our *tete-à-tete* that he has infinite humour, and even that of making his *countenance* into the character he is to personate. One of his *Joe-Millers* I annex to my narrative, though without *his face* (which *I cannot inclose)* it loses more than two-thirds of its effect.

In about an hour dinner was announced. The Duke led the way. I was placed at the head of the table. The Duke was on my right; Madame *L******* on my left. The honours were chiefly done by *him.* The dinner was exquisite. The *soup* was of a kind that an epicure would have travelled barefoot three hundred miles in a deep snow to have been in time for it.

In my efforts to be *irresistible,* between my two *admirers,* I dropped my napkin three or four times in rapid succession. It was recovered each time by the well-bred *Centinel* whose province it was to be

careful of me; but I *hated him*, for I thought he almost betrayed that he was ashamed of the duty, and of me.

The natural civility of an amiable habit in both of them appeared in two little *traits* of it, and which I may as well delineate here, because they occurred at the *table*, and we are there at present, my Reader and I.

Louis the XVIIIth was upon the *tapis;* and Madame, unsolicited by me, desired one of *her* attendants to ask her maid for his Majesty's Portrait in miniature. The Duke, instead of discouraging this alert *galanterie*, in good humour improved upon it, by saying, "Let her give him poor *Louis Seize* and his *Queen* at the same time." It was accomplished.

They accidentally mentioned the famous *Dumourier*. I said, "that I loved *seeing* those whom I admired *unseen*, upon report alone, and *in the mind's view*.—But I shall never see *Dumourier*," said I, "for he is the Lord knows where (and I cannot run after him) upon the Continent."—"*Not he*," said the Duke; "he is in this very Island, and he often dines *with us here*."—I *looked*, but *said* nothing. My *look* was *heard*. Madame asked the Duke (for it is a word and a blow with *her*) if it could not be *managed*?—"Nothing more practicable," said he. "If the Judge will but throw down his glove in the fair spirit of chivalry, *Dumourier* shall pick it up."

The servants, though I could not reconcile myself to the *number* of them, were models of attention, of propriety, and of respect. Their *eye* seemed as if

they had been *made* only for *us;* their apparel gave the impression of clothes perfectly new; the hair was uncommonly well dressed and powdered.—*Thereby hangs a tale,* which I cannot have a better opportunity of reporting; I had it from the best authority, that of my own servant, who had it from the *souterrein* of the establishment, which he had confidentially explored.—A hair-dresser for all the livery-servants constitutes one of the efficient characters in this *dramatic* arrangement. At a certain hour every male servant appears before the Duke, to shew himself perfectly well dressed, and clean.

Besides this "*Law of the Medes,*" every man has a *niche* to fill, so that he is never unoccupied, except at his meals, in some duty or another, and is amenable to a sudden visit into the bargain. I can assure you, the result is, that, in this complicated machine of souls and bodies, the genius of attention, of cleanliness, and of smart appearance, is the order of the day.

When the *Duke* took me the next morning to his *Master of the Horse;* instead of dirty coachmen or grooms, they were all as neat as if they never had any thing to do, or as if they were going to Church in state.

The male servants meet in their hall at an unvaried hour; and round this apartment, as in a Convent, are little recesses, or cells, with not only beds in them for each, but every accommodation as well as implement for their *apparel.*—Yet all this *absolute Monarchy* of *system* is consistent with a most

obliging manner to the servants on his part, which I attested more than once; and with attachment, as well as homage to him, attested by *the Hermit's Inquisitor and Spy,* who gave me this note of *his* comments—I mean of course my own servant.

The next morning I could not believe my own sight. It was like a vision before me, in the very Moon itself. I rose at seven. The lawn before me, surrounded by an amphitheatre of plantation, was covered by leaves, for they *will* fall even in a garden of state. The Head-gardener made his appearance, and with him five or six men, who were under *his* wing. In much less than a quarter of an hour every dead leaf disappeared; and the turf became a carpet, after mowing, and after a succession of rollers, iron and stone.

After this episode, we are to go back, and are to be at the table again. A very little after dinner Madame vanished. I flew to the door, and was in time for it, with a minuet step, not unpractised or unrehearsed in the *Milbourne* woods, to the *Fauns* and the *Satyrs* there; but whether such an assiduity was *etiquette* or vulgar, is too deep to be fathomed by so humble a conjecture as mine. In a very little time the summons came for coffee; and, as before, *he* led the way, conducting me to another of the upper apartments in the range before described, and which, as it happened, was close to the bed-chamber. They were open to each other.—But *such* a room was that bed-chamber as no *Loves* and *Graces* ever thought of shewing to a *Hermit* of all the birds

in the air. It was perfectly *Regal*, but without prejudice to a very *Circassian air*.

In the morning the Duke shewed me all his variety of horses and of carriages. He pointed out a curricle to me. "I bought that curricle," said he, "twenty years ago; have travelled in it all over the world; and there it is, firm on its axle. I never was spilt from it but once. It was in *Canada*, near the *Falls of Niagara*, over a concealed stump in a wood just cleared."

He afterwards opened himself very much to me in detail, with *disclosures in confidence*, and political ones too, which interested, as well as enlightened me very much, but which, as a man of honour, I cannot reveal even to *you*.

He is no Gamester. He is no Huntsman. He never goes to *Newmarket;* but he loves riding upon the road, a full swing trot of nine miles an hour.

I am going to part with him in my narrative; but not before I have *commanded* you to love him, for his anecdotes of his good fortune, and of his feeling attention to me. In the morning he asked me how I was *mounted;* and before I could answer him he whispered (in a kind of parenthesis more dropt and spilt than pressed) "that he had for two months been putting a little *Circuit horse* in train for *my* use of him in Spring. It *was* a pet," said he, "of the dear King, who gave it to me; and *you* must ride it with more pleasure for both our sakes."

These were not "*goodly words*," like those of *Napthali*, or "*the hind let loose;*" for my servant

received the intelligence that such a keepsake *was* intended for me.

How charming is the delicacy of conduct like this! —I had once complained, three or four months ago, that my own *Circuit Bucephalus* had kissed the earth with his knees. He condoled with me, half in jest; but gave me no *hint* of such a *Fairy's boon* in store for me.

But now for the last of these wonders! It was the incalculable surprize of his feast in the morning. I can give you not the faintest image of its effect upon me. It made me absolutely *wild*.—The room in which our breakfast apparatus received us had at the end of it a very ornamented glass door, with a mist over it, so that nothing was to be seen through it.—He poured me out a dish of tea, and placed it before me; then rose from the table, and opened that glass door. Somebody (but whom I could not see) was on the other side, for he addressed words to *the unseen;* words in *German*. When he returned, and I had just lifted the cup to my lips, imagine my feelings, when a band of thirty wind-instruments played a march, with a delicacy of tone, as well as precision, for which I have no words equal to the charm of its effect. They were all behind this glass-door, and were like *one instrument*.—The uplifted cup was replaced on the table. I was all ears, and was entranced; when all of a sudden they performed the *Dirge* upon *our* Naval Hero *. It threw

* The pathetic lines of Lady *Mackintosh*, "on the Death of Captain HARDINGE" (see p. 414), were set to music by Mr. *Charles Wesley*, the celebrated Organist, with an effect above all praise.

me into a burst of tears. With a heart for which I must ever love him, he took me by the hand, and said, "*Those are tears which do none of us any harm.*" He then made them play all imaginary varieties for a complete hour. He walked me round his place, and parted with me in these words: "You see that we are not formidable; *do come to us again! Come soon; and come very often!*"

May I not, *must* I not, love this man?

GEO. HARDINGE.

SENTIMENTS ON CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

IN A LETTER ADDRESSED IN 1805 TO A PEERESS OF GREAT DISTINCTION *.

MADAM,

I often *suspect* half in jest, and I oftener *accuse*, our lively and eccentric but accomplished Friend †, of making what is called a *sham fight*, as a nominal champion for me; but I have seldom been more piqued at those *Palace-like habits of mischief* than to find, as I have done of late, that your Ladyship has formed an impression of me—which *her* talents and the cause of truth would soon have undeceived if she had been my *zealous* Advocate, and had called forth her eloquence in my support. It would have been a debt of honour to me, which I deserved at her hands.

* First printed in the "Illustrations of Literary History."

† An allusion to a Lady then resident at *Hampton Court*.

I am *now* to be *my own Counsel;* and it was admirably said by a Judge, "that he who becomes an Advocate for himself has a fool to his Client." But Necessity, the Tyrant's law, is the refuge of the oppressed, who turns upon the assailant in self-defence, when those who had promised him *their* shield throw it off in the field of battle, and run away.

I *am*, it is true, possessed of the honour to be the first Cousin of an Earl, who is a *Cabinet Minister* at this hour, and whose politicks *may* have been hostile to the Catholic demand of *Emancipation*, or (in a less equivocal term) of *Establishment* in all *the Rights* which *Protestants enjoy*.—But I was not in *his* Cabinet *then*, or ever; and you, Madam, know almost as much of him as I do (except in occasional acts of kind affection to me) for several years past.—I am in truth a Hermit, half buried alive; and *Jaques* in the Forest of *Arden* was not less a man of this world than I am. If you saw me with my Woodman's * bill in my hand, and very little better dressed than *Robinson Crusoe*, you would smile at the conception that I was a Political Confidant, or a Political Slave.—"*Are you a Whig or a Tory?*" said the Giants to *Gulliver*, when they danced him in their hands.—But I *had* an *Uncle*, who was a *Parent* in *love to me*, and whose *Politicks are mine*. He was the *first Earl Camden*. *His* politicks were those of *our Locke;* and LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE would have been *his Patron Saint*, if

* Chopping of wood was with him a favourite exercise.

he had been of your *Ladyship's* Religion.—When he was *Attorney General*, he was *Freedom's Advocate;* and in every *Judicial* part of his public-spirited career, Oppression found him at his post, in arms for the persecuted. The last and great exertion of his life, though he was *then* a Cabinet Minister, was to reinstate the *Right* of Juries, and the inestimable Charter of *Popular Opinion*, against all the Judges of the Land, and the Chancellor at their head.—The Bishop of *Landaff*, a partizan, though in lawn sleeves, and though gifted in abilities for the Catholic Petitioners, and for the Rights of all Dissenters from the Church, was my Domestic Tutor at College. I have been his guest, have enjoyed *his* confidence, and with pride of heart can say that I am his Friend.—I am not *likely*, therefore, to be *intolerant;* and, were I in Parliament at this hour, the Catholic would have a true, though decrepid and superannuated Soldier in me, as one of *his* battle-array, upon the *general principles* of his claim.

These are my genuine sentiments, embracing with open arms every dissent from every Church of Christians, whether Hugonot or Catholic.

It has unfortunately happened that, when the sword has been *yours*, you have dreadfully oppressed your victims the *Hugonots*—and those pages of History have made not only well-intentioned *Protestants*, but merciful and liberal *men*, afraid of entrusting *you* with *power* to oppress *again*.—But I am not of that opinion; for I do in my conscience believe that no such tyranny of zeal in this enlightened age

animates the Catholick; and I am no less firmly convinced that, if it were now as prevalent as ever, nothing would better disarm it than a generous confidence. We lost *America* by a contempt for that principle which is rooted in the philosophy of Nature and of Man.

> " Be to her *faults* a *little* blind;
> Be to her *virtues very* kind;
> Let all her ways be *unconfin'd;*
> And put your fetters on her *mind;*"

is the advice of *Prior* to the *Husband* or *Lover;* and it is very sound advice to *Government.*

Upon the subject of these alarming dissentions in the Sister Island, as in all quarrels of domestic life, both parties are (as it strikes *me)* in fault, and it is a measuring cast between them. — If the Government *intended,* upon grounds of general policy, to deprecate Convention Parliaments, and an Assembly of Delegates for any purpose whatever, their judgment in forming that intention is what I neither presume to arraign or to commend. *It is too deep for the Woodman;* but I am clearly of opinion that such an object of policy should have been made as little *invidious,* and, above all, as *clear* of doubt, as words could make it. I am also of opinion, that, if colourable but ingenuous doubts were founded upon it, or professed by Catholics of the purest character, the difference of opinion should have been temperately adjusted; and that Government, as having the sword in its own hand, should have made the *overture* of Peace, without compromise of its policy

or of its right. There is a beautiful passage in *Virgil*, addressed by that humane as well as elegant Poet, in a character which he assumes, to *Augustus*. I remember it applied by the *Earl of Chatham* to the persecuted *American* with inconceivable effect. The words literally construed are these; but he paraphrased upon them, so as to make them his own:

> "*Forgive them—spare them voluntarily;*
> *And be the first in that* work.
> You are descended from the Gods."

I am of opinion, with a Hermit's beard upon my chin, that all the solemnities of a Convention Parliament, leveled at Catholic Emancipation alone, and closing in a Petition to the Sovereign Legislature, would have been perfectly harmless to the Church and State. On the other hand, I reprobate the Catholicks for pressing upon Government invidiously this one selected *mode* of petitioning, when every other avenue to Parliament was open to them. I reprobate them for the bitterness of their hostility against the Executive at all the various meetings which have taken place. But where I am the *most* hurt for them, for *their* cause, and for that of *Liberty*, is, where they have made their debates, under the *nominal* veil of that *insulated* subject, launch into *other* questions, of policy and of right. Here they are not only ungenerous, but they are wantonly indiscreet; because they give judgment against themselves, and betray the very object which they disown, that of controuling the Legislature *generally* by a Senate of their own.

"This Creed is mine; it 's free as air;"

and my Gardener, a very unassuming personage, is not less interested *personally* than I am in the result, as making a difference to him or to me, contemplated as an object of ambition or avarice.

What is the most wanted, Madam, in this conflict, is a *temper* of *mutual forbearance*—a *wish* to conciliate. "*First* be *reconciled* with your Brother, and *then* offer your gift," are the words of that benevolent Redeemer before whom the disunited servants of *his* altar must appear. I have always taken the liberty of recommending in private quarrels what is inaccurately termed *oblivion* of the past, which is not in *human power*; but it means a generous *indifference* to the *memory* of preceding asperities. When that preliminary has been once accomplished, arrangements for amity and love between the bitterest adversaries are soon ripened; concessions, like articles of trade, are bought and sold; rights are compromised, and all pedantries of contest are melted into liberality of sentiment. But who will be *the referee?* "*Not I,*" says *the Millourne Gardener;* and if, upon *his* refusal, they should call upon *me,* I shall follow the example of his *blue apron.*

But I shall turn the tables upon my accuser, and shall call *her* intolerant, if she will not protect me against herself. "I appeal from *Philip,*" said the Soldier, "*to Philip himself.*" I call upon my accuser, not only to hear me in my defence, but *know me,* and examine my nature.

You appear, Madam, to be very good-natured, and I am never afraid of prejudices against me when it is my taste and my ambition to subdue them if *I can.* But, if you are satirical, and fond of mischief (that is, if your enchanting sex could *ever* be so described), I would leave you unmolested in the enjoyment of your spleen. I am, you must know, a *Lavaterist:* your *countenance* assures me, and I will take its word, that, if you would but know me, you would make me your *Confessor.* At present I have *at least* the desire to convince you, that in my *(illustrious)* Pedigree not a single *Herod* or *Nero* is to be found.

My taste and my rights demand that I may *see* my accuser *face to face;* and then I do not care if the charge against me should be as long as a Chancery-suit, or as the mumbling histories of old age, drawn from the life in the person of,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

Most *afflicted* and most *injured* servant,

GEO. HARDINGE.

VERSES BY LADY MACKINTOSH,

ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN HARDINGE, TORN FROM HIS LAUREL AS FAME WAS IN THE ACT OF DRESSING ITS LEAVES. (See p. 406.)

How sleep the Good and Brave,
Whose bed is in the wave!
Ere half the sand has run,
Their glorious task is done,
Their victory a deathless wreath has won.

It 's not the martial host,
Nor troops which line a coast,
That claim the jealous meed
Of sacred Valour's deed,
Nor whether Admiral or Captain bleed;

But the heroic soul
That gives the high controul
Which others are to feel,
That arms their breast in steel,
And leads to enterprize the foaming keel.

It saves a falling State;
It seals a Tyrant's fate;
It flam'd in HARDINGE's eye,
When, at the battle's cry,
It bade him like the conquering NELSON die.

He mark'd the giant foe,
And sped his thundering blow;
Then, *England* at his heart,
The Hero took his part,
Fell as he liv'd, and smil'd upon the dart.

And though with silent tread
His comrades bear him dead,
And low beneath the wave
Is found his early grave,
Fame is the mausoleum of the brave.

Let only cowards think,
When Heroes thus may sink
Their vital spark is flown; —
That breath is yet our own,
Renews its flame, and is in battle known.

There still the Hero *lives*,
And still the victory gives;
Bears terror in his frown;
And guards with his renown
The Hero's pride in Freedom's envied crown.

CAPTAIN HARDINGE'S MONUMENT *.

A VOTE of the House of Commons, *without a dissenting voice*, after an ample discussion, recommended the erection of a Monument in honour of Captain *Hardinge*, which has since been placed in St. *Paul's* Cathedral, with the following inscription:

NATIONAL
To GEO. N. HARDINGE, ESQ.
CAPTAIN OF THE ST. FIORENZA 36 GUNS 186 MEN
WHO ATTACKED ON THREE SUCCESSIVE DAYS
LA PIEDMONTAISE 50 GUNS 566 MEN
AND FELL NEAR CEYLON IN THE PATH TO
VICTORY
8TH MARCH 1808 AGED 28 YEARS.

* Mr. *Hardinge's* opinion of the talents of Mr. *Manning*, the Sculptor of this Monument, were thus poetically expressed:

"The art, no more to hope denied,
Of Sculpture, in her classic pride,
Aveng'd by thee, to life has brought
Those energies of speech and thought,
Which Memory, in days of yore,
To ancient *Greece*, in triumph, bore;
When Chiefs, that were in battle slain,
Breath'd in their Cenotaphs again,
And spirits of heroic birth
Surviv'd, in fame, the mouldering earth.
No laurel that *Fiorenza* gave
To HARDINGE's bright, though hurried grave,
A wreath, in tears, could ever twine
Of such a hue and glow as thine:
'Tis Inspiration's note, as clear
As if the Muses we could hear,
When *Pindar's* hand inflam'd the lyre,
And swept the chords with living fire.
The moralizing INDIAN's grief
Reveres, though mute, his breathless Chief;
Laments, in victory, the cost
Of such a rising NELSON lost.
Fame, in her proud, though baffled hope,
Gives to *Despair* unbridled scope;
Her prostrate form, and pensive air,
Her wings at rest, and streaming hair,
Tell, what no *words* could better speak,
No tears on *Britain's* Patriot cheek;
'That HE, for whom that wreath she bore,
Views her enchanting smile no more;
And that her Crown, his ripen'd claim,
Falls, in her hands, upon his *Name*.'"

The sanguinary and successful Action which this Monument records took place in the *East Indies*, where Captain *Hardinge* died. In the centre is a *Cenotaph* having on its front a *Lion's Head*, the emblem of *British* valour; on the right of it is a *Native Indian* bearing the *Naval Flag*, whose countenance and pensive attitude point at the deep regret felt and expressed by the communities of *India*, upon the fall of their zealous Defender; on the left, at the foot of the Cenotaph, is *Fame*, prostrate, with a *laurel wreath* in her hand, which falls over the youthful Hero's *name*, on the pedestal, indicating the disappointment of her sanguine hopes, at his *early* fate *.—Any Officer more gallant and zealous for his Country's honour, more able in every part of his profession, more engaging in his manners, and more beloved, never has honoured the service. He had the most engaging manners, and the most benevolent heart, which accompanied a sound judgment, a cultivated mind, and the zeal of a Patriot for his Country; a high sense of honour in every thing; and the most fervent and unaffected piety.

* From another gallant Officer, a Brother of the brave Captain, Mr. *Hardinge* received the following short Letter:

MY DEAR UNCLE, *Elvas, March* 28, 1811.

I beg you will procure me a *Proof Print* of the Hero's Monument. Your description of the design is affecting and beautiful. *Alexander* considered it as the good fortune of *Achilles*, that *Homer* was the Historian of his valour.—Can *we*, who love and contemplate with enthusiasm *our* Hero, make our gratitude equal to the extent and measure of your perseverance, your talents, and feelings, in immortalizing him?

Your obedient and grateful Nephew, H. HARDINGE.

Explanation of Two antient PAINTINGS on Oak Pannel, describing two principal Epochs in the History of CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL; which were accurately drawn and engraved, in 1807, by Mr. THOMAS KING, a self-taught and ingenious Artist.

In a Letter to a Friend, who had presented to Mr. HARDINGE a Copy of the Engravings.

ALAS, my dear Friend, how paltry are the returns which I can make to your zealous attachment and affection! But, such as they are, you shall ever command them, and shall devote me to infamy if you find me ungrateful. There is a line of a Moral Satirist, which I have always adopted into my faith—"Call a man ungrateful—you say every thing;"—by which is meant that no other crimes can heighten the deformity of the portrait.

The *Chichester* Plates, which communicate the style and design of the Originals, are very curious.—The Paintings, which are in the South Transept of the Cathedral, were the work of *Theodore Bernardi* *, a *Flemish* Artist, who came into

* Or, as some have asserted, without any degree of probability, by *Holbein*.—"Lord *Orford* (Works, 4to, III. 90) makes a slight mention only of these Pictures. *Vertue*, from whose MSS. the "Anecdotes of Painting" were compiled, had seen them; and soon after they were painted over by *Tremaine*."

Dallaway's Western Sussex, p. 124.

England, with his two sons, in 1519, by command of ROBERT SHERBORNE, then Bishop of *Chichester*.

The first (which is 12 feet 8 inches wide and 8 feet 8 inches high) represents St. *Wilfrid*, attended by the Clergy, as coming to *Ceadwalla*, King of *Sussex*, and Founder of the Church of *Selsey* *, who stands at the entrance of his Palace, surrounded by his Courtiers; and addressing him in the following words, which are written on a scroll, "*Da servis Dei locum habitationis propter Deum.*"—*Ceadwalla's* answer, which is on an open book, held by an attendant, is, "*Fiat sicut petitur.*"—In the back ground of this Picture is represented the Peninsula of *Selsey*, the Parish Church, as it is still standing there, and the Sea, bounded by the blue hills of the *Isle of Wight*. At the bottom of the Picture is, "SANCTUS WILFRIDUS."

The other Painting (13 feet 4 inches by 8 feet 5 inches and a quarter) represents the Interview between *Henry VIII.* and Bishop *Sherborne*, who is attended by the Dean and the other Ecclesiastics, upon the Establishment of his Four Prebends in that Cathedral Church, A. D. 1514; to whom the Monarch is here represented in the act of granting the Prayer of the Petition, agreeably to the request there specified. On a scroll introduced in the body of the Painting, "*Sanctissime Rex, propter*

* A small Island near *Chichester*, which gives title to a personal Friend of mine, Lord *Selsey*; whose father, Sir *James Peachey*, Bart. had the first of these Baronial titles conferred upon him in 1794. G. H.

Deum, confirma Ecclesiam tuam Cicestrensem in Cathedrale, sicut Ceadwalla Rex Sussex' Ecclesiam Silesien' olim Cathedrale confirmavit."—To which the King answers, "*Pro amore Jesu Christi, quod petis concedo.*"—*Henry the Seventh*, his Royal Patron, is, by a strange anachronism, introduced as standing near his Son, who confirms the Grant.—At the bottom of this Painting is, "OPERIBUS CREDITE *."

Both Pictures are finely executed, and are extremely valuable, as representations of the Ecclesiastical and Lay Costume of that age.

On the same side of the Transept are the Portraits of all the Kings of *England*, from *William the Conqueror* down to *George the First*; and those of Queen *Elixabeth*, *James the First*, and *Charles the First*, are well executed.

On the opposite or East side of the Transept, are the Portraits of the Bishops of *Selsey* and of *Chichester*, prefaced thus: "*Cathalogus Reverendorum Virorum et Sanctorum Patrum Episcoporum Selese et Cicestren': tam ante Conquestum Anglie, quam post Conquestum Anglie, quorum nomina sequuntur.*"

* "In their original state these two Paintings possessed great comparative merit, the progress of Painting in *England* being considered; but, having been defaced and damaged by the Parliament soldiers, the last repair they have undergone, at the expence of Bishop *Mawson*, by an inferior Artist, has been destructive of all the original merit, excepting of the mere outline and design. They will, notwithstanding, be regarded as a singular specimen of the art of Painting, upon so large a scale, in that perfect state of preservation, and peculiar to this Cathedral."

Dallaway's Western Sussex, p. 124.

These were continued by *Sherborne* down to himself; since which time only *George Day*, who was Bishop in 1543, has been added.

One seldom has marked, in any antient specimen of the delineating science for Portrait, such variety or such expression of countenance. Not that I suppose any of them more like the Bishops than me; as indeed I should imagine they were made at some comparatively modern period, so as to cover the two last Prelates who are commemorated, and who alone may have a chance to be copied from the life.

Under each Bishop, respectlvely, is given a short account of what he did for, or gave to, the Church.

As I have not a keen eye for the old hands, which you possess, and in which my Father was pre-eminent, I may occasionally miss the words; but I will do my best.

Saint *Wilfrid*, the first Bishop of *Selsey*, received that appointment (after having been expelled from the Archbishoprick of *York)* in 681; and was succeeded by 22 others; the last of whom,

Stigandus appears to be the first who has *Latin* belonging to him; and this *Latin* thus describes the movement from *Selsey* to *Chichester*: "*Stigandus* was the last Bishop before the Translation of the Episcopal See from the Isle of *Selsey* to the Church of *Chichester*, and the first after the Translation of that See to the Church of *Chichester*."

The second after *Stigand* is "*Radulph (Ralph)* the first," who "re-built the Church of *Chichester*, burnt by fire."

The fourth after him is "*Seffrid the Second*, who re-built the Church of *Chichester*, burnt by a second fire," and "his own houses in the Palace of *Chichester*."

The next is "*Simon De Welles, Bishop of Chichester*," who "acquired to the Church of *Chichester* a Charter of ample Liberties."

His immediate follower is "*Richard the First*," who "acquired to the Church of *Chichester* the right of patronage in the Church of *Hove*, in the county of *Sussex*."

The next is *Ranulphus*, who "gave to the Church of *Chichester*, for an Anniversary to be made (held) in the same Church, a windmill in *Bishopestone*."

Then comes *Radulphus the Second*, who "did many things for the Church and the Bishoprick. He built the Chapel of the *Blessed Michael* on the outside of the Eastern gate."

The next is *Saint Richard*, of whom there is an ample account under his Portrait. "He was very useful and munificent to the Church of *Chichester*, and the Bishoprick. Various were his *miracles* in the *lives* (maintenance) of the poor. He always studied to fill them with *the Word* (the *Word of God*), (and) with alms, from whence the people of *Ferryng* * field, in the Diocese of *Chichester*, came in multitudes to him; insomuch that his then guest, Master *Simon de Ferryng*, wondering when he saw such a multitude of people, said, 'that he had not

* He was then resident at his manor of *Ferryng*, in the county of *Sussex*.

sufficient bread in that house, so that each might receive a moderate share.' To whom he answered, 'Let them all come, and the Lord will give.' And when all were filled, the same Master *Simon*, after they were gone away, said, 'that, in loaves numbered, he had as much as he had before they had been fed; and the Lord deigned to honour him with a similar miracle, when living to that period in his manor of *Cokeham*.' He died in the year of our Lord 1252; but he was *translated** in the Cathedral of *Chichester* the 20th of June 1276."

After him comes *John the Second*; "who, amongst other things, gave to the Cathedral of *Chichester* the manor of *Durringeswike*, and built there a manse and a grange at his own expence."

The next is "*Stephen*," "Bishop," who "celebrated the Translation of the glorious Confessor *Richard* his Predecessor † not without great expence," [that is, of his own purse, at his own cost.]

Then comes "*Gilbert de Sancto Leofardo*. He built from the foundation the Chapel of the *Blessed Virgin Mary* in the Church of *Chichester*.

Next is *John the Third*, described as *John de Langton*. He built the great costly South window of the Church of *Chichester*.

* This passage appears at the first view a little puzzling; but I think it evidently means, though quaintly expressed, that his body was taken from *Cookham*, or wherever else he was first buried, and was interred in the Cathedral 24 years after his death.

† This confirms my former explanation, made at random before I saw the passage now quoted.

He is followed by *Robert Stratford*, "Chancellor of the University of *Oxford*, and Chancellor of the King of *England*."

Then we have *William de Lenne*. To him are annexed, whimsically enough, LL. D. [This must, I apprehend, be a very modern interpolation, as I cannot suppose that such initials for *Doctor of Laws* were in use during *his* æra; or the next word, *Dec.* for *Decanus*.] He had been Dean *of Chichester*, and *Sacri Palatii Apostolici Causarum Auditor*. He was afterwards Bishop of *Worcester*; and died in 1369.

William Reade "built the Castle of *Amberley* from its foundation."

Thomas Rushook, "*Professor of Sacred Theology*." [This appears to me another interpolation; for I doubt whether such a title existed in those days; it is no more than our *Doctor of Divinity* Latinized at this day.]

Richard Mitford, with a similar title. Others also follow, who are described in the same manner.

Then we have *Henry Ware*, *Licentiate in both Laws* [Batchelor of Laws.]

John Kemp, "LL. Doctor," afterwards Archbishop, successively, of *York* and *Canterbury*.

Adam Molins, "*Doctor of Laws*, gave to the Church certain pieces of cloth, made from silk velvet, not of small price, to adorn the high altar."

John Arundell, "*Doctor of Physic*, gave to the Church a certain rent, to maintain *Antiphony* to be chanted in the Church of *Chichester* every night.

Besides, he appointed a perpetual Chauntry in the same Church."

Robert the Fourth, Sherborne, translated from the See of *St. David's*, sat in the Church of *Chichester* 28 years.—"As he was a man of much counsel and prudence, so in the high and arduous affairs of the Kingdom under the most prudent and the most puissant Prince *Henry* the Seventh, for the good of the State, was often sent as Ambassador to Foreign parts. He principally and sincerely adored the honour of GOD. In his time, though not then his own, he magnificently adorned the Cathedral Church of *Chichester* with much beauty. He increased in a considerable degree the number of the Ministers in the same Church; of those who were to sing Psalms in full choir to GOD. He too had nothing to his own, and so peculiar, but that of his own accord and willingly he would give it for relieving the necessities of each *. A man *every where* † gracious and affable. In the 92d year of his age he departed this *life* ‡, the 12th of September, in the year of the Word Incarnate MºCCCCCºXXXºVIº."

Then comes *George Day* (added, we are told, since the Reformation); "first of the name, Professor of Divinity; always approved himself a servant of CHRIST

* "*Pro symbolo hoc dicitur usus elogio, Dilexi decorem domûs tui, Domine. Et nonnunquam, Credite Operibus.*"

Godwin, de Præsulibus, p. 512.

† The word here is Greek to me; but perhaps it is an abbreviation of *ubivis, every where.* It is all, however, guess-work, and a leap in the dark.

‡ The word is *here* "*light;*" but it means "*life.*"

the King in *that Word* (in preaching the Word of God), and in his conversation. He died the 2d of August 1556. To whose soul may God be propitious! Amen *."

These Paintings contribute greatly to the grandeur of this part of the Church, which would otherwise be rather too plain, the Transepts having no Side Ailes. The effect produced by this Transept must have been very striking before the destruction of the rich glass in its Southern window, which has deprived it of the dim light that must have harmonized so well with the Paintings above described.

Bernardi also, it is probable, painted the vaultings of the Church, which appears to have been executed with great boldness of design and richness of colouring; the ornaments are flowers, and the arms of the Founders of, and Benefactors to the Church, with some scrolls of writing under each. The armorial bearings of *William of Wykeham* are frequently repeated, with this motto, "Manners makyth Man;" subjoined are the words following: "*Quoth William Wykeham.*"—*Sherborne* had been educated at the *St. Mary Winton* Colleges; and appears to have been anxious to shew his gratitude to their liberal Founder.

The Choir of this Cathedral is richly fitted up. The Stalls were erected by Bp. *Sherborne;* and are of oak, finely carved and gilt. The name of the Dig-

* In this enumeration several of the Bishops are unnoticed by Mr. *Hardinge.* Whether their Portraits are in the Cathedral does not appear. Edit.

nity or Prebend to which each Stall is attached is inscribed over it, in an antient character. The *Misereres* are finely carved, and are extremely curious. The High Altar Screen also, which is constructed of the same materials as the Stalls, is exceedingly rich and beautiful. In the Gallery, which forms the top of this Screen, Musicians were formerly placed at the celebration of the High Mass. This Gallery is, perhaps, almost the only one of the kind now remaining in this country. The other parts of the Choir are fitted up in the same style, and the whole produces an effect much resembling that which is observable in *Germany* and the *Low Countries*.

Sherburne was for many years an Ambassador on the Continent, and may have taken his ideas from the buildings in the countries he visited during that time. He died in 1533, and is buried in the South aile of the Choir, under a white marble monument, whereon lay his effigies, habited in the Episcopal vestments. The figure and tomb were richly adorned, but they were much defaced by the fanatics; the arms still remain, and the following inscription: "*Non intres in judicium Domine, cum servo tuo Roberto Sherborne* *."

* See *Mason's* "*Chichester* Guide, 1810," pp. 28—32.

The Nine following LETTERS were communicated by the Gentleman to whom they were addressed by the kind-hearted Writer.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CONDOLE with you on the risk that you may be found, after all, a waddling duck, in your *prophetic speculations* upon the *Popular Emperor*, upon all his *victories*, and above all upon *the Armistice*, which has vanished into air. Not that, between ourselves, I depend upon any thing till it is accomplished. But I confess, my delight in *Blucher*, who makes the other Heroes, compared with him, cheap as dirt. He has desired me to be his *Aide-du-camp*; but I have told him frankly, that, although I am *young enough* to attend him, I have three defects; but, if he should graciously overlook them, I will wait upon him.

1. I cannot ride; 2. I cannot speak *French*; 3. I cannot fight. I was *above* telling him that I had a cold, and was of a bilious habit. I hope he will spare me.

If *Buonaparte's* answer to the Legislative Assembly of *Dijon* is correct, it is no *violent* proof that his *children*, as they have been called, especially by *him*, have rallied around him. It strikes me, that in *Eugene Beauharnois*, the son of the divorced Queen, there must be something very amiable; for he is never abused, and there is a warmth of heart in the address to him, which he

could not, like his Father-in-law, have prompted. He is also universally esteemed a most admirable Soldier and Commander in Chief.

Napoleon seems to resemble *Richard* more and more.—Oh, may the Almighty seal the curse of oppressions upon the oppressors themselves in his doom!

Yours ever, G. HARDINGE.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Friday, March 6.*

I GIVE you my best and most affectionate thanks for your enclosures, but more for your own incomparable paper and reasoning *. I am to hope, in Christian charity, that *Lancaster* made his attack upon the Establishment under a *masqued battery*, and was *unsuspected* before the mischief had been done, or partially at least.

The Dissenter is a very artful, and in *his* line a very able Politician. Our *Churchmen* have at best the sin of *cold apathy* to their *trust*, and this, whether in a temporal or sacred view, is criminal.

The want of convenient pews or seats for the Poor in our Churches offends every moral and political eye. Residence is capriciously inflicted or waived by the Diocesan. The apology for Non-residence, when the Incumbent has two Parishes, by the fact that he resides upon *one* of them, is absurd—as *that one* may consist of seven or eight houses, and the

* This Letter was written in answer to one upon the *Lancastrian Schools*, and the want of accommodation in Church for the lower class of society.

other of seven or eight hundred. Curates are still inadequately paid; and I believe are dependant upon the Vicar. *Ignorant* Candidates at the best for Holy Orders are at a word *received*, and the Testimonials of moral *character* often smuggled. *Curates* are often appointed superfluously, when the *Vicar*, in rampant health, and residing, indulges the dignity of spiritual indolence. This makes a jumble between the two husbands of the same wife. To cut the knot, every Vicar should have a single Church, a good (not an over-expensive) house upon it; and should reside, or be removed. Nothing is more neglected than the office of a *Rural Dean*, or of others (whether Episcopal or Archidiaconal) in the careful and frequent inspection of the Vicarial House: It is very often extravagant, and very often penurious. Both are mischievous extremes.

The Dissenting and even the Methodist Rival of the Church, is generally, in exterior at least, more decent and moral. His public devotions are more exemplary. They have *more* of that which is called in French "*onction*," or in English *more zeal in their piety*. They imitate the *Catholic* there; and there is in truth much affinity in good as well as mischief between the two Creeds. Both are intolerant, and fond of making proselytes; but their manner of performing Church offices (a little softened) would be a model for *us*. The City of *London* have marked what *their* tolerance is. They tolerate the Dissenter, and they persecute by intolerance the Church. Farewell.

Yours ever, G. HARDINGE.

the detail of the discovery from *Charles* , my intimate friend, who is nephew to Mrs. *dge*, and a very accomplished young man.

n the subject of my Arms, your observation is cute; but your ground for it originates in a urious transaction, which is developed in part e in my Naval Hero's Life*, in the Naval Chro- for October 1808.

ere is in that Life a very humourous Letter of Nephew to me upon the subject, which I have erved and copied †.

s I have understood the fact, it was in substance , that, long prior to 1711, our Family had borne *Berkeley* Arms, precisely as they are borne by Earl at this hour—that the *Berkeleys* were qued at this *presumption*, and *bribed* the Heralds supersede the effect of it; which they accom- lished, but in the most awkward manner imagin- ble, by a new grant of the *very same Arms*, with a single difference of substituting Escalop-shells upon the chevron instead of Cross-crosslets detached—or, as I think I have heard it stated, by a new grant of the identical Arms, and *creating* the difference of the Cross-crosslets in those of *Berkeley*. It appears that, in the time of Sir *William Dugdale*, a dispute arose between him and the *Hardinge* of those days respecting these Arms, which threw a mist over the sight, and favoured the subsequent pride of the *Berkeleys*.

* Re-printed, with copious additions, in the "Illustrations of Literary History," vol. III. p. 49. † Ibid. p. 98.

The history of that proceeding is recorded in the Heralds' College, but in a very confused manner. In effect, as it is compromised and shuffled, the decision gives judgment against itself. Had the College really thought *us* complete and perfect usurpers, they would have granted new Arms, perfectly different, instead of making this *trifling* difference between the piqued Earl and the mutinous Plebeians.

In 1711, my grandfather *Gideon* was Vicar of *Kingston;* and his cousin *Nicholas* had the *Kingston-Canbury* estate, which I now possess.

Nicholas the cousin had a good estate at *Kingston,* but was a retired and obscure man.

Sir *Robert Hardinge* was Chief Justice in Eyre, and Recorder of *Nottingham,* in the time of *Charles the First.* He and many of his race lie buried in *Melbourne* church, and in what is called the *Hardinge Chancel.* He had lived at *King's Newton,* and was transplanted from thence to *Melbourne.*

I observe, in your book, " *Morrice Fitzharding,* descended of the King of *Denmarke,* lived in the time of the Conquest, and had issue *Morrice Fitzharding,* that married *Alicia,* daughter and heir to *Robert* Lord *Barkley,* in whose right he was Lord *Barkley.* This lady had an uncle, of whom *Barkeley* of *Deresley* is descended that now liveth. The heires-general of this Lord *Barkeley* married to *Richard Beauchamp* Earl of *Warwick.* Of the heires-male of this Lord *Berkeley's* daughter descend the Marquis *Barkeley,* the Earl of *Nottingham,* and the Lord *Barkeley* now living. Gules, a chevron

between ten crosslets *formy* Argent."—1. What is *formy*? It is a term in Heraldry; but what is the meaning of it?—2. I often have observed that in the same sentence, or paragraph at least, the same word will have a different spelling. Here, for example, you will find *Barkley*, *Berkeley*, *Berkley*, and *Berkely*.—This book was written in 1597.

There is a peculiarity in the *Hastings* Arms, which I beg you to explain.

Hastings of *Burgavenny*, created Lord *Pembroke* by *Edward III.* has, *Or*, *a maunch Gules.*

Henry sixth Lord *Hastings* of *Stotevile* has the same; but *William Hastings*, created Lord *Hastings* by *Edward IV.* has, *Argent*, *a maunch Sable*; and so has *George* Lord *Hastings* of *Botreaux* and *Molins*, *temp. Henry VIII.*

How do you account for this? and which of the two Coats is borne by Lord *Moira*? Yours ever, G. H.

LETTER IV.

My dear Friend,

Thomas Barrett Lennard, Lord *Dacre*, was my Uncle-in-law. He married *Anna-Maria Pratt*, Daughter of Chief Justice *Pratt*, and Sister of the first Earl *Camden*.

Few Noblemen had a more antient or a more noble descent. His Grandfather was created Earl of *Sussex* by *Charles* the *Second*. He married *Barbara Villiers*, daughter of that King by the cele-

brated Dutchess of *Cleveland.* Amongst the Family Portraits which are heir-looms, and are now in the possession of Sir *Thomas Barrett Lennard,* Bart. of *Belhouse,* in *Essex,* there is a Portrait of this Beauty, the loveliest picture ever painted by Sir *Peter Lely,* half-length. She has a serious, and melancholy countenance; *modest!* and bewitching. It corresponds exactly to the lines in *Pope:*

> " *Lely* on animated canvas stole
> The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul."

Thomas Fynes, one of Lord *Dacre's* ancestors, was executed for murder, and *was hung!* It was in the time of that monster *Henry VIII.* He hunted in his neighbour's park, as a youthful frolick in those days, like the feudal warfare between the Barons at an earlier period. Some of his party met the Keeper, quarreled with him, and killed him. They were detached from *him;* but Lord *Hale,* at a much later period, in his book, was of opinion that he was, in strictness of Law, guilty of that murder.

He married *Mary,* daughter of *George Neville* Lord *Abergavenny,* who was one of the Ladies appointed to assist at Queen *Mary's* Funeral.

There is at *Belhouse,* by a Painter of the name of *De Hire,* a Portrait of her that is absolutely *alive.* There is also a masterly Portrait of *him* by *Holbein,* and a miniature of that very Picture is part of the furniture of the room in which his widow is described as sitting in *her* Portrait. She brought him a great fortune; and *Collins* misrepresents *her* as a

natural daughter of Lord *Abergavenny*—or at least her mother as *having been* his *concubine*.

This Lady afterwards re-married *John Wooton*, esq. of *North Taddenham* in *Norfolk*; and, after his death, *Francis Tharsbie*, of *Conghorn* in the same county. By her first husband she had two sons, and a daughter named *Margaret*, who was restored in blood and honours by Act of Parliament, 1 *Elizabeth*. Her sons were, *Thomas*, who died young; and *Gregory* Lord *Dacre*, who went with the Lord *Lincoln* in his embassy into *France*, 14 *Elizabeth*; and married *Ann*, sister to *Thomas* Lord *Buckhurst*: but, dying without issue in 1594, *Margaret* his sister became his sole heir; who married *Sampson Lennard*; and making claim to the Barony of *Dacre* upon her brother's death, Queen *Elizabeth* referred it to the Lords *Burleigh* and *Howard*, and in the second year of King *James's* reign she was declared Baroness *Dacre*.

A singular event occurred, and existed for some time, a few years ago. There were three Dowager Lady *Dacres*, all of the same family—1. my Aunt; 2. the Dowager of the last Lord; 3. the Widow of Mr. *Brand*, sister to that Lord, and Lady *Dacre* in her own right. She is now living; the two others are dead.

The Earl of *Sussex* left two daughters—one of them married a General *Skelton*, and the other married *my* Lord *Dacre's* father. The first had no child; and as it was a Barony in fee in abeyance upon *her* death, her sister became Lady *Dacre*,

having then a son born, my Uncle, who upon her death became Lord *Dacre*. His Mother married three husbands: by Mr. *Barrett*, her first, she had this one son—her *second* husband was *Roper* Lord *Teynham*, who was a widower, and had a son. By Lady *Dacre* he had two more sons. *Charles*, the eldest of those, left two sons, and a daughter, who married Mr. *Brand*. The first of the two sons became Lord *Dacre* upon my Uncle's death without issue; and, upon his own death without issue, his sister became the Peeress in her own right. Her other brother was killed in a duel, unmarried.

Her third husband was a Mr. *Moore*, brother of a Lord *Drogheda*, by whom she had a son, who is dead.

My Lord *Dacre* was one of my godfathers. He was a very accomplished man, a very elegant scholar, and the best company in the world when in *tolerable* health and spirits; but he was peevish at times from bad health. He was a remarkably good HERALD and Antiquary. My Aunt was the handsomest creature you ever saw, but rather short. They had one daughter, who died at the age of ten, and was quite an Angel. Lady *Dacre* was upwards of 60 when she died, and was handsome to the last.

The history of his amour, and of his natural children, for he had two, is very curious. At the age of more than 50, *almost a cripple from cramps in his limbs*, he rang his bell. It happened that his wife had left him, and was paying visits. His male servants, by another accident, were out; and a common house-maid, whom he had never seen, came up

stairs. He was in a rage, and ordered her to light his fire, which had gone out. She was a healthy looking girl, and *lighted his fire so well*, that, when she had finished *that* performance, he hobbled with her into a garret, and bolted the door.

He was not in general prone to that *amusement*, though fond of the ladies, and very acceptable to them as a *coquette*, for he had a pleasing countenance, and very gallant manners. He was very like *Charles the First* in the face. He died, though for many years he had been a martyr to his complaints, at an advanced age, and his Dowager was 87 when *she* died. Her sister, my mother, was 89; another sister 93; Lord *Camden* 80; and Mr. *Thomas Pratt*, his elder brother, 97. The last was a misanthrope, and selfish in the extreme. He left near £.100,000 to the present Lord *Camden*.

Once a brother of mine and myself laid siege to him when boys, in hopes to cajole him out of *a tip* for school. We took him by storm. He sent for us into his parlour, and said, "if we would give him our WORD OF HONOUR *never to see him again*, he would give us half a guinea apiece." We thought it a good bargain, took the money, and saw him no more.

Your "Baronetage" is *very* curious. I see notice taken of Sir *Richard Spigurnell*, as created a Baronet in 1641. He was, I think, eldest brother to that beautiful youth over my chimney at *Milbourne*. *He* was also a Baronet, Sir *Robert*. Upon *his* death without issue, the wife to my great-grandfather, Sir *Robert Hardinge* of *Mel-*

*bourne**, became his heiress; and I am hers. He died young; and was a personal friend of the Painter Sir *Peter Lely*. I once had a Letter from the Painter to the Baronet, upon the subject of this very picture; but it is lost.

The singularity in your "Baronetage," and quite new to me, is the officious tyranny of King *Charles the First* even upon trifling subjects. The singularity in the conduct of *Charles the First* is, that he tampers with his patents, and plays tricks with them.

In 1627, *Thomas Bowyer* (as I understand it, but it is rather obscure) obtained a Baronet's patent; and his grandson Sir *James Bowyer*, having this honour by lineal descent, obtained *another patent*, by which the Baronetage was to be vested in *Henry Goring* after Sir *James's* death with the *same precedency* as if this *Henry* had been *lineal* from Sir *Thomas Bowyer*. This was irregular, and improper, because it obtruded a new Baronet's precedency, as if descended from an old one.

Charles the Second plays another trick, and apparently a worse.

In 1670, Sir *George Stonhouse* had a Baronetage of 1628 conferred upon his father. He had three sons, GEORGE, *John*, and *James*.

He *surrendered his father's patent*, and obtained another, with precedence according to the first pa-

* In *Melbourne* Church there is a *Hardinge* Chancel; and I have a curious drawing of a Knight's figure there, GIVEN to me by the Earl of *Moira* [now Marquis *Hastings*], with a spirit of courtesy and munificence unexampled.

tent for himself, remainder to JOHN, meaning by this trick to exclude GEORGE. *George*, however, claimed his title, and his son became a Baronet after him. He was living when *Wootton* wrote.

John the second son obtained *his* title by the later patent, and it would be curious to know how the TWO ADVERSE PRECEDENCIES could SHUFFLE TOGETHER. They must have danced their minuets together at *Bath*, and smelling at the same nosegay.

Not a single Baronet created between 1629 and 1641! What a curious fact! It has an ear-mark upon it of a Tyrant's reign. It meant a contempt and slur upon the popular class of the subjects, and a nest-egg for corruption when it came too late.

Remind me of the *Kingston* inclosure. It is connected with two *great men*, King *Charles the First* and the *Milbourne Hermit*, who is no more a Tyrant than you are. My own Mitre has curious details connected with it. Yours ever, G. H.

LETTER V.

DEAR BROTHER ANTIQUARY,

LORD DACRE one day, visiting us in *Kent*, received information of a curious Monument in *Chevening* Church, which had escaped his notice, though his Ancestors had resided there, and he had visited the Church once before. It called itself, in his report, a Monument to a *Harman*, with whom some of his Ancestors the *Lennards* had intermarried, and who was himself nobly descended.

He was not then quite a cripple, and rode on horseback, a little poney. I accompanied him three or four miles towards *Chevening*. His eye sparkled with joy and family pride. Within half a mile of the church he met a horseman of a respectable appearance, who seemed a farmer of the highest class. He entered into chat with him, and found him a *Chevening* man—a Churchman too, so much the better. By degrees he insinuated the Monument, and confessed that he had come on purpose to feast his eyes upon it. "I am *so* glad (said the man) that a gentleman of *your* appearance comes to see it, but indeed gentlefolks *do* come far and near to see it."—"What? it is famous then!" said the Peer.—"*Oh*, quite famous—*poor Harman!*"—(think of the Peer's face!)—"What, you have heard of him then?" said Lord *Dacre*; "you have seen his *Pedigree?*"—"Lord! his Pedigree, Sir! No, not I; but *I knew the man*—as good a creature as ever lived—*Harman the Butcher*, killed by the bite of a mad dog!"

Yours ever, G. HARDINGE.

LETTER VI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SEND you a most affecting and beautiful passage in a Letter of my Hero to me. *Harry* never in his life wrote any thing more eloquent.

"*Madras, June* 1806.

"We have just learnt the heart-rending news that PITT is dead!

"Alas! what great men has the Country lost!—Of the two, I had rather have parted with NELSON!

"He died the death for such a man to die; and his memory will *be* sacred.

"But for the other—baffled in all his efforts—dying in his bed—of an acutely painful distemper—the pain heightened in his last moments by a conviction of the impending crisis which threatens to overwhelm all *Europe!*—It is more than I can *bear*.

"Happy, happy NELSON! I can believe that he rejoices at his Country's pride.—We shall never be tired of recounting his achievements.

"We Naval men have only this to lament, that none of us after him can dare to hope that he shall reach his fame.

"But we can trust that he has left *some* behind him who will *strive* to deserve it.

"As to me—give me to earn the tenth part of that fame—AND SUCH A DEATH!

"I should then be sure to be found in Heaven, when *it was all over here.* G. N. HARDINGE."

Ever yours, G. HARDINGE.

LETTER VII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE great pleasure in telling you, my incomparable Friend, that *Sharp's* Print of the Model for the Monument* of my adored Hero will be ready for delivery at the end of the week.

* See before, p. 416.

I send you the inclosed, by no means on account of any merit in the composition, but as marking to you that pretty hand which he wrote, and through his life continued. When I was in Parliament *first*, I took it off; but soon grew tired of writing well. Ever yours, G. HARDINGE.

LETTER VIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You have my hearty thanks, and they are not cold, for your kind Letter. But frame and glaze this Print, I conjure and implore you by our friendship—in honour to that Angel. His predilection for your young Relation will explain, and will justify, your zeal for his memory to all the world. I will send you my Verses to *Manning*, because they describe the design.

I thank you very much for the arms of *Drake*, by which I suppose you mean those of Sir *Bernard*, not those of Sir *Francis;* and the curiosity would be to see the latter.

I was not wrong, but the *Annual Register*, in the very natural mistake of *gull* for *gul.* i. e. *Gules.* I fancy the *fish upon its head* means *an odd-fish.* There *is* a fish called a *Gurnet*, but of what kind I am not *Ramsgater* enough to know; so that we have here *a pun*, which I think is very seldom found in the Arms of high descent.

***'s Letter has the Family-gift. It is lively, good-humoured, and clever. But these Boys are

your near Relations. I have tried ———, the ablest, and the most eminent, of the Solicitors who conduct the causes to which you allude. He has not the *Douglas* Book, as he tells me;—and I believe him, because he is a man of honour, and my personal Friend, as my pocket once knew, at *his* cost.

Lord —— never lent a book, I should think, in his life; and he is colder *to me*, because he is *under obligations* to me. It is "*bread upon the waters*," to oblige a *North Briton.*

I shall be not a little unhappy if I cannot hear a much better account of ***. As to *****, I dare not ask after *him* till he has *burnt Servetus into ashes.* I am told that he often eats a *Welsh*-rabbit with *Duigenan.*

Buonaparte will beat the *Russians* into powder before my "Ode" comes out.

God ever bless you, and those who resemble you. Don't be jealous of them; for be assured, they will not crowd upon us.

Ever yours, G. Hardinge.

LETTER IX.

My dear Friend,

How like Tyrants are to one another!—It was said of the first King of *Prussia*, who was fond of Giant Soldiers, that he married them to *Giantesses* by force, wherever he found them. But who would believe that *Henry the Eighth* would give *broad*

hints to a lady of his will—that, before she could say *Jack Robinson*, she was to marry *A. B.*—Read, and wonder! The original is in the *College of Arms*.

Yours ever, G. HARDINGE.

To a "Mrs. Coward.

"DERE AND WELBELOVED,

"We gret yow well; lectynge yow knowe owre trusty & welbeloved šrvaunt *Wyllyam Symonds*, one of the sewers of our chamber, hath shewed unto us, that, for the womanly dysposycion, good and vertus behaviour, and other comendabull vertewes, whiche he hath not only hard reportyd, but allso senne & p̄sevyd in yow himselfe at his last being in thos p̄tyes, he hath sett *his* harte & mynde, that he is very desirous to honowr yow by way of maryage before all other creatures livinge; and for the admonyshment of this his good and lawdible porpos, he hath made humble sewitte unto us, to writt unto yow and others yowre lovynge fryndes in his favour. —We, consyderynge our saide šrvauntes comendable requestes, his honest conversatyonne, and other manifold vertuis, w^t allso the trew and faithefull švis hertofore many sondery ways don unto us, as well as in *our* warres as otherwise, and that he *dayly* doith about our p̄sonne for owre synguler contentasyon & pleasure, for the whiche we assewre yow we do tendre p̄vysyonne accordyngly, will and desire yow, at the contemplacyon of these owre leattres, to be of lyke benivalent mynde towards owr sayde švaunt, in suche wisse that matrymony to GODE's pleasure may

shortly be solempnised betwene yow bothe, wherby, in owre opynyon, yow shall not only do the thyng to the syngular comfort of yow both in tyme to come, but by yowre so doing yow may assewer yow in all the cawses reasonable of yow or any yowre frynds to be pursuyd unto us by owre servaunte herafter, ye shall have us good and gracius Lord to yow bothe. And, to the intent that ye shall geve unto thys owre desyre the more faithfull credence, we do send yow her enclosd a tokenne, prayynge yow to intendre the matter accordingly.

HENRY R."

*** The following animated Portraiture of Mrs. INCHBALD was sketched by Mr. HARDINGE—when, as he says himself, "he saw her at the house of Mrs. *Siddons*, and first met her:"

"SIDDONS received a message from *Fanny* —— to say that Mr. —— could not be drest in time; but that she and Mrs. *Inchbald* would come.—We dined without this *Trio* for a minute or two; and then, higgledy-piggledy, in they came.—*Fanny* well drest, and in very good looks. Her manner is affected; her voice and expressions measured; but she is very good-natured, and by no means deficient in materials for society or chat.

Mr. —— came unpowdered, and made an apology. He is of my height, but very thin. He takes

absolute clouds of snuff; and his eyes have an ill-natured cast of acuteness in them. He is a kind of thin Dr. *Johnson* without his hard words, though he is often quaint in his phrase.

Now for Mrs. *Inchbald*, who seems to be upon a footing of the most playful intimacy with him, and indeed with all of them. He calls her his *Muse*. I doat upon her. Her manners are gentle, easy, and elegant, as those of any person I could name. She is of the middle height, and by nature fair; but she has rather too settled a colour in her face. Her figure is excellent, her features pretty, and her mouth *an entre mut* *, with as fine teeth as ever you saw. She is very short-sighted, and cannot see three inches from her nose without a little round glass, which is a most graceful implement in her hand. She is perfectly modest; but arch, clever, and so interesting, that if she had no genius you would long to be acquainted with her. What they seem to enjoy in her most is her *naïveté*, and she gave us two or three capital traits of it. She lives alone—her character has no *tache* upon it—and Mrs. *Siddons* said, she was as cold as ice: but I cannot believe it, for at least I see a little of the coquette in her, but—well disciplined, and well bred."

* "A cant phrase in our family." G. H.

*** The Three following Letters from Sir WILLIAM JONES to Mr. HARDINGE are referred to in the Memoir prefixed to vol. I.

Feb. 22, 1786.

A WORD to you—no! though you have more of wisdom *(et verbum sapienti, &c.)* than I have or wish to have of popularity, yet I would not send you one word, but millions and millions of words, if I were not obliged to reserve them for conversation. The immeasurable field that lies before me in the study of *Sanscrit* and of *Hindu* Jurisprudence (the *Arabic* Laws are familiar to me) compels me for the present to suspend my intention of corresponding regularly with those I love.

WILLIAM JONES.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Sept.* 24, 1788.

I am the worst, and you the best Correspondent; and I make but a pitiful return for your two kind Letters, by assuring you that I find it impossible to answer them fully this season. My eyes were always weak, and the glare of an *Indian* sky has not strengthened them; the little day-light I can therefore spare from my public duties I must allot to studies connected with them; I mean, the systems of *Indian* Jurisprudence, and the too abstruse Languages in which the *Hindu* and *Mussulman* Laws are written.

Anna Maria is pretty well, and I am consequently happy; my own health is firm, and, excepting the state of hers, I have all the happiness a mortal ought to have. WILLIAM JONES.

MY DEAR SIR, *Crishna-nagus, Oct.* 16, 1791.

If the warmth of hearts were measured by the frequency of Letters, my heart must be thought the coldest in the world; but you, I am confident, will never apply to so fallacious a thermometer. In serious truth, I am, and must be, the worst of Correspondents, for the following reasons, among a hundred, a strong glare and weak eyes, long tasks and short day-light, confinement in court six hours a day, and in my chambers three or four, not to mention casual interruptions and engagements.

You spoke so lightly of your complaint, that I thought it must be transient, and should have been extremely grieved, if, in the very moment when I heard you had been seriously ill, I had not heard of your recovery.

Anna Maria has promised me to sail for *Europe* in January 1793, and I will follow her when I can live as well in *England* on my private fortune as I can do here on half my salary.

I cannot but like your Sonnets; yet wish you would abstain from Politicks, which add very little to the graces of Poetry. WILLIAM JONES.

THE END.

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